APRIL 25, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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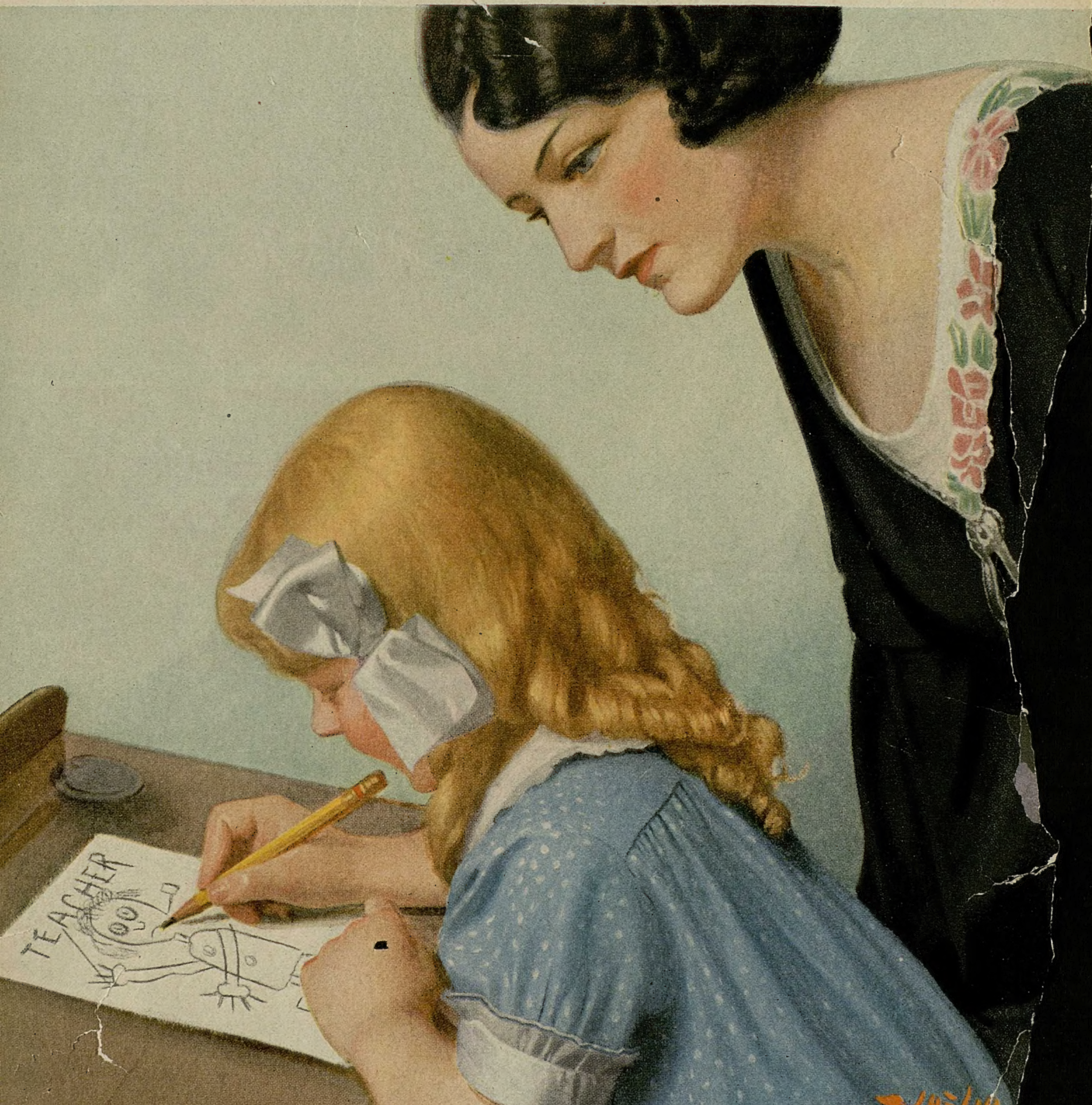
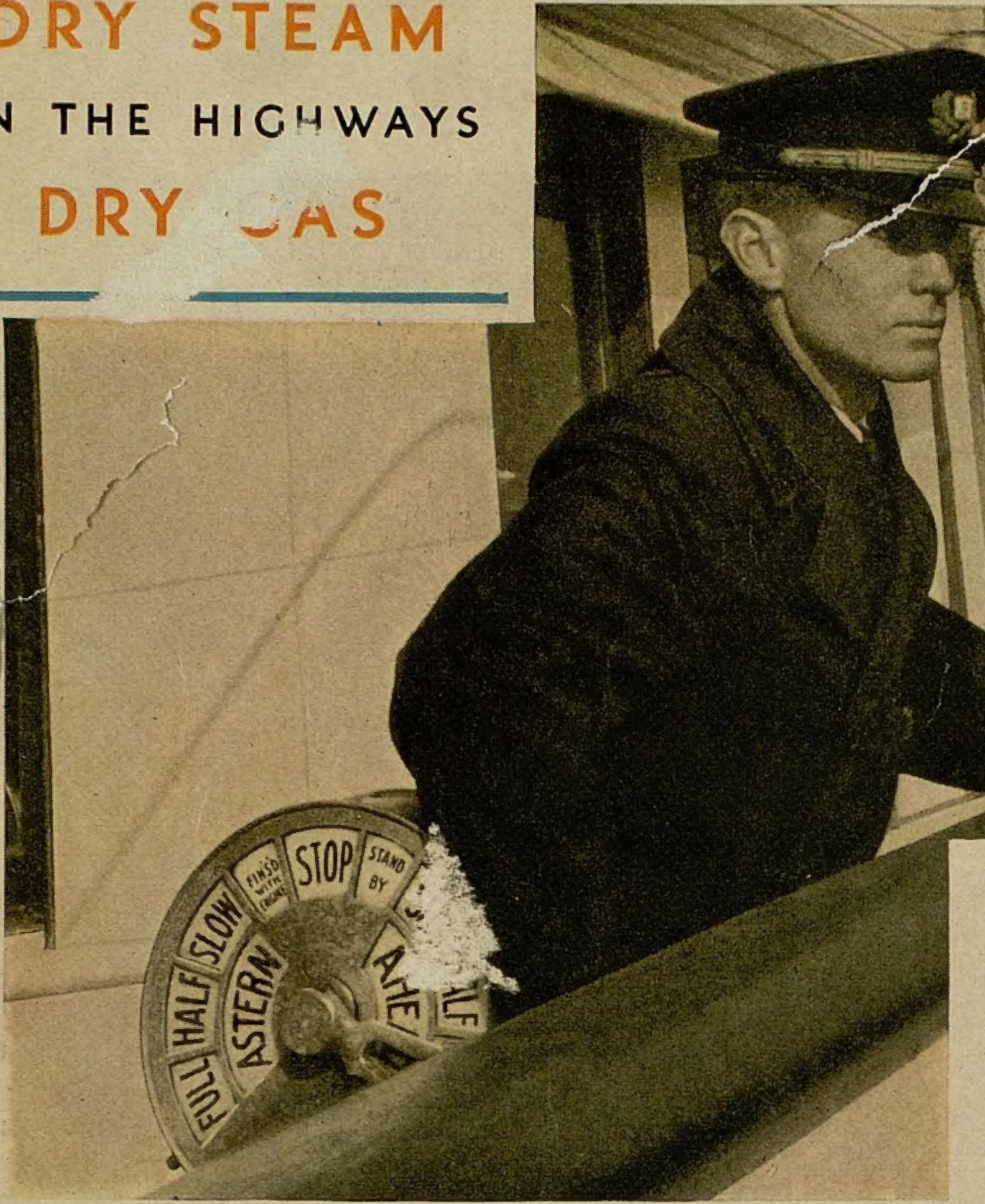

TEACHER
Leslie Thra

LLEWELLYN HUGHES ~ **LILLIAN LEITZEL** ~ **MAX BRAND** ~ **HUGH FULLERTON** ~ **GEO WE**

N THE HIGH-SEAS
DRY STEAM
ON THE HIGHWAYS
DRY GAS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Some women simply wonder ..while others *find out* . . .

what to do about this vital (and intimate) matter

●

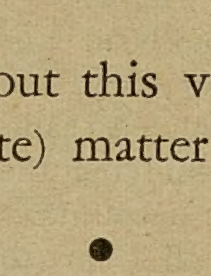
THERE is one subject of absorbing interest to all married women. They wonder about it. They talk about it. They have theories about it. But how many of them actually know the facts? There is a vast difference between the real truth and most of the current beliefs regarding feminine hygiene.

Women get so confused about this matter. They listen to friends who seem experienced. They are influenced by the opinion of others. And no wonder they don't know what is right and what is wrong—for everybody says something different. However, when you come right down to the point, it is always the *method* that is under discussion. It is fully acknowledged that feminine hygiene, itself, is not only healthful but necessary.

Warning against poisons

The doctor says, "No. Caustic poisons should not be used for feminine hygiene." Of course he realizes the importance of surgical cleanliness and sympathizes with the women who question him upon this subject. But he *will* warn them against bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. He knows too well the dangers.

Why, then, are so many women recommending these drastic poisons to one another? Well, they are only a few years out of date in their information. Until recently these caustic and poisonous germicides were the only ones powerful enough for the purpose.



The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

To fill a real need for information "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written for women's use. Thousands of women have received this booklet and have found it extremely valuable. Send for your copy today.

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Fortunately, the whole situation is now changed. Today no woman need have the slightest hesitation in taking advantage of the professional approval behind the regular habit of feminine hygiene. Because today she can use *Zonite*. This marvelous antiseptic is as safe to use as pure water.

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APRIL 25, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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" Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our ountry, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

PROHIBITION FOLLIES OF 1931

(NEW EDITION)

Prohibition does odd things to people. It eems to get their mental processes all mixed up.

A case in point, we think, is Mr. Hoover's statement regarding the Virgin Islands, issued the day after he visited these newest insular possessions of ours.

" The Virgin Islands," he said, " may have some litary value sometime. Opinion upon this ques- on is much divided. In any event, when we paid $25,000,000 for them we acquired an effective poorhouse, comprising ninety per cent. of the population. The people cannot be self-supporting, either in living or government, without the discovery of new methods and resources."

The significant thing about that statement, of course, is what it does *not* say. There is a reason why the Virgin Islands have become " an effective oorhouse," and the reason is so obvious that some ention of it, in any discussion of the islands' ffairs, would seem practically unavoidable.

But Mr. Hoover avoided it. We suspect that e isn't being entirely frank with his public.

When we bought the Virgin Islands from Den- ark in 1917, fearing Germany might establish a bmarine base there, the islands weren't a poor- use. They were getting on pretty well.

We made them a poorhouse shortly after we ok them over by applying the prohibition law their affairs.

This cut two ways.

Before they were turned over to the United ates they did a thriving business in the exporting of a particularly fine rum. Saint Croix rum was sold the world over, and was frequently demanded by gourmets who wanted only the best. Forty rum factories made it, and kept many workers busy.

Also, the harbor at Charlotte Amalie, on Saint Thomas Island, was a splendid port of call for passenger steamers. Tourists liked to stop there, and had a good time in the cafés and shops of the town. This meant a substantial income for the islanders.

Now all that is changed. The rum factories are shut down, and tourists pass up the harbor at Charlotte Amalie in favor of other, more cheerful places. The population, of which 92 per cent. has Negro blood, has dwindled from 26,000 to 22,000. Many of the Negroes, it is said, have moved to New York.

What we are driving at is that, in discussing these islands which we bought from Denmark and proceeded to wreck, Mr. Hoover simply left out the main fact about them—which is that legislation on this side of the ocean interfered with their local industries precisely as it did with the breweries and distilleries in the United States, and that such interference, in the case of the Virgin Islands, was a body blow.

If he had been candid he might have said something to the effect that, though we did wreck their rum and tourist trade, we accomplished a greater good by removing the curse of liquor along with their bank accounts. Not to have mentioned the matter at all seems to us, to say the least, hardly what might have been expected.

And speaking (as we have from time to time) of the Prohibition Follies of 1931, here's another:

The American College of Physicians, meeting at Baltimore the other day, went on record with a protest against laws and regulations which, they said, have " deprived the medical profession of its inherent rights to prescribe drugs and remedial measures in such quantity as it may deem necessary in treating the sick."

This is the first time the physicians have taken such formal action, and they left no doubt that what they had in mind was the use of alcohol.

The question here is a simple one if you want to consider it so. If you have a cold or are suffering from shock, would you rather have your family doctor prescribe for you, or Bishop Cannon?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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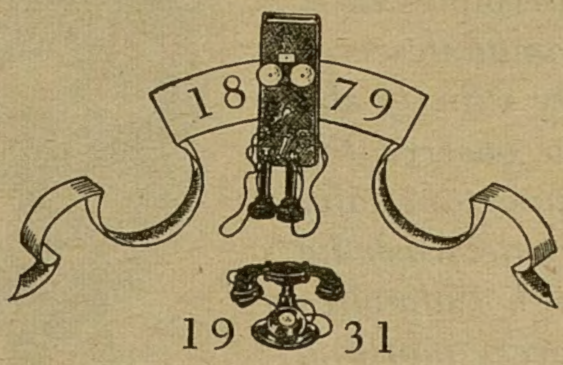

In 1879, the New York telephone directory was a card listing 252 names. There were no telephone numbers, nor any need for them. When you telephoned, you gave the operator the name of the person you wanted. Service was slow, inadequate and limited principally to people of wealth. The cost of a single telephone was as high as $240 a year.

Today, you can talk to any one of hundreds of thousands of telephone users for a fraction of what it then cost for connection with less than three hundred. Every new installation increases the scope and value of the telephones in your home or office.

Twenty-four hours of every day, the telephone stands ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies. In the dead of night, it will summon a physician to the bedside of a sick child. Men transact a great part of their business over it. Women use it constantly to save steps and time in social and household duties. In an increasing number of ways, it helps to make this a united, more active, more efficient nation.

Simply by lifting the receiver you become part of a nation-wide communication system that uses 80,000,000 miles of wire, and represents an investment of more than $4,000,000,000. Yet the cost of local service is only a few cents a day.

Subscribers who look back over the month and consider what the telephone has meant to them in convenience, security and achievement are quick to appreciate its indispensable value and reasonable price.

Frequently you hear it said—"The telephone gives you a lot for your money."

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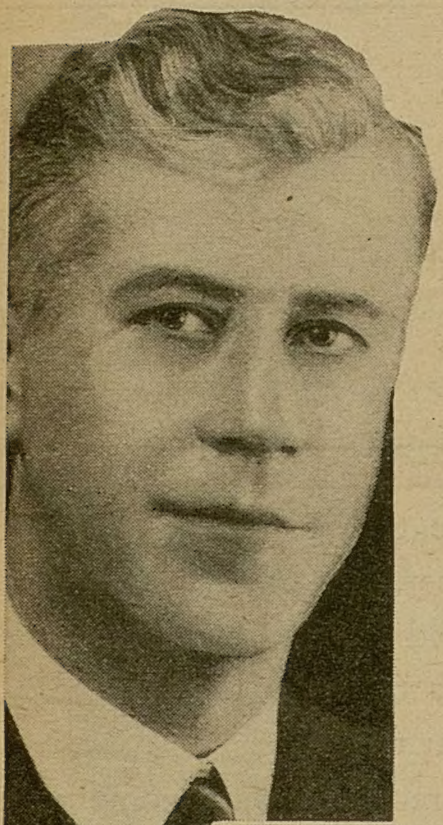
Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive



PEZZA, *of Naples*
He prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."

CECILE ANDRE, *of Palermo: "Palmolive is the one soap I can rely on to cleanse the skin and at the same time keep it supple."*

Pezza, of Naples, says:
"No woman deserves a lovely skin if she fails to observe the most important daily beauty rule: wash the face with Palmolive Soap every morning and every night."

Armando Pezza

The glamourous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.

MARCEL PEZZA

World travelers are frequently directed to the salon of Pezza in Naples.

FROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy, sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as are their sisters in 15 other countries. They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

All receive same advice

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

That cleansing, so vital to beauty, is best accomplished with Palmolive Soap and warm water. A rich lather should be made, which is massaged into the skin, then rinsed away with warm water, followed by cold.

Italy's experts are part of a vast international group (including more than 20,000, think of that!) every one of whom advises Palmolive. They think it ideal for the bath, too. Which is a very practical suggestion, since Palmolive never costs more than 10 cents the cake.

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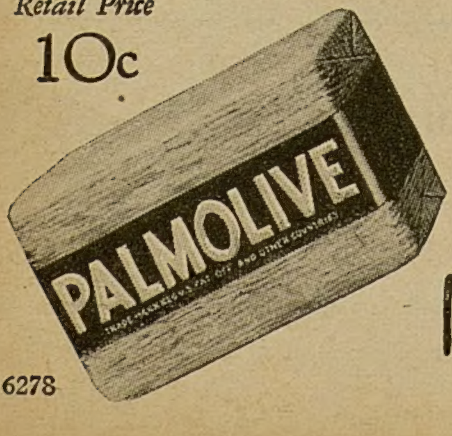
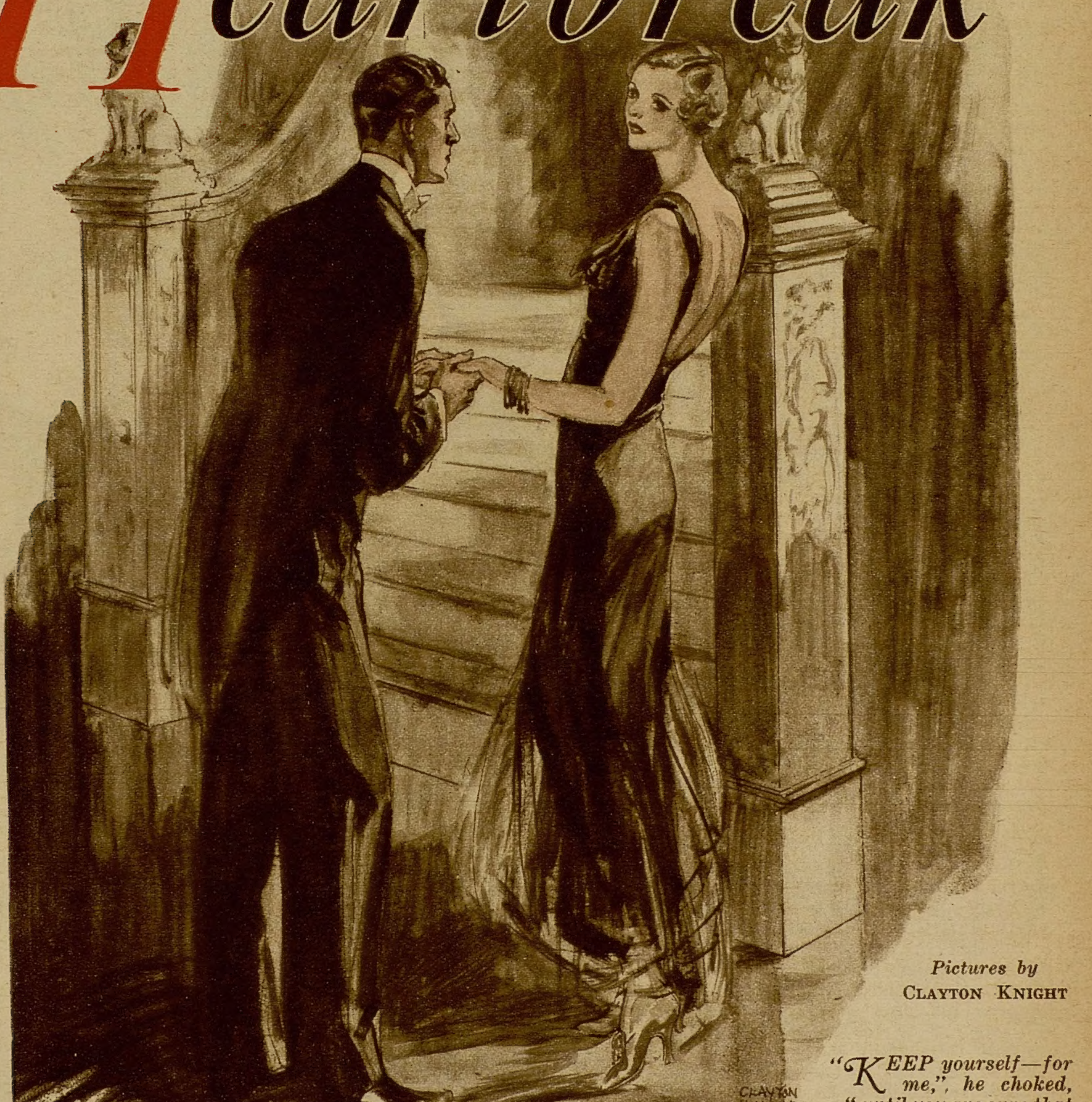


Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

6278

Heartbreak



Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

"KEEP yourself—for me," he choked, "until you are sure that I no longer live."

The Story of an Honorable Deserter

By

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

who was born in Wales. He served overseas in the Canadian artillery and survived, he says, to live in New York and write fiction, only to leap—by way of a story in Liberty which the movie barons liked—from the New York grill into the inferno of Hollywood.

(Reading time: 33 min. 25 sec.)

THEY spin a strange yarn around Carl Merrick. While still accounting for the premature death of his father, it damns all the blab and blather advanced by the Washington crowd in defense of their ostracism, and explains Merrick's deliberate isolation on a ranch, as far away from society as possible.

Perhaps you saw a small account of his marriage in the papers last week. A quiet affair which would have been unattended but for the curiosity of some of his former friends. They came expecting to find a man still ashamed of himself. Instead they never saw a man look more happy.

Merrick, in case you don't happen to know it, was in the air force during the war. That's about forgotten now; but what isn't, in certain

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEARTBREAK
Continued from page seven

quarters, is the fact that he served a sentence for desertion! Probably one of the few, if indeed not the only American officer who, in addition to coming from a family noted for its honor, bravery, and name, and being the airman to whom the Italian government presented its greatest medal, suddenly deserted for no apparent reason whatsoever.

He was headed, at his father's request, for a diplomatic career. This was partly in contradiction of his own desires, which were a trifle more vigorous and had to do with the development of flying. In fact, he owned his own plane and when his father was not around thrilled his friends with stunts that up to that time had rarely been attempted.

However, in 1916 he was in the embassy at Vienna; had been there a year. At this time the United States of America preserved a strict neutrality, and the various embassies were expected to uphold it. If this was weakened to any degree in Vienna it was in the instance of the frequent visits of Carl Merrick to the residence of Count Josef von Karoly.

The count, a distinguished and exceptionally handsome man of sixty, bearing a name revered throughout Austria-Hungary, was not only one of his country's most ardent supporters, but his nineteen-year-old son, Jais, was its most famous airman and had more enemy planes to his credit than any other Austrian officer.

It was not, of course, for this sort of thing that Merrick accepted the hospitality of the Waldenstrasse mansion. No, there was a very special reason why he continually found his way there; and this was Armine Karoly.

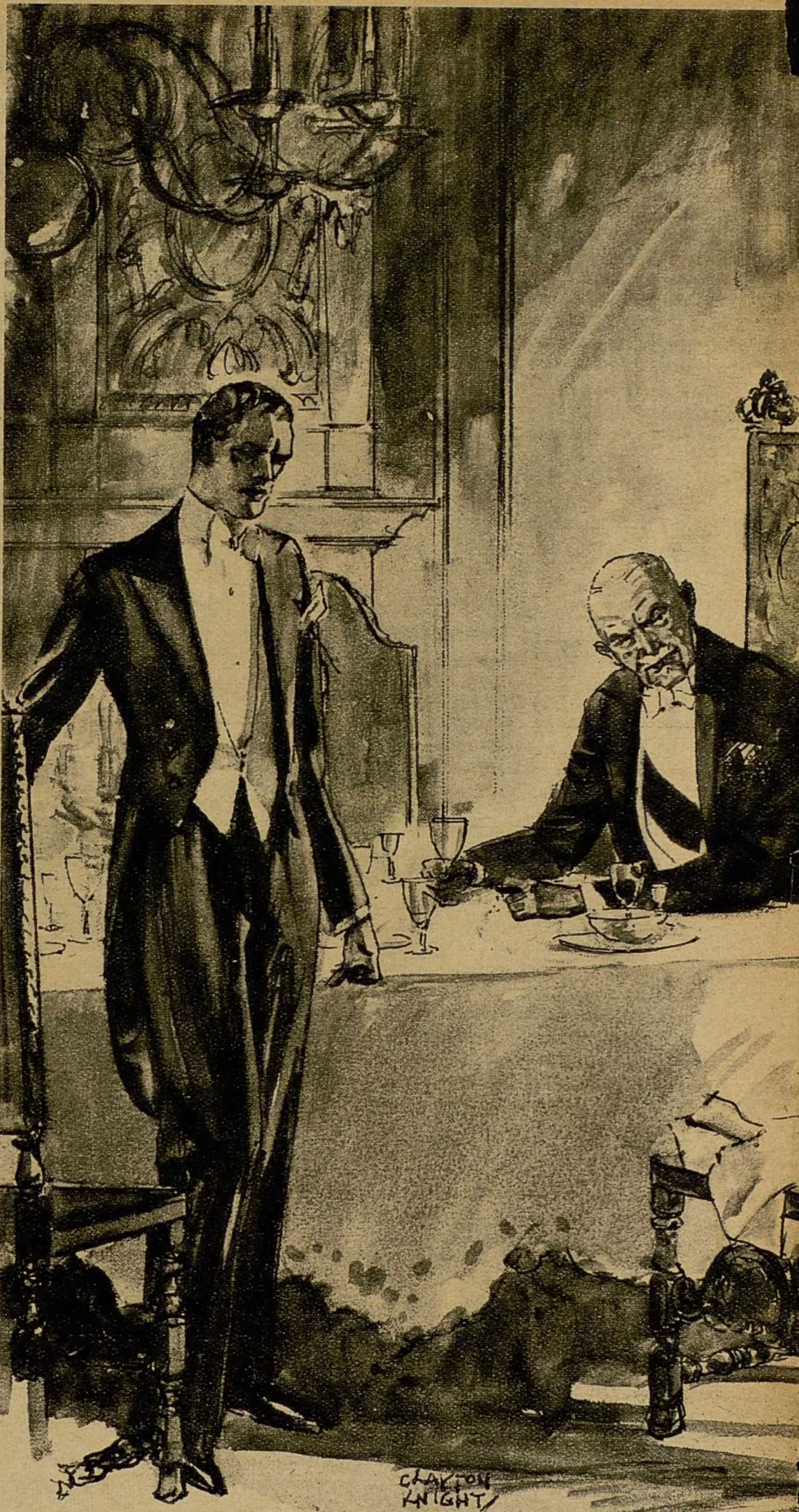
In the pulsation of a stricken city, palled with misery, starvation, and incessant mourning, she devoted herself to the general cause and by sacrifice and tireless martyrdom administered to the sick and dying.

VERY lovely to look upon was Armine Karoly: slender figure, entrancing line of arm and shoulder, warm, melting lips, and the typically Viennese prerogative of fair hair and dark, limpid eyes.

But this was a superficial thing. It was the heart of the girl Carl Merrick loved, her beauty of character and soul. And this tempered his plans for the immediate future. With the remote possibility of America's entry into the war on the side of the Allies, Armine felt that the announcement of an engagement might be in questionable taste, not only to the U. S. Embassy, but also to her father, Count Josef von Karoly. It was therefore no more than a secret understanding between them.

Count von Karoly still endeavored to maintain the formalities of a waning Viennese custom. He sat nightly in his vast, spacious dining room at the head of an enormous table glittering with crystal and silver. He insisted on the correct behavior of his dwindling servants, and went through an elaborate pantomime with a dinner now reduced to a few simple courses and two, at most, different wines.

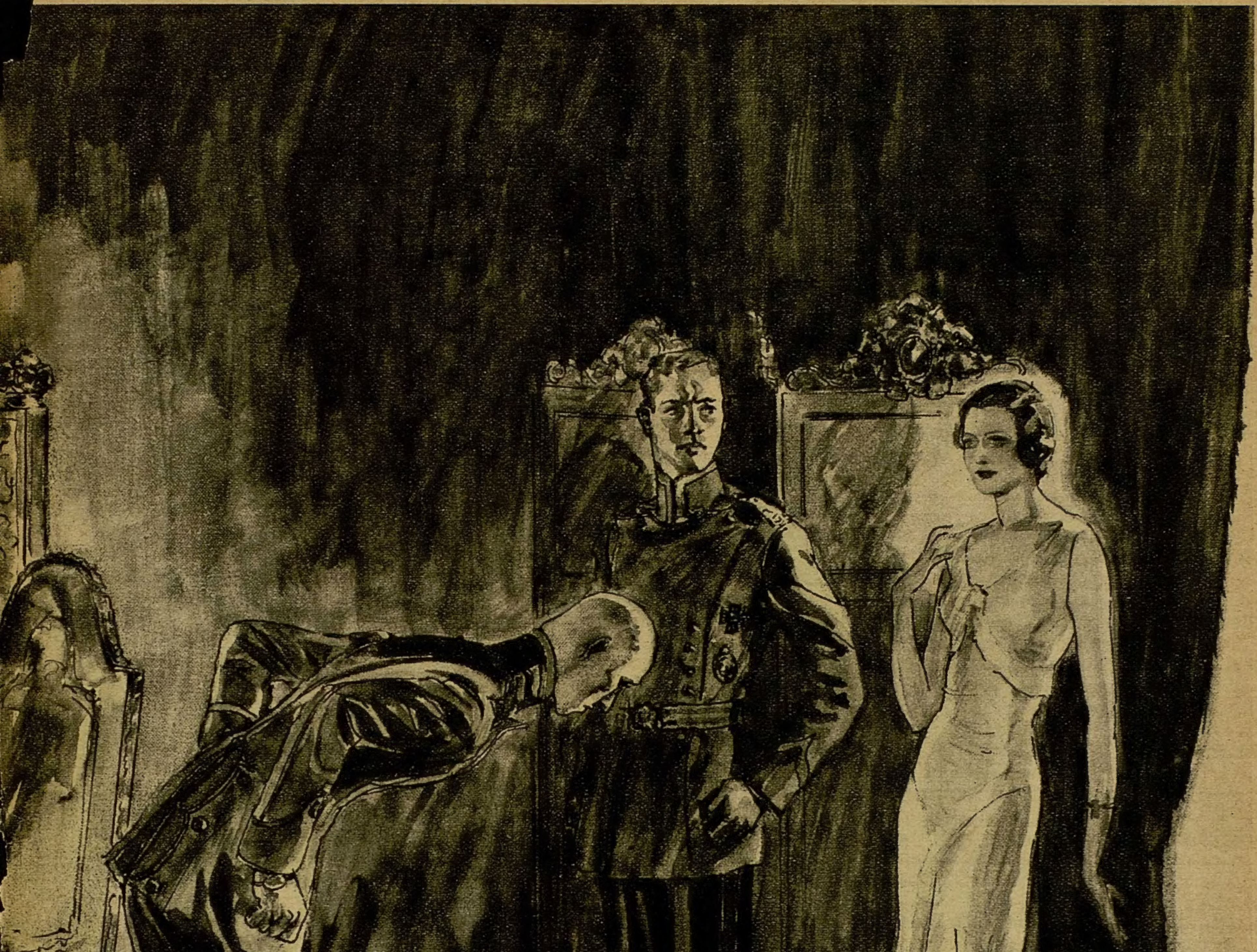
Merrick was there one night in February. Opposite him sat Leutnant Jais von Karoly, home on leave. The young man—he and Armine were twins of a late marriage—had, with the rigors of air fighting, lost most of his animation. His blue eyes had a strained, hunted look; and he was usually reserved almost to the point of reticence.



Jais he solemnly and a trifle mechanically salu

Only for his sister—and now and then for Merrick—did the boy have the natural smile that should have gone with his years.

The personification of modesty, the young Austrian seldom, if ever, referred to his exploits in the air. Additionally, his twin relationship with Armine won him, from Merrick, an altogether indefinable regard. And this, he felt, was returned.



en, from the waist, the German bowed low to Armine and, his cavalry spurs jingling, left the room.

Merrick didn't actually know—he was destined never to know—if Jais was aware that he and Armine were in love. Presumably the boy did know it, for in their close attachment the hearts of brother and sister beat as one. Armine had often made use of the expression.

With Jais this evening was Hauptmann Wolke, formerly a German cavalryman, now attached to the 217th Austrian Air Squadron. He was the most feared ace on the eastern front, but at present, as Merrick understood it, his duty was to organize the Austrian air force and whip its young pilots into the discipline that was making the Germans so supreme on the western front.

His presence was obvious. He was Jais' immediate superior officer and a suitor for Armine Karoly's hand. Merrick had met him here at dinner on two or three

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HEARTBREAK
Continued from page nine]

former occasions, and tonight, as usual, the German regarded him with a slightly hostile indifference.

He and Jais had been discussing the flying and fighting qualities of a new Pfalz scout.

“ What do you really think of them, Jais? You'll admit they're faster? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And they maneuver better. You must have found that out when you and Leutnant Wontner got into that scrap the other day? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then why do you still prefer the Albatros? ”

For a moment Jais von Karoly didn't reply. Merrick saw him glance at his sister. Lovely in white, she had one arm extended on the table, was contemplating her glass of untouched wine which she had tilted to a dangerous angle. She had beautiful hands.

Then Jais spoke. “ Do you know what killed Leutnant Wontner? ”

“ Poor handling.”

The young Austrian looked at him. “ No,” he said quietly. “ A steep bank to the left. Attempt that with one of these new Pfalz scouts—such as those you are now proposing to equip us with—and you've no control over them. That's what killed Leutnant Wontner! ”

It was instantly apparent that from Hauptmann Wolke's point of view the boy had said too much.

“ Permit me to inform you,” he said icily, “ that only the fact you are talking a lot of nonsense excuses you from giving out information on the most important branch of your country's service.”

Count Josef von Karoly shuffled on his carved chair.

“ If you are warning me against Merrick,” said Jais, “ I think you can spare yourself alarm. I respect and admire him too well to ever believe he would make use of any information heard around this board.”

“ That is utterly beside the point.” Hauptmann Wolke's cold eyes were fixed on the boy. “ The Pfalz scout,” he insisted, “ has been thoroughly tested. It is performing invaluable work for us on the western front.”

Jais nodded. “ Then possibly,” he amended, “ I have been mistaken.”

Count von Karoly changed the subject. He was wearing his ribbons and orders this evening, partly in honor of his son, partly because of a German victory. On this, owing to Merrick's presence, he had touched very lightly, and now, returning to the matter, he expressed the hope that the victory on French soil might speedily lead to the conclusion of hostilities.

Merrick, who spoke correct Viennese, uttered the brief remark that he, too, sincerely hoped so. And then the smoldering Wolke suddenly injected a discordant and overt note into the conversation.

“ If that is your hope,” he told Merrick bluntly, “ why do you supply the Allies with ammunition? ”

Armine's glass was quietly righted. She didn't, however, remove her gaze from it.

IT was Count von Karoly who answered. “ I think, Hauptmann,” he said gently, “ out of respect to me, at least, you might—”

“ Stuff! ” said the German. “ I'm raising the point in order to try and understand America's attitude—if she has one.” He spoke vindictively. “ The United States of America is supposed to be neutral. I take it that Mr. Merrick often chants that story—like a magpie.”

The German was glaring quite openly across the table. “ It is my personal belief,” he told Merrick, “ that you are already planning to enter the war against us.”

Count von Karoly was plainly embarrassed. “ Please, Hauptmann—I beg of you—”

“ And for that reason the continual presence of Mr. Merrick in this house is somewhat hard to account for! ”

Leutnant Jais von Karoly sprang to his feet. “ We'll dispense with the courtesy due your rank, Hauptmann Wolke. And you happen to be my guest—not my father's. I'm going to ask you to apologize to Mr. Merrick—or leave this house! ”

An expression of alarm visited the pale beauty of his sister's face.

“ Jais! ” she whispered.

His father said nothing. He remained motionless, his handsome gray head slightly bowed.

Hauptmann Wolke slowly got to his feet, a spot of crimson appearing in the center of his waxen cheeks.

In the silence Merrick said: “ I'm sorry not to be able to discuss this matter with you, Hauptmann Wolke. I can only say that if the United States of America enters the war it will be forced to do so by the flagrant indelicacies of the German U-boats.”

Wolke paid not the slightest attention to him. He was looking at Jais von Karoly. Maliciously his eyes traveled to the boy's father, and to that distressed nobleman he offered the formality of a stiff bow. Jais he solemnly and a trifle mechanically saluted. It was as mechanically returned. Then, from the waist, the German bowed low to Armine and, his cavalry spurs jingling, left the room.

Armine was perceptibly concerned for her brother. “ Jais,” she said again, “ don't you think you had better speak to him? ”

“ Quite all right, Armine,” he said. “ War drains a good lot of decency from us, but, after all, we don't need to be swine when we're at home.”

It was an intolerable situation, and to lessen their embarrassment Merrick felt that his immediate removal was imperative. “ I regret,” he told Jais, “ that Hauptmann Wolke finds my presence here so objectionable.”

“ A lapse in manners, old chap. It's not his house.”

“ Yes, I know. But ”—Carl Merrick was preparing to leave the table—“ I should be very sorry, Jais, if, in any way, you were to suffer by it.”

WITH a fine squaring of his shoulders, Count Josef von Karoly recovered his poise. “ My dear Merrick,” he begged, “ I hope you won't allow this unfortunate incident to take you away from us.”

The young American glanced at Armine. Her eyes wanted him to stay, but for once he was more concerned with the feelings of her father and brother.

“ I think, sir,” he said, addressing the count, “ that under the circumstances you might feel more at ease if I—”

“ Nonsense,” interrupted Jais. “ You're coming downstairs with me for a game of billiards.”

To save further argument, Merrick quietly assented. Count von Karoly he didn't again see that evening, but after a while Armine manifested herself in the billiard room and remained there watching them play.

Jais had been in wretched form, nothing going right for him. He had gradually lapsed into an uncommunicative silence. Now, in the middle of a stroke, he suddenly put his cue in the rack and walked to the door.

“ Good night, old man,” he called back. “ Come to my room, will you, Armine? ”

“ Yes, dear.”

There was nothing in the impulsive withdrawal of the young Austrian that offended. It was characteristic of him, and in some strange way Merrick liked him for it. The expression “ old man,” uttered in English, had its root in an informal and detached friendship that was unquestionably sincere.

“ Poor Jais,” said Armine. “ He's so young. I suppose he didn't tell you, but his best friend, Leutnant Terleman, was shot down behind the Italian lines this afternoon.”

Merrick nodded. It was like Jais von Karoly not to speak of it. He walked on in silence with Armine toward the hall.

“ You know,” she said, “ he's told me that for days—sometimes for weeks—he's all gone inside. It's that horrible fighting in the air—men plunging to their deaths.”

She was shuddering, and Carl Merrick gently put his arm around her.

“ Yes,” he said. “ It's all a damnable and cruel business.”

"I think," she congratulated him, "your composure before Wolke this evening was splendid."

"I was far from composed."

"I admired you so much." Then she said: "Do you really think America will come in against us?"

He smiled at her and shook his head. "I don't know. If it means anything to you—I pray God that we will remain neutral."

Her dark eyes softened, looked lovingly into his own.

"You'll come again?" she asked tremulously.

"If you want me to."

For a moment their hands met, softly entwined. Then, bending, Carl Merrick touched his lips to her fingers, kept them there until, almost blindly, he turned and left the house.

. . . . .

IT was specifically in the distribution of American Red Cross supplies that Merrick first met Armine Karoly. In this connection they had not only motored together to the aviation training field outside Vienna, but had visited the Russian and Italian fronts, or rather the back area of those fronts where the 217th Flying Squadron happened to be billeted.

Leutnant von Karoly's leave was now over and he had returned to his airdrome some fifteen miles back of the Italian Alps; and four weeks later, in pursuit of his duties, Merrick visited there, accompanied by Armine, nurses, and supplies.

A general Austrian attack was in readiness. It was the duty of the 217th Flying Squadron to bomb the Italian hangars and render the efforts of enemy airmen as ineffectual as possible. Merrick was present when two bombing flights were about to take off. In charge of the five scouts covering them was Jais von Karoly. Four of them were Fokkers. The fifth was an Albatros, painted a light blue.

Jais looked drawn and tired. He greeted Merrick with a firm handclasp, but his recognition was listless. His attention was claimed, quite naturally, by his sister, and what happened profoundly affected everybody on the field. Nerves, of course; but the boy almost broke down before her and to hide it buried his face in the warm protection, comfort, and Godspeed of her young arms. Twins!

This and the presence there of Merrick—or more exactly the plain fact that he was Armine Karoly's escort—drew from the enraged Hauptmann Wolke a vigorous order to clear the field. He was particularly loud in his objection to "the prying gentleman of an unfriendly nation."

All at once Merrick knew he hated Wolke and wanted nothing better than to be in combat against him.

Jais went bravely to his blue Albatros, climbed in, gave the signal—and was off.

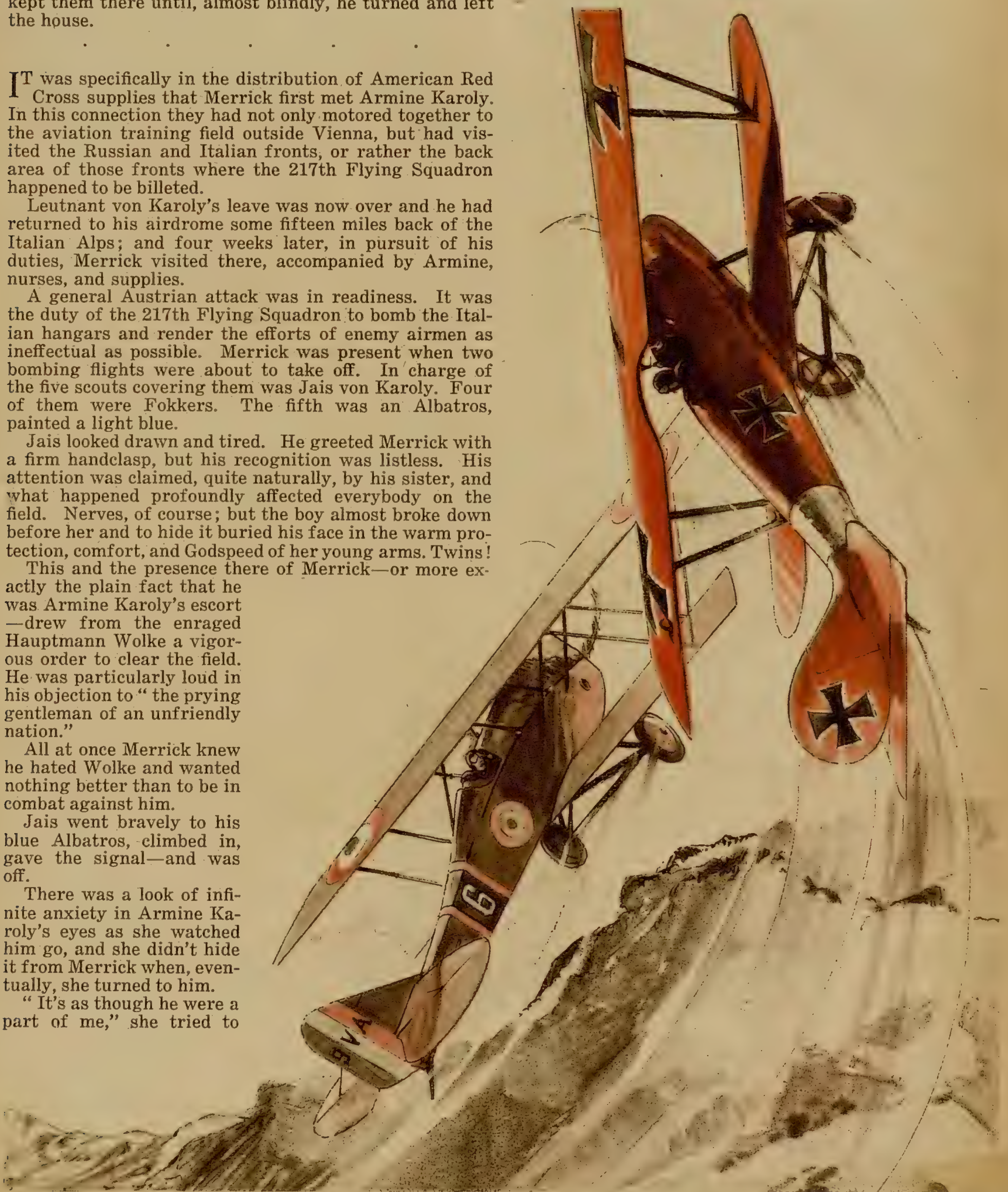
There was a look of infinite anxiety in Armine Karoly's eyes as she watched him go, and she didn't hide it from Merrick when, eventually, she turned to him.

"It's as though he were a part of me," she tried to explain. "If anything ever happened to Jais it would break my heart in two."

Merrick dwelt on the phrase as he led her back to his car. When they reached Vienna the newsboys were shrieking the result of an Austrian air raid and the news that Karoly had shot down two more enemy planes, bringing his total to seventeen. Armine was suddenly convulsed with tears. . . .

Less than a month afterward the American ambassador in Vienna called his associates together and in the privacy of his room told them very gravely, very solemnly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Again he concentrated on forcing the Pfalz into a left bank, and this time Wolke was compelled to take it

HEARTBREAK
Continued from page eleven

that in his opinion before the passing of another twenty-four hours the United States of America would have declared war against Germany.

The news was not so much of a surprise to Merrick as it was the shock of absolute realization. He immediately applied for permission to transfer into the air service and particularized the Lafayette Escadrille in Paris.

That evening he entered the residence in the Waldenstrasse for the last time. Conditions throughout Austria-Hungary were at a low ebb. Food was very scarce, and there was something incongruous about the several knives, forks, and spoons at Count Josef von Karoly's immaculate elbow. What still remained bounteous, however, was the courtesy to be extended a distinguished guest of a still friendly nation, and the sixty-year-old nobleman saw to it that Merrick was welcomed with that cordiality which only Vienna, perhaps, could bestow.

Leutnant von Karoly was again present, recovering from his first wound, a slight one, received two weeks ago. His father seemed inordinately proud of him.

There was something electric in the air, and this, thought Merrick, came directly from Armine. She was unusually quiet, and in her silence unusually beautiful. Her eyes, whenever they rested on Merrick, were sad and introspective. He felt instinctively that she already knew.

Flushed with a little wine, Jais was in a most strange mood. The effect of his abrupt dismissal of Hauptmann Wolke in this same room several weeks ago was now alarmingly apparent. The young Austrian was in the grip of a fey intensity, the horrible aftermath of a series of air battles into which Wolke, day after day, had ordered him without let-up.

No longer reticent in talking of his own exploits, he had also adopted a bloodthirsty attitude toward his enemies, a bitter, vicious hatred of all the Allies. This sort of thing provoked silence on the part of Merrick, and caused Armine to lower her head in pain.

"War's supposed to be horrible," laughed Jais. "So let's make it horrible."

"To me," said his sister, lifting her head, "the most horrible thing of all is the public enthusiasm evoked by —killing!"

The word struck a little chill in the huge, vaulted, servantless room.

And in a clear, lovely voice, she continued: "I could never willingly kill any living thing—not even for my country."

Leutnant von Karoly laughed a trifle unevenly, his white teeth showing. "Well, Merrick," he said, "what's your idea on the subject? You'll shortly be in it, you know. You'd kill, wouldn't you?"

Merrick didn't like to answer him. "Yes," he finally admitted, "if it were my duty."

A MOVEMENT from Armine divided his attention. She was staring at him, her breast slightly agitated. She seemed to divine the very pith of his thoughts.

"Yes," proceeded young Karoly, "you'd kill me. And I'd kill you, old man. Without the least compunction. In the air it's great fun. To play with a man, torture him, then—the *coup de grâce!*" He illustrated the action with his fork, in the manner of a matador thrusting home his sword.

Armine uttered a little scream, and for the moment Carl Merrick could say nothing.

"I hope, Jais," he said quietly, "that the opportunity to kill me will never be presented to you."

He was thinking of his application to join the Lafayette Escadrille, the region of his activities holding him to another front.

But the young Austrian ace was in a state of high excitement. Abruptly he left the room, Armine following him. Twins!

Count von Karoly was left struggling between love for his son and the necessity of apologizing for him. He lifted a proud but troubled countenance in the direction of Merrick.

"I don't know what to say to you," he stammered. "This is the second time you have been affronted in my house. Jais is returning to his squadron in the morning," he said heavily. "Can you possibly excuse him on those grounds—and for words I'm sure he didn't mean?"

Merrick suddenly loved the old gentleman.

"I have nothing but friendship and admiration for him," he said simply.

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I . . . I worship the boy."

MERRICK rose. His brain was in a turmoil. In a moment he wouldn't know what he was saying. Armine! He must see Armine before he left. He had something very important to say to her.

He bowed, mumbled a good night, and quit the room. In the hall he found Jais von Karoly waiting for him. Instantly something happened that quite unnerved Merrick, something he was never able to forget. Jais threw his arms around him, half sobbing some hysterical words against his shoulder.

"Forgive me, Carl. I've been into it pretty hard lately. I'm not myself."

"Jais, old man!"

"So help me God, Carl, I didn't mean it."

"I know you didn't."

"I'll transfer out of the air service. I'll do anything you say, Carl."

This was an amazing speech; oddly intuitive. Merrick didn't know what to make of it.

"That's all right, old man," he said. "Don't you worry. We're going to remain good friends all our lives."

"We must never meet, Carl. Do you understand? I'm thinking of her. If anything happened it would kill her. Don't you see, Merrick! No matter which one of us it was—he would be pressing a burst of machine-gun fire into *her* heart at the same time! Good-by, Carl," he gulped. "Think kindly of me—if you can."

Merrick was rigid. He watched Jais run up the stairs and disappear. Armine! He must see her before he left. His head reeling, he began calling for her. She appeared directly at the top of the stairs, came slowly down them, her face deathly pale.

Reaching him, she said, "He doesn't really mean it. It's the result of Wolke's teaching. He's going back there tomorrow. He's come and gone so often—and he's only nineteen."

"Don't," said Merrick. "I've just been telling your father how much I—my deep friendship for him. Armine," he breathed, "listen to me. Armine! I'm going away. I'm leaving Vienna tonight—now!"

She swayed a little.

"Yes," she said. "I know. I knew it the moment I saw you."

"I wonder," he said, "if I shall ever see you again?"

She looked at him. "That means that the United States—?"

Carl Merrick didn't move. He just stood there, looking at her.

"Isn't it strange?" she mused. "Your country and mine opposed. You and I pitted against each other. Isn't it strange?"

Merrick called upon every ounce of courage and manliness that was in him. "In Paris," he managed to tell her. "In the Lafayette Escadrille—where your brother and I can—not—meet!"

She didn't speak.

"Keep yourself—for me," he choked, "until you are sure that I no longer live."

He was raising her fingers to his lips, when suddenly she was in his arms. He crushed her to him, burying his face against the softness of her throat. And there, in silence but for the plunging of their hearts, they remained; silent in the lofty hall of a silent house.

At last his head moved and their lips met. Her eyes were closed. So, too, were Merrick's. She said, her lips still resting on his:

"I'm yours, Carl. All my life . . . until I die. . . ."

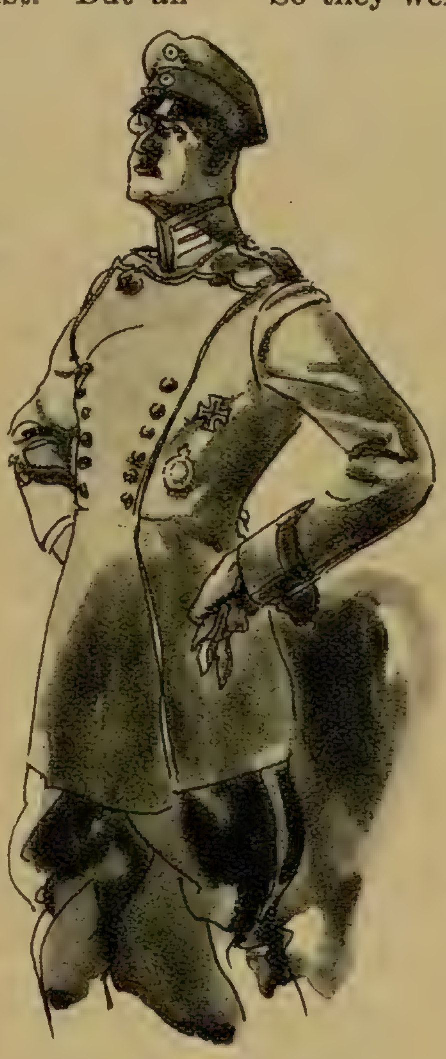
He couldn't speak. From his closed and painful throat he could force no further word of any sort. He could only hold her for one more moment, his lips still pressed to hers, then tear himself away.

At the embassy what he most feared came to pass. He was ordered to Rome, where his knowledge of the Austrian situation would be immediately serviceable. This initial order he was powerless to resist. But an athletic body and a twenty-three-year-old patriotism emphatically demanded a broader outlet for expression than offered in the comfortable offices of an embassy.

After some considerable give and take between Rome and Washington, principally through the influence of Charles Carl Merrick in the latter city, papers were duly attested and witnessed to the agreement that Carl Merrick, Junior, be permitted to accept a commission in the Allied air service. Unfortunately, at the last moment, just as he was leaving for Paris, somebody discovered the blunder of letting him get away from the Italian-Austrian frontier where his knowledge of both languages made him invaluable to the Italian Air Ministry. Absurd to send him to France! There was a branch of the Italian air force that practically corresponded to the Lafayette Escadrille. That was the place for him!

The swiftness with which this situation developed simply staggered Merrick. He tried by every means in his power to proceed to Paris. That failing, he wished to renounce his commission and return to his clerical duties in the embassy. But records proved him to be an experienced airman. The Italian officials, having already felicitated Washington upon the acquisition of his services, began to regard the young American's reluctance with suspicion.

Having exhausted every excuse, Merrick now insisted on going through a proper course in aëronautics. Not sure that his hand was in! Unfamiliarity with the Italian planes! And to prove it—during the two months he was schooling—he managed to smash up three training planes and finally had the satisfaction of being detailed to artillery observation.



Hauptmann Wolke was the most feared ace on the eastern front.

Major Leonardo della Rosa, in command of the flying unit Merrick was attached to, shortly advised him that Wolke, not Von Karoly, was their most feared opponent. They wanted Von Karoly's scalp, too; but for the past month his blue Albatros had not been seen. The rumors were that he had been transferred to another front.

WOLKE was the man to look out for. Flying a red Pfalz, he, alone, in the last two months, had accounted for sixteen of Major Leonardo della Rosa's flight. He usually employed Richthofen's trick of sitting on the clouds to swoop down on a lame duck pulling for home and playing with him in fiendish postponement of the end. And that, in the cliffs and jagged passes of the Italian Alps, was not a pleasant affair. So look out for him!

This immeasurably lessened Lieutenant Carl Merrick's anxieties. As an observer he was loaned to a naval-gun battery in order to protect their long-distance fire from the air. But it was not long before he earned the praises of the Italian Air Ministry, and Signor Piero Vasari decorated him for going out of his way to cover a returning bombing expedition and driving off an attack.

During all this time Merrick had seen no sign of the blue Albatros nor Wolke's Pfalz. But soon the latter was riding the clouds again, and the day he was observed two of Major Leonardo della Rosa's flight failed to come home. One of them was its gallant leader, and Italy was plunged into gloom as he, their idol, had been plunged into the Alps. Berlin gave Wolke a medal for the deed.

Merrick was then removed from artillery duty and ordered to join the scouts. For the next three days they deliberately went out to do battle, but failed to encounter the red Pfalz or opposition of any kind. On the fourth day the advanced O. P. was certain about him, and they telegraphed back that he was directly over the artillery position—there, apparently, for the sole purpose of observation. The bloodthirsty German had evidently cooled down, but he was still very fast, for when the Italian scouts arrived on the scene he was gone.

So they went on in the hope of picking him up in his own back yard, and before Merrick knew what was happening they were in the thick of a battle royal with six German Fokkers. In almost the first second two of the Italian scouts crashed, fell hundreds of feet in flames. Something in the manner of their going—friends of his—whipped up in Carl Merrick a cold, savage hatred. For the first time in his life he wanted to kill!

HE threw a burst into the nearest Fokker, watched his own instrument board splinter in return, felt the spew of bullets dangerously near his head, swept in to within thirty yards, made his guns talk, watched the pilot slump, and in a pandemonium of delirious excitement began shouting like a madman when he saw the enemy go spinning down in flames. His first!

Pulling his nose up he dizzily looked around. The enemy was gone. His own flight was nowhere to be seen. In the intoxication of his first battle he had failed to keep in touch with his leader. He was alone under a peaceful sky.

He pulled out and flew for home, heading east a little to get altitude over the Alps. All at once he saw a sight that sent pins and needles through him. To his left, somewhat above him, a solitary scout was in the air. It was the red Pfalz!

Merrick was still partly insane from the savagery of battle, and he acted instinctively, without hesitation. It was evident that Wolke had seen him and, for some reason, was not anxious to accept combat. But Merrick, digging his teeth into his lips, had other ideas on the subject. He maneuvered to get between Wolke and his home territory, and pressed the button by way of challenge. Wrrp! Wrrrp! Sweeping round, he dove straight at him, guns ready to blaze.

In the next instant Wolke executed a brilliant turn and had Merrick in his pocket! Merrick immelmanned, zigzagged, zoomed, stuck his nose down, and went into a spinning dive—all to no avail. Do what he might, he couldn't get away from him. Behind and above him a man he had good reason to hate had him on ice!

Several times Carl Merrick waited for it, waited for the stream of steel that would rip the life out of him and send him plunging down to a sickening death. This was stark torture! Why didn't he fire and get it over with? Why, in God's name, did he have to drag out the agony?

Did Wolke know, he wondered. No, of course, he couldn't possibly know. Flying helmets made both of them unrecognizable. Only the red Pfalz and the methods of its pilot gave one of them away.

Merrick was down now, down to five thousand; lower—four—three. Wolke couldn't hold his guns much longer.

It was sure to come in a second! In sheer desperation Merrick flipped his scout upside down—he didn't know, didn't care, what he was doing. To his amazement, he came out, right side up, on Wolke's rudder. Instantly he pressed his thumb, trying desperately to get a bead and fire into its vitals.

But Wolke wheeled and dived downward. Merrick caught him as he lost speed on a turn, pressed the button again, and saw his bullets cut through his enemy's wings. On the burst Wolke immelmanned, raking Merrick from the distance as he shot past. A stab almost

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEARTBREAK

Continued from page thirteen

tore his left arm away, and before he could recover from the shock of it Wolke again had position and altitude.

Suddenly from the fastnesses of Merrick's brain came the frantic heliograph of a message; a half-forgotten bit of knowledge! Force one of the new Pfalz scouts into a steep bank to the left and it would fall out of control! Information Jais von Karoly had expected him not to use, eh? Well! Merrick would see about that!

He flipped over, got under him a little to the left, made his guns talk, shoved his nose up, and forced him to give way; then, whirling, he came at him in such a way as to force a left bank. Not steep enough! The man wheeled like a dragon fly. But now Merrick had the altitude. He waited a second or two, then, with a full dive, struck hard. Again he concentrated on forcing the Pfalz into a left bank, and this time Wolke was compelled to take it and in doing so took it too steeply. He tried to flip out of it, but it was too late. He went spinning down, Merrick after him. For good measure he pumped a burst into him, shredding his wings.

At about a thousand feet Wolke straightened out. But now Merrick was right behind him. With a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach he watched his tracers rip down the middle of the fuselage, and before he could prize his thumb off the button, bullets had spewed into Wolke's shoulder, into his helmet and the side of his neck! The man's head slumped. The red Pfalz went down, completely out of control.

Merrick followed, and with half-satisfied, half-repentant eyes saw the German crash into a field. He glided over him low. The helmet his tracers had ripped aside was now in tatters and blood was crimsoning a pale young face that bore a striking resemblance to— Great God! It wasn't Hauptmann Wolke he had killed! It was Jais von Karoly!

In that brief second something was taken away from Carl Merrick, some integral part of his heart, his soul. His brain became a cinematograph of bitter memories. The night the boy had thrown his arms around him! "We must never meet, Carl. Like pressing a burst of machine-gun fire into *her* heart!" A dark, lofty hall in the Waldenstrasse house! The touch of a girl's lips. "It's as though Jais were part of me. . . ."

They were firing at him now—ground batteries, machine guns, antiaircraft. Merrick acted purely mechanically. He was conscious only of a dull, leaden pain inside him. He threw one final glance downward. The Pfalz was crumpled. Little figures were running toward it. Like ants—they were. In agony, Carl Merrick burst into tears.

"Oh, God!" he prayed. "Have mercy!"

FROM then on everything seemed to be dark. When next he opened his eyes he was in a hospital. He asked why he was there. The nurse told him that he had crashed on landing back at the airdrome. But that, she smiled, was several weeks ago. He was a much lauded and honored young man. Did he know that he had brought down the famous Von Karoly? Did he realize he had been awarded Italy's greatest medal?

Merrick became a little hysterical. He began saying all sorts of silly things—about a girl. What girl? Now come, come! With a cool hand the nurse soothed his brow. He mustn't talk; he must try to remain quiet until he had recovered his strength. Weakly Merrick sank back again, back into the blessed darkness.

Weeks later a delegation came to see him. To the citation of his bravery read by a distinguished Italian general before important members of the American commission, Carl Merrick paid not the slightest attention. The medals he brushed away. He was through with the war, he shouted. Through with the Italian air service. Any uniform. To hell with Italy! To hell with every nation engaged in the goddamned war!

This somewhat interfered with the even tenor of the party. It broke up in confusion. And that night Merrick found his clothes and stole away.

They halted him several days later near the Austrian border, which border, without any doubt, he was trying to cross.

His case attracted much attention in the Italian and American press. The man would say absolutely nothing in defense of his conduct, and consequently he passed from a promising career in the air service into the confines of an Italian military prison.

When his sentence was served to the satisfaction of all concerned, he was ordered to leave Italy. The war, then, was over. Merrick at once went to Vienna. But monarchy and fine feathers were in the discard, and the mansion in the Waldenstrasse was being used as a warehouse. Nobody could give him, nor bothered to give him, the least information about Count Josef von Karoly. Rats to the Karolys! Austria was a republic. Everything was changed.

Merrick spent months searching Europe. Finally he discovered that Count Josef von Karoly and his daughter were staying at a small hotel in Paris. When he called there Armine refused to see him.

So Merrick returned to Washington, there to receive the cold shoulder from his friends. He had nothing to say to his father, nothing to say to anybody. He wanted to be alone. And, offering no excuse for his strange behavior, he disappeared, returning there only once—to attend a funeral.

Years went by.

ONE Indian summer afternoon on his Nevada ranch, forty miles from the nearest depot, one of Carl Merrick's cow hands brought him a letter.

It had been posted in New York over a month ago, been readdressed from his father's house in Washington to the War Department, and from there to his lawyer's offices, then sent on here.

MY DEAR LEUTNANT MERRICK:

One good turn deserve another, eh? But who know? Maybe if I had been in the red Pfalz that day everything would be different.

But now war is over. I came to America for certain reason which is not successful. All these years I keep asking her to marry me. Now I do you good turn before I go back to Germany.

I have make inquiries about you and find that you are unhappy. Fräulein Karoly, too, is unhappy. She promise her father she will not see you. But now he is dead long time. She lose everything—father, brother, money.

Come quick to Madison Avenue restaurant between 63 and 64 street on left hand side, and I bet you you will not be sorry. She love only you.

FRIEDRICH WOLKE (HAUPTMANN).

Merrick traveled most of the way by airplane, and from the flying field in New York by taxi. When he reached the corner of Madison and Sixty-third Street he got out and walked up the avenue on the right-hand side. There was no restaurant to be seen. But halfway, on the opposite side, was a tea shop. He was trembling as he entered it, trembling as he sat down, trembling as he looked about him. Then, all at once, he saw her. She was carrying a tray on which was a cup of tea and a plate containing a chocolate eclair. Over her black dress she wore a starched white apron. On her lustrous fair hair was perched a lace cap. She was pale and thinner of face, but her dark eyes animated her, and to Carl Merrick she was the most beautiful sight in the world.

He waited, lacking the courage to move. Then she saw him. For a moment she stood motionless. With a crash, the tray she was holding dropped to the floor.

Merrick rose and stretched out a hand. He heard himself saying:

"Armine! You don't know how I've suffered. All these years . . . my heart—like yours—broken. . . ."

"Carl," she sobbed pathetically. "Please—oh, please take me in your arms!"

And, regardless of the people watching them, that is exactly what he did.

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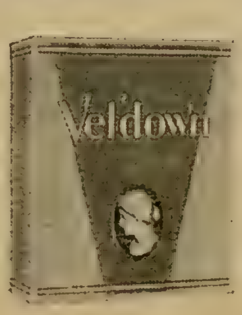

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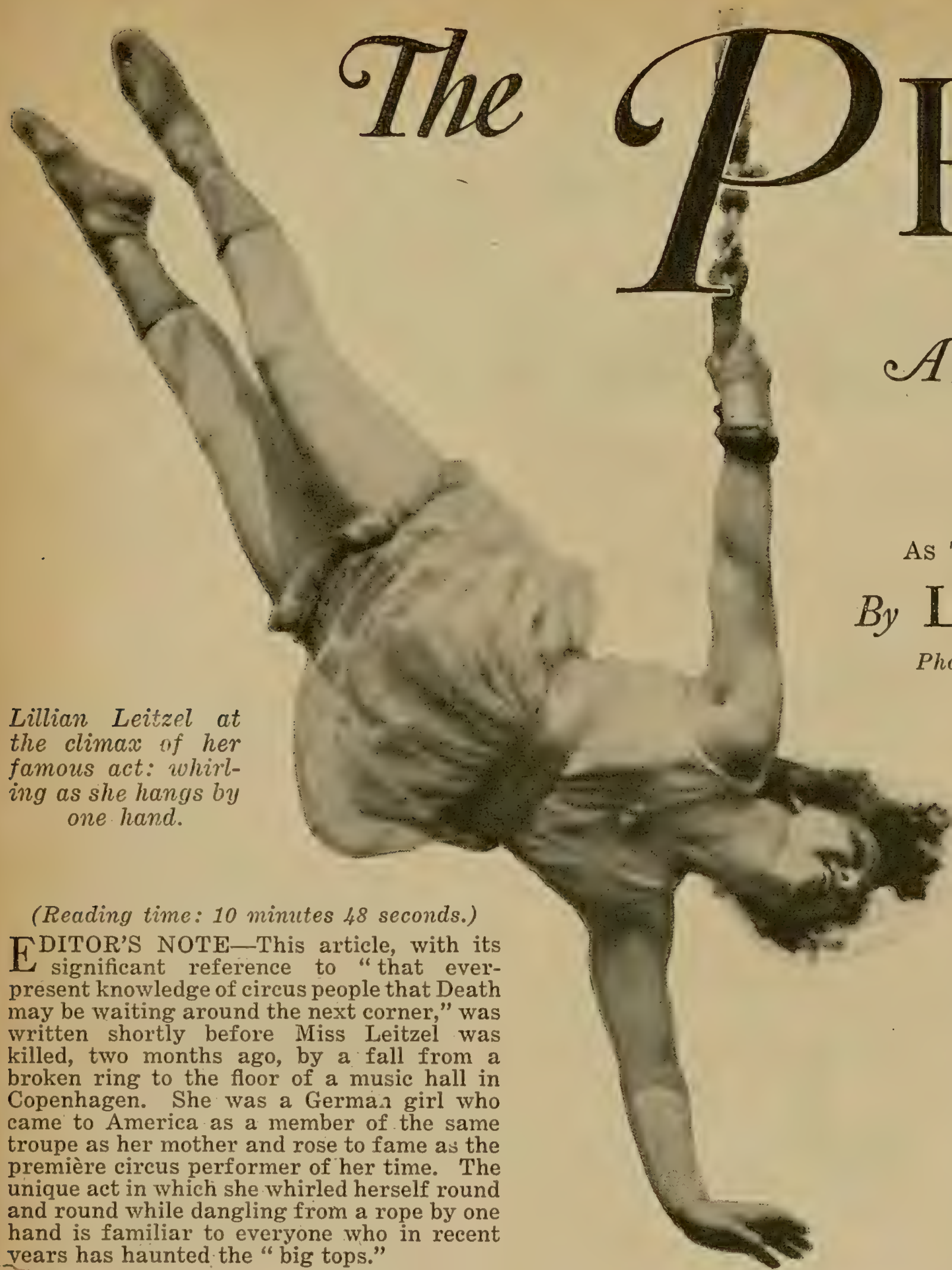
The PRICE

A Word from One Who Paid It

As Told to Gertrude Bradshaw

By LILLIAN LEITZEL

Photos by H. A. Atwell Studios



Lillian Leitzel at the climax of her famous act: whirling as she hangs by one hand.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 48 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, with its significant reference to "that ever-present knowledge of circus people that Death may be waiting around the next corner," was written shortly before Miss Leitzel was killed, two months ago, by a fall from a broken ring to the floor of a music hall in Copenhagen. She was a German girl who came to America as a member of the same troupe as her mother and rose to fame as the première circus performer of her time. The unique act in which she whirled herself round and round while dangling from a rope by one hand is familiar to everyone who in recent years has haunted the "big tops."

"WHY, you only work half an hour a day!" And my friends smile enviously when they say it. I smile too, but for an entirely different reason. Although this is my seventeenth season with the Ringling circus, I am just as much a slave to my highly specialized fifteen-minute act as I was during the strenuous years that preceded my stardom.

What my friends see are only the romance of my nomadic life and the glamour of my act. Dimmed house lights, and the great white eye of the spot as it follows me to where my rope and rings are waiting. Mr. Engle introducing me to a hushed and expectant audience. Gay, lilting music, and the seeming ease with which I roll myself up the rope. Gayer music, and the imitation of a ballet dance while I cling to the perpendicular rope with only one foot. Then the rings, and my joyous whirling over and over to the rhythmic accompaniment of the band. The slow rolling back down the rope to the tune of a rising din of applause. A sudden vibrant hush as Mr. Engle announces my next feature. The signal, as I slip my wrist securely through the noose of the rope, that will whisk me high into the air. The swinging back and forth of my feet until I have gained enough momentum to throw my body over my shoulder a hundred or more times to the mad beating of drums and the applause that grows and grows until it drowns the music. The swift descent. Finally, the bowing and waving to the audience as I run to the exit, a smiling blonde circus girl in a diminutive fluffy skirt whose act is over in fifteen minutes.

That is what my envious friends see. And now for some of the things they miss. Rolling up the rope is not easy. It requires a perfect technique and the most minute muscular control. It has never been done by anybody except my mother and me. The rope, with its heavy coats of rosin, is like a thousand knife blades waiting to raise great red welts on my back and arms should I slip even the tiniest bit. If I grow a little careless, my fragile tulle skirt twists and tears. In the pseudo dance, with its difficult back bends, my life literally hangs by a toe instead of the proverbial thread. When I am working on the rings, a relaxed muscle at the wrong second would send me flying through the netless space below me. And then the slow rolling down the rope, with muscles less fresh to fight the pull of gravity! This rolling down is my own contribution to my art, and I was able to accomplish it only after years of struggle and despair.

It is the last feature, however, that tests my strength and endurance. While Mr. Engle is telling the audience about it, my whole attention must be fixed on getting a proper hold on the rope which will suddenly lift me into the air, where, with all the strain on my right shoulder, I will throw my body over and over—until I can go no longer. Aching muscles, straining heart pounding wildly in my ears, and above all this, like the dominant motif in a symphony, the will to go on! Then I am back on the ground, skirt awry, hair disheveled, breathing in gasps, oozing with a mixture of melted grease paint and sweat, aching all over, and frequently wondering how I can get through another performance. Danger, fatigue, and fear, to offset glamour, thrill, and the joy of achievement! And so the price I pay for stardom takes a heavy toll in those fifteen minutes that seem so short to my friends.

THERE are times when it is no fun at all being the whole show. One night, when we were playing in a middle western town, a sudden storm caught us. My act was to go on at 8:45. When the band began the overture there wasn't a cloud to be seen. I was sitting at my dressing table, putting the finishing touches on my make-up, when I caught a glimpse of my maid's face in the mirror.

"What is it, Mabel?" I knew from her expression that something was wrong.

"They are taking the elephants out," she answered grimly.

# of STARDOM

The charm of her smile was not the least of the reasons for Miss Leitzel's popularity.

Rolling up the rope, a feat performed only by Miss Leitzel and her also famous mother.

When a storm comes up that threatens to be more than a gentle rain, the first precaution that is taken is to get the elephants out into an open space and stake them to the ground. Even a hurricane doesn't frighten them if the sky is over their heads, but if they are left under a shelter a stampede is almost inevitable.

A gust of wind whirled around the corner and shook my tent. I walked to the door and looked out.

The animals were moving ponderously across the lot. The sight of this procession has always seemed like a sinister thing to me, and a shiver went down my spine.

I glanced at the clock as I hurried into my costume. Since the elephant act was being cut, I had about fifteen minutes less time in which to dress. If things got too bad the horse act that preceded mine would be cut too. Just then an usher came running from the main tent.

"Get Leitzel over to the entrance as soon as possible," he said to the maid, and ran back to his post.

I am always keyed up by the time I get into my costume, but this night I was trembling. My fingers felt cold and moist.

As I ran to the entrance of the big top I glanced at the sky. There was a yellowish green light low on the horizon and the wind was blowing dust in little eddies. Above the blare of trumpets I heard thunder.

I reached the entrance. All around me were performers, who, like myself, had come over early: girls, resplendent in sequins and plumes, huddled together and giggling nervously as they clutched scanty capes about their bare young shoulders; clowns, whose serious faces were oddly visible beneath the grotesque masks of paint.

A cue was relayed to the orchestra and my music began. The lights were lowered as usual, but as I ran into the ring a great flash of lightning lit up the whole tent. I bowed and smiled—and felt the smile grow stiff on my lips. Then I began to roll slowly up my rope.

I HAVE never felt so alone in my life. Up close to the canvas each noise became a separate menacing voice: creaking tent poles; boom of thunder; sting of the rain on the canvas; sharp cracking sounds that seemed to come from nowhere and that I prayed might not be my baling ring giving way! It seemed that the wind had become a demon that was trying to reach us with its clawing fingers. A trapeze swung weirdly beside me. Perhaps the ghost of some long forgotten player had come back to give me courage!

As I glanced down at the pale, blurred faces of the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

spectators, I realized that it was up to me to keep their minds off the storm and on the show—if such a thing was possible. If I hesitated or showed the slightest fear, fifteen thousand people would be jamming the exits and trampling each other like wild animals. Through the din of the rain and the claps of thunder, I could hear the orchestra straining to reach me with its message of cheer. It seemed to say, "We're with you, Leitzel! We're with you, Leitzel!"

The long fifteen minutes dragged to a close, and with them had passed the worst of the storm. A panic had been averted. Of course it was part of my job to "carry on," but that night I saw a special look of approval in the eyes of my coworkers as I passed through the exit.

My entire childhood was spent in intensive training for my life's work. When I was two years old I began lessons in toe dancing; a little later juggling was added; and finally came bar work. In a few years I was working six hours a day at strenuous physical labor. That and my studies completely filled my life.

Mother was the leader of a troupe already famous in Europe, and that gave me a definite goal toward which to work. The example of what I might become constantly before my eyes, and mother's promise that when I could do the work I would be added to the troupe, spurred me on. When I was eleven years old I was ready to join them. Mother said I was perfect, and I must have been pretty good, for when Mr. Ringling cabled, asking her to come to New York for the opening three weeks in Madison Square Garden, he stipulated that I was to come along. This youthful triumph was wisely kept from me, and it was many years before I saw the cablegram.

NEXT WEEK—

Tragic Eyes

A vividly dramatic story

By

Rita Weiman

Lon Chaney

Things the world didn't know about the man of a thousand faces

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

When I next came to America I came alone and as a feature performer, a very youthful one, weighing only eighty-two pounds, but making up for that deficiency in a superabundance of confidence. When I think now of the things I did on the rings in those days, I shudder.

ONLY half the battle is won when you reach stardom, the other and harder part is staying there. It is so easy to relax, and so fatal. My act depends on strength and endurance, and these can only be maintained with constant practice. Heart, lungs, muscles, all have to be kept in perfect tone. If I am going to continue to be billed in the Ringling program as "Queen of aërial gymnasts, who will amaze you with her wonderful midair feats of strength and endurance," I must keep constantly at my work. I may as well be turning my labors to account, so as soon as the circus goes into its winter quarters I sail for Europe for a series of winter engagements. My only vacations are the short trips over and back.

Even my days are completely regulated by my short, highly specialized, fifteen-minute act. It is essential that I have nine hours of sleep. Breakfast must be very light to avoid any possibility of pressure on lungs and heart at the afternoon performance. During the morning I have two or three hours to devote to shopping and the hundred-odd things that accumulate in one's life. I am my own business manager. I design my costumes. I have to keep between thirty and forty ready all the time because they are short-lived and my act is so strenuous. I omit lunch entirely from my schedule—again out of deference to my heart. By one o'clock I am in my dressing tent. It takes me an hour to dress, as I cover the entire upper part of my body with a heavy theatrical make-up. After my act I take a complete rest for an hour, and then eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk. My ravenous appetite is curbed only by the thought that there is another show in a few hours.

I rarely leave my dressing tent between shows. Even the slightest exertion leaves its mark on my next performance. During the intervening hours I sew occasionally, read much, and my husband and I work innumerable cross-word puzzles. I have a daily average of ten visitors. Although I am more exhausted after the evening performance than I am in the afternoon, the anticipation of the large dinner my husband and I are about to have compensates for the added fatigue.

IT is fortunate that my husband, Alfredo Codona, has work that is like mine. He can't somersault through the air on a full stomach any more than I can swing from my rope, and it makes it much easier to refuse interesting invitations and to stick to a restricted diet, with meals at odd hours, if somebody else is doing it.

In all my career I never had to miss a performance until I caught pneumonia three years ago. Recuperation was slow, and to me it seemed to drag out endlessly. It was mental as well as physical agony to know I had the ability to do my act but that I lacked the strength. During this illness I realized fully for the first time what my career had meant to me. When you give your entire life to any one thing, it unfits you for anything else. If I shouldn't be able to go back to the circus again, what could I do? I pondered the question in despair. I was a circus girl born and bred—I knew and loved only that. I had a good education, and I was a fairly accomplished pianist, but for one who has been at the top of any profession, it is almost impossible to feel that life holds anything else. I would certainly be commonplace at any other job. And so my return to the circus was my return to life!

I pay for my fame with constant self-denial, with all of my time and with all of my energy, and that ever-present knowledge of circus people that Death may be waiting around the next corner.

What it pays me is another story: seven months of living practically out of doors; miles of travel; sudden unexpected friendships; priceless memories of Theodore Roosevelt and his love for the circus; a visit to the White House and the charming Mrs. Coolidge. But that is another story.

I am content with my life. It is good to know that you have done a job to the best of your ability, and I feel that I have given myself unsparingly to mine. It means giving all I have, and to some of us life can hold no greater satisfaction.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is an epitome?
2—Who was Zoroaster?
3—What is a lean-to?
4—What is a prophylactic?
5—To what nation do Java and Sumatra belong?
6—What is a reynard?
7—What is linsey-woolsey?
8—What is an ungulate?
9—What is tautology?
10—What is carcinoma?
11—What is the aftermost mast of a three-masted vessel called?
12—What does *comme il faut* mean?
13—Who is the god of the fiery element in Roman mythology?
14—What Shakespearean play includes the character Puck?
15—Of what country is Bangkok the capital?
16—What is neurology?
17—Vixen is a name for what animal?
18—Who commanded the Continental Army at the Battle of Saratoga?
19—Who wrote The Ancient Mariner?
20—What is aphasia?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-two)

Scalp troubles? Loose DANDRUFF?

Read letters below—

they tell much better than we could the amazing results accomplished by Listerine in treating scalp disorders.

MEN and women are constantly writing us of the beneficial effects of using full strength Listerine on the scalp and hair, either as a part of the usual shampoo or independent of it. In many cases they report that Listerine brought relief from scalp troubles after other methods of treatment had failed.

The letters below, selected from many hundreds, show a number of uses to which Listerine has successfully been put. The value of this safe antiseptic lies primarily in its ability to destroy germs almost instantly, and therefore combat infection. At the same time it is soothing and healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Relieved Itching Scalp

My husband and I can't find praise enough for Listerine. It sure is wonderful. For months he was troubled with dandruff and his scalp itched him terribly. He'd come home from work so grouchy, that you could hardly speak to him and he'd always say "How can I help it? My scalp itches so badly, that it nearly drives me crazy, and I have so much dandruff that I'm ashamed to be seen anywhere."

One of our friends advised him to try Listerine. At first he laughed, but I finally persuaded him to try it. He did and with such wonderful results the first time that he went right to the druggist's and purchased a large bottle. He has been using it regularly once a week and I can truthfully say that he hasn't a bit of dandruff, or noticed any itching of the scalp since he's been using it.

Yours truly,
MRS. VIRGIL HELBIG
Newport, Kentucky

Ended Baby's "Milk Crust"

When my infant daughter reached the age of four months, a fine film of "milk crust" commonly known as "cradle cap" formed on her scalp. I attempted to soften this film with olive oil, hoping thereby, to release it from the scalp but soon discovered that this treatment was ineffective as the "cap" had thoroughly imbedded itself in the scalp. Combing with a fine tooth comb helped somewhat but was not recommended as it tended to irritate the sensitive scalp and one had to be extremely careful of the soft opening at the top of the head. The scalp not only was unsightly but refused to respond to treatment.

Finally my husband suggested Listerine, two parts of Listerine to one part of warm water, and rinsing the baby's head with this solution.

Skeptical, I gave it a trial for a week, soaking baby's head thoroughly once daily with the diluted Listerine. At the end of the week I noticed that the "crust" had almost disappeared and that the remaining flakes were quite loose and could be combed out with gentle movements. I continued using the diluted Listerine for the two successive weeks and at the end of that time baby's scalp was clean. I noticed no irritation or discomfiture on her part, therefore was certain that Listerine was as harmless to infants' sensitive scalps as to adults' more hardened ones.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. MILDRED S. MACLEOD
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Relieves Itching of Diabetic Patient

Early in our education as student nurses we are taught, among other important duties, the Nurse should not prescribe, and also, she should be seen and not heard.

But, as regards Listerine and its valuable properties, I feel it is necessary that I be heard. If I may so express myself, I find Listerine to be the last word in securing a cooling, refreshing, and permanent relief or cure from the annoyance of not alone dandruff, but skin conditions especially those of the scalp so often prevalent in diabetes.

A small piece of cotton dipped in Listerine and applied to the scalp, after parting the hair, not only relieves the itching, but refreshes the patient confined to bed (which automatically reacts on the general physical health and soothes them to sleep many times) and it entirely removes the large itching spots that occur on the scalp in the diabetic patient.

These spots often appear on the forehead, on the sides of the face and around back of the neck, bordering the hair and are visible, about the size of a quarter. They not only itch but are embarrassing; as skin desquamates and falls on the eyebrows, finally rests on the chest and shoulders. These irritated spots, thanks to Listerine which I always apply to the infected area, are controlled, at the same time soothed, and ultimately obliterated.

Cordially yours,
MARY WILSON PATTON, R. N.
San Antonio, Texas

Don't miss BOBBY JONES, King of Golf
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Every Wednesday Night
WEAF and a coast to coast NBC network
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A Story Which Reminds You How Little Men Know—About Women

The Golden DAY

By

MAX BRAND

who was born in Seattle, Washington, thirty-nine years ago, went to the University of California, lived in New York City for a time, and now has a home in Italy. He has written under a number of pseudonyms, reserving his real name, Frederick Faust, for poetry, and likes to make himself a bit of a mystery. Efforts to get a picture of him were unavailing; inquiries about his present activities were met with a succinct cablegram to the effect that he never gives out biographies.

Pictures by HAROLD E. BRYANT

(Reading time: 39 minutes.)

FOR thirteen days at a time, Jim Eagan rose at five and worked until dark; even after supper he often patched harness or sharpened plowshares in the blacksmith shop until his bedtime, for the land of his hill farm was poor, and although he multiplied his hands and his hours in this fashion he got on very slowly; often the loans on his crops nearly equaled their value. On alternate Sundays he drove his Ford thirty miles through the uplands down to Tucker Flat and Tuckerville to see Kate Martin.

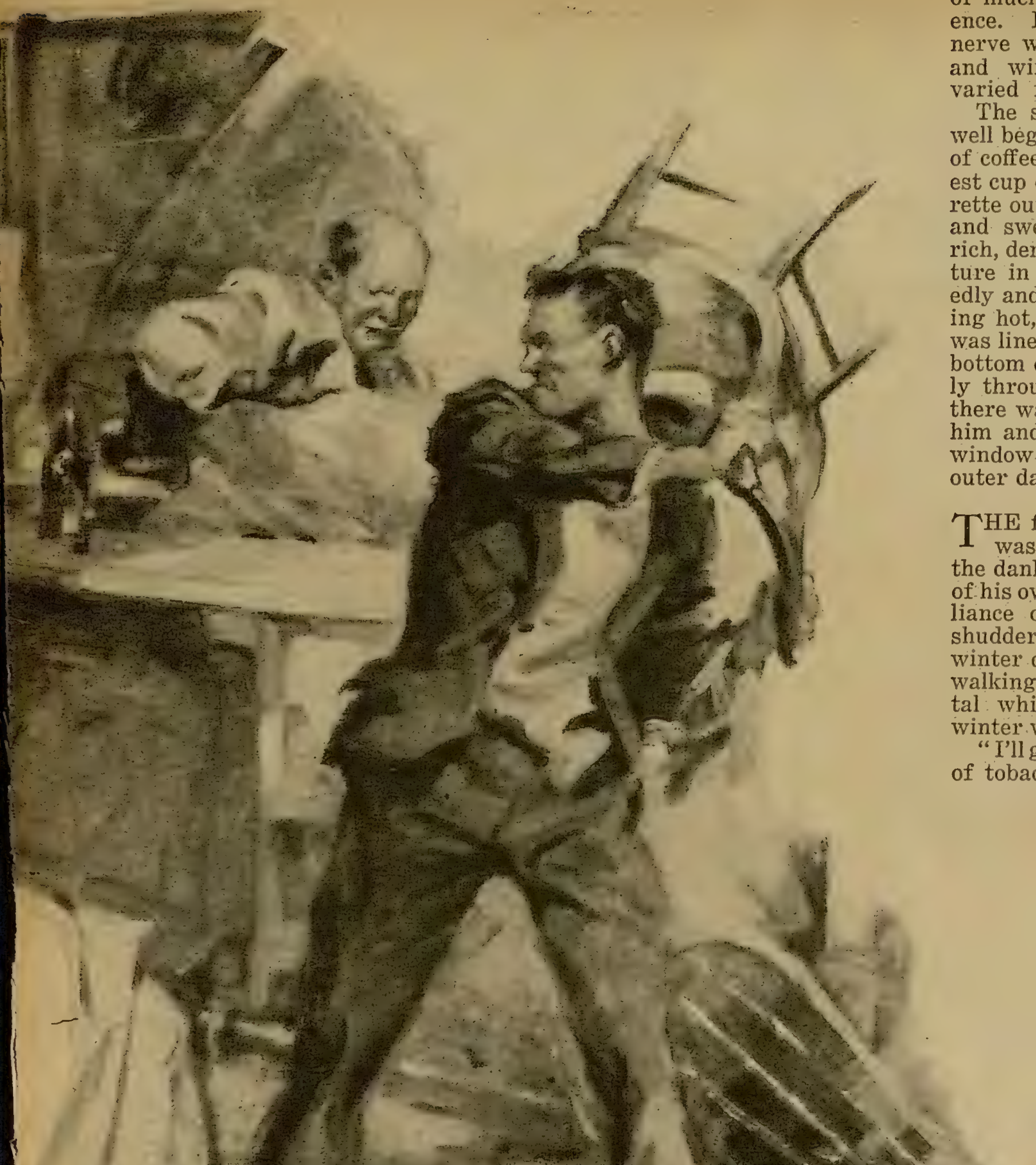
This morning in mid-March was only Thursday of the week. He had cut from the shelf of the stack hay for the cows in the corral; he had fed, curried, and harnessed the mules in the barn; he had loaded the light wagon with redwood posts for the fence which he was building to separate the southeast forty acres of summer fallow from the hillside pasture; and still the sun was not up when he started for the house with the first bucket of milk. The sun was not up, but something on the hills made Eagan turn about and stare at them, the heavy bucket swinging slowly at the end of his arm.

All the slopes were glowing. The poppies were out. They must have been blowing for days and days, but labor had stooped the head of Eagan so that when he walked out he saw little but the ground before him and the square toes of his boots stepping on it. He stood there so long that his shoulder began to ache. He drew in a breath so deep that it hurt him; then he went on to the house.

He finished the milking, strained the milk into the shallow tin setting pans, put them on the shelves, and went in to cook his breakfast. The barn, where the mules were stamping and grinding at their hay, seemed a cheerful place compared with the stillness and the damp shadow which filled his house. When he kindled the fire it strangled for a moment in its own fumes, but the draft took hold presently and the flames jumped up the chimney with a roar.

He poured three cups of cold water over three heaping tablespoonfuls of coffee and put the pot over the strongest part of the fire. He cut from a remnant of a side of bacon, home-cured, four good thick slices. As it began to fry, into the grease he sliced two potatoes, boiled the evening before. He left the skins on; he had an idea that the good of the potato was in or near the skin. Then he slid a pan filled with fragments of corn bread into the oven, and in twenty minutes his meal was ready to take from the stove. So he sat down with his heels hooked around the table legs and consumed the food.

Nearly every breakfast was the same. He kept chickens, but the eggs brought such a good price that he would not waste them on himself. Whether he ate little



His hand fell on the back of another chair, and instantly it was a club in his grasp. The club dwindled, grew lighter.

or much seemed to make small difference. His strength of body and of nerve was a reservoir never drained, and winter or summer his weight varied not two pounds.

The sun was up and the day was well begun as he finished his third cup of coffee, the smallest, bitterest, blackest cup of the three. He rolled a cigarette out of brown wheat-straw papers and sweet pipe tobacco. It made a rich, dense fume and condensed a moisture in the mouth. It burned crookedly and soon the smoke became scalding hot, but the mouth of Jim Eagan was lined with iron. He inhaled to the bottom of his lungs and blew out slowly through his nose and mouth until there was a blue-brown cloud between him and the window, and beyond the window poured the brilliance of the outer day.

THE fire had died down. The room was already chill again, and out of the dank shadow and through the mist of his own making he looked at the brilliance of the morning. Jim Eagan shuddered a little as he did on a gray winter day when he followed the plow, walking through grass which was crystal white with frost; this day the winter was in his heart.

"I'll get out," said Eagan to the cloud of tobacco smoke. "I'll go to town."

So he washed the dishes, swept the floor, made the bed, and went out to the barn. When he opened the door of it, the sight of the harnessed mules and the way they turned their heads to him roused up his guilty conscience. He took the harness off them slowly, badly hurt by remorse and self-contempt, but when he turned out the mules and saw them run on to the green of the pasture, shaking their heads and switching their tails, incredulous and joyful, some of his melancholy left him, and his sense of guilt.

It would do them good, that extra day off. Yellow, white, and blue gleamed on the close-cropped grass of the pasture. Over the naked bones of the elm trees beyond, a silver smoke of land mist was rising, but even through the mist he could see the flame of the poppies that rippled up the hillside.

With big strides he went back to the house. Passing the chicken yards, they raised a great cackling at the sight of him and ran with beating wings to get to the fence; but they had no meaning to him, and he went on.

In his bedroom he stripped off his clothes. Then he went out on the back porch, poured a bucket of cold

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

water into a laundry tub of galvanized iron, and scrubbed himself with yellow laundry soap and a stiff brush. A breeze came out of the west and laid icy fingers on him, puckering the skin and turning it bluish white about the knees, but he looked down at the lean, hard strength of his body and smiled at the wind.

Standing at the verge of the porch, he flung out the dirty water as far as he could throw it. He poured in a fresh bucket and rinsed himself thoroughly with it; then he dried himself and went back to his bedroom. There he dressed in a suit of blue serge, well pressed and spotless, and pulled on a pair of high shoes for which he had paid eight dollars several years before. He flexed his toes and admired the flawless suppleness of the leather. It paid to get the best now and then. Once a week he polished those shoes; twice a month he wore them.

He was always a man to face the facts, and therefore he faced himself in the mirror, a thing which many a hero has not been able to do. Eagan was twenty-nine, but he admitted that he looked six years older. The coat which once had fitted so perfectly now was a trifle snug across the back and a trifle loose across the breast. He had begun to stoop. Even the good iron of which he was made was yielding a little.

But what the farm made of him he must accept. He had invested in it the faith of ten years of labor and therefore the land was sacred. He completed the picture of himself which Tuckerville and Kate should see with a silk handkerchief carefully tucked into the breast pocket of his coat so that a corner of it projected. Then he rolled in a towel a clothes brush, hair brush, comb, and small mirror; he put on a pair of chamois gloves and went out to the Ford.

It was an open delivery-wagon model which he had bought secondhand. Of all the running parts and the engine he took his usual perfect care, but lack of paint and loose mud guards flapping and rattling did not disturb Jim Eagan. At the first whirl of the starting crank the motor roared, and in another moment he was on the road to Tuckerville.

He drove very slowly as far as his land extended on either side of the way. His plowed ground, over the level and up the slopes, made an irregular pattern; again and again it invaded the rocks, but they were as aggressive as he, putting out stern peninsulas and headlands into the heart of his richest meadows. Two forbidding islands arose in the forty acres of summer fallow and other islands stood here and there like shapeless boats at anchor in the sea of green. Year by year the margins of those islands grew as the rocks thrust their heads above the surface of the fields and had to be pried up and carried away.

HE used to say that he had the best ground in the world, for it could produce a ton of hay and a ton of rocks to the acre, but there was always sorrow in his heart and dread of the future when he made the jest. Hope was no dazzling light in the soul of Eagan; for ten years he had fought like a soldier until he had cleared away the last defiling trace of a mortgage and now he looked forward only to some minor degree of comfort, and Kate Martin.

He made better speed after leaving his own domain. Above the rattling of the car the songs of the meadow larks flashed against his ear and were gone. The smell of damp soil and of growth was in the air.

When the car slid out from the hills, he found Tucker Flat on fire with spring blossoms from Loren's Gulch to the town. In the meadows and between the orchard rows all the ground was weltering with blue flames of lupin, niggertoes, and wild iris, white spottings of popcorn flowers, the yellow of the Johnny-jump-ups. Above all, glowing like hot embers, the poppies took whole pasture fields and shone along the margins of the roads and lanes. But all this was only the fire on the ground. Higher up, the plum trees had stopped blowing and offered only translucent clouds of green, but the peach trees were alight with miles and miles of rosy pink that stained the ground about their feet and poured out a smoke of perfume on the wind.

It blew in Eagan's face; the flush of the spring went through him like the color through the branches. Carefully he refrained from looking to his left, for there, he knew, he would see the long chasm of Loren's Gulch in which the spring could leave hardly a fingermark of green, for the hydraulic miners in the old days had washed away the soil and left only a dead rubble of boulders and the naked walls of rock.

As he pulled up near the front gate of the Martin house, he saw old Henry Martin sitting on the veranda with his hands folded over the top of a walking stick. Winter or summer he was nearly always there in just that position, erect, alert, his hands folded over the knob of his walking stick, looking as if he were about to rise. He was sixty-five, brown as a sailor, and thin, dry, and hard as wood.

EAGAN got down from the car, waved to old Martin, and taking the clothes brush from its wrapping, he brushed himself thoroughly, spending a good deal of time over the cuffs of the trousers. Using the mirror and the comb, he arranged his hair. He took the handkerchief from his breast pocket, shook the dust from it, refolded and returned it to its place. Then he entered the yard.

It was Kate's garden from beginning to end. No other person ever had planted, weeded, cultivated, pruned, and trained. It was mostly roses; the low, white forehead of the house was crossed and recrossed by the long branches of the climbers and in the beds were groups and clusters of short stalks and bunchy heads. The new sprouts were out, some of them half a foot long and of an almost transparent green, but the younger shoots were as red as hammered copper, and glittered under the sun.

Mr. Martin scorned greetings and farewells alike.

"The sap is running pretty good," said he, as Eagan came through the gate and latched it with proper care behind him.

"Hello, Mr. Martin," said Eagan. "Everything is coming along, all right. Where's Kate?"

"She's gone out," said Martin.

"Where?" said Eagan.

"Oh, out. A lot of places."

His glance held straight before him, not on the street, nor the opposite house, nor the trees beyond it, but toward the curving line of the horizon on the southern hills.

"Where's a lot of places?" suggested Eagan.

"Gone out to the Ripleys'."

"I'll go find her there, then."

"She was taking them some duds she made for their little kid. Then she was going on to the Parkers'."

"She can sew," said Eagan. "She could make shirts, even, I guess. She can make anything with her hands. She can do about anything with her hands. I'll go find her."

"She can waste a lot of time with her hands," said Martin.

"Waste time?" said Eagan. "What would people do—poor people like the Ripleys—if there wasn't Kate to take care of 'em?"

"They'd put out roots and hold themselves up. Sit down here. You won't find Kate. She had a coupla pies along for I don't know who. She made them out of those raspberries that she preserved last summer. I never liked anything better than I liked those raspberries. There was kind of something about them. You remember them raspberries, Jimmy?"

"They were mighty good," agreed Eagan.

He sat down gingerly. Henry Martin's grim, stone-hard face and his far-sighted eyes always disturbed Eagan, but it was plainly a vain chase to follow Kate when she was out distributing charities.

"I was pretty partial to those raspberries," said the old man. "But she took the last big jar of them. It was two-thirds full. She makes two pies. In the extra big pie plates—the deep ones. She filled those plates

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Do you "BOLT" CIGARETTES WHEN YOU'RE BORED?

Keep a Clean Taste with Cooler Smoke!

When the horizon is most uninspiring and there's nothing you can do about it . . . do you increase your cigarettes to decrease your boredom? That's the time for your Spud experience! That's the time to discover how Spud's cooler smoke keeps your mouth continually moist-cool and comfortably clean . . . no matter how long or how concentrated the session with Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance. Even if you're a 2 or 3-pack-a-day smoker . . . you find that Spuds keep you always mouth-happy. No wonder Spud is called "the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment"! See for yourself!

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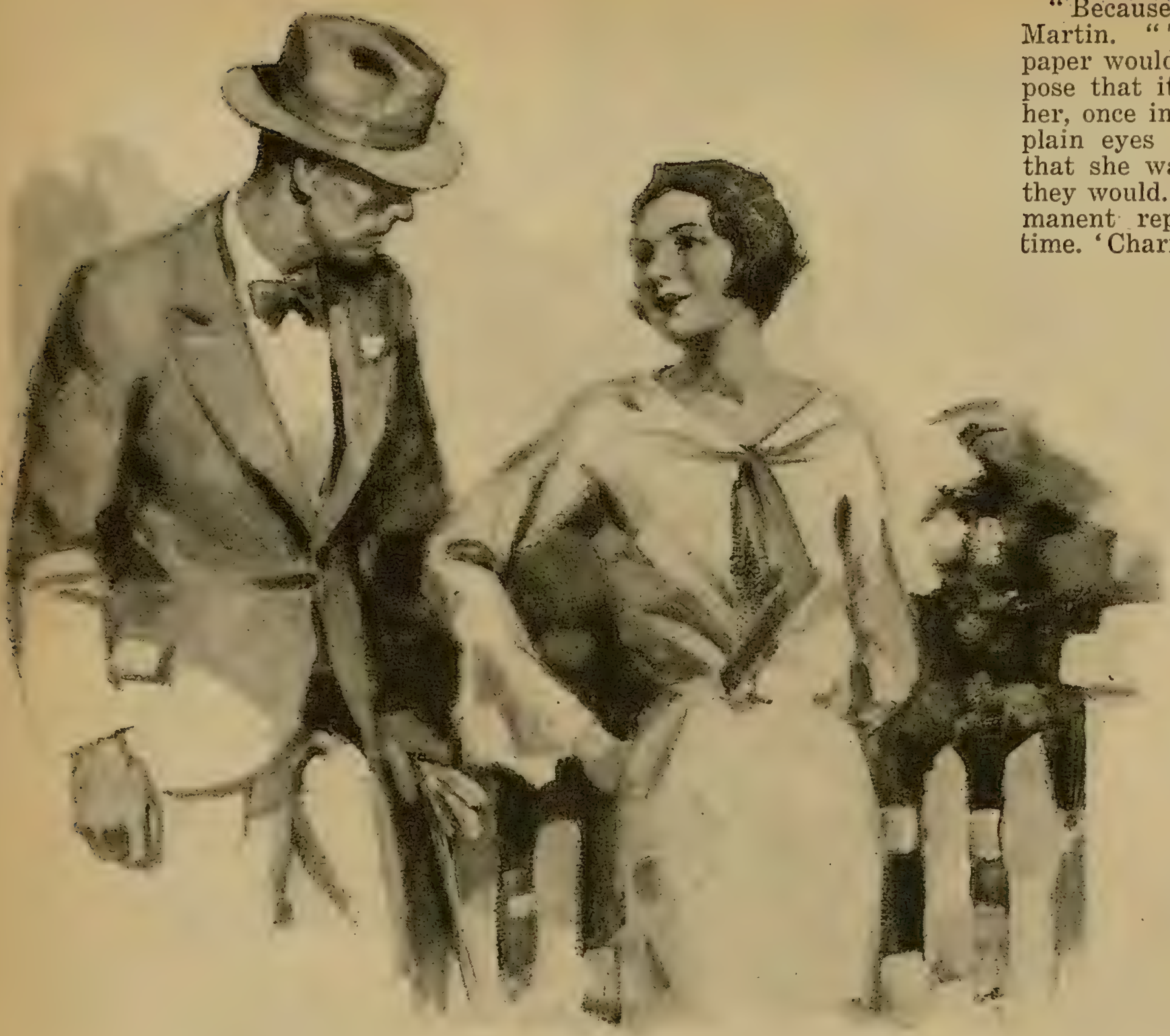

She leaned a little against the gate and looked up to Raymond, talking, and laughing softly.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

clear full. I smelled it clear out here on the porch. 'Hey, Kate, what are you doing?' I yell. She comes out and shows me the pie plates, filled and frothing with red at the top. I know at one glance. 'That's not for us!' I say. 'Poor dear Mrs. What-not,' says she. Damn poor dear Mrs. What-not, I say. Damn all this trotting around. There's only one cure for the way that she wastes her time."

"She's the finest girl in Tuckerville, or all of Tucker Flat, for that matter. Everybody knows that," pointed out Eagan. He began to grow hot in the back of his neck, and his lips twitched.

"There's only one thing that would cure her," declared Martin again.

"What might that be?"

"A newspaper," said Martin.

"Newspaper?" echoed Eagan, rather agape.

"YES. Newspapers are a short cut across country and no corners to turn and get you to glory just as good and better than a hand-built reputation that depends on gossip will. The work that I've seen men do to get famous, it makes me tired even to think of it, but when a newspaper comes along it gives a lot of more leisure to the Christian souls."

"I don't understand," said Eagan. "I don't know what you mean."

"I didn't think you would," said Martin, "but you might grow up to it. What keeps my girl laying awake at night and working all day, sewing, cooking, or going out and sitting by a deadbed, and holding the hand of some old fool, or reading aloud, or selling tickets to a charity concert?"

"Because she's good!" said Jim Eagan. Something filled his throat so that his voice became a little uneven. "Because she's good!" he repeated.

"Because she's ambitious," said Martin. "That's why. A newspaper would save her a lot. Suppose that it printed a picture of her, once in a while, wouldn't the plain eyes of any man tell him that she was pretty? Of course they would. And she'd get a permanent reputation at the same time. 'Charming Leader of Tuckerville's Younger Set Is Charity Patron.' That's the way they write those things up. It pretty near poisons a couple dozen of the other girls, and it makes the boys buy new neckties and brush their hats. But unless they's a newspaper to help her out, the harder she works and the more she keeps at it, the more they're gonna take her for granted. Nothing that people get tired of sooner than talking good about others."

"I DON'T see why that should be," protested Eagan.

"I wouldn't think you would," said Martin. "But you look at it this way. How many ways is there of damning a man, a woman, or a mule? There's a thousand ways. It's rich and inspiring, sort of, to open up and damn somebody. It's a comfortable thing, too, to shrug your shoulders and sneer out of the corner of your eye. But when it comes to praising, you run out of shot right away.

"There is only three things that people can say about my girl. She's a nice girl; she's got a good heart; and she treats everybody just the same. Well, they get tired of saying those things. If they can't find something else, they wanta forget about her, and that's what they'll do in spite of the way she works. She's on a treadmill. The faster she runs, the more she stays on the same place. She's made herself into a traveling hospital, grocery store, and dry-goods shop, all free; and now Tuckerville takes her for granted, like the post office or the church. There's no more losing trade than being good. There's nothing that'll make a family or a town or a whole county so damn' tired. And I could tell you a story about that: a story about how good Dave Loren was."

"Hold on," said Eagan. "You don't mean the Loren of Loren's Gulch, do you? Why, he killed a man, didn't he?"

"I'm gunna lead up to that. I'm gunna lead up to that," said Martin. "Or maybe you know all about it already?"

He dared Eagan with his eye, shifting it for the first time from the distant horizon. So Eagan shook his head, and Martin again reverted to the sky line.

"Dave Loren," said he, "was the only man among the miners on Tucker Flat that carried a Bible along with his pick. Nobody could get sick without having Dave come along and read a few chapters to him. Nobody could up and die without having Dave turn a few pages over his grave. If there was any lazy thug or crooked gambler that went broke and was starving, Dave would share his last pound of flour with that tramp and treat him to a coupla

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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THE GOLDEN DAY
Continued from page twenty-four

parables. Nobody could start a fight but Dave would step in between and raise his hand. He made as much trouble in that camp as a damned vigilance committee, and we got pretty tired of him. We used to talk it over now and then, but we couldn't find anything to do about it. And now I wanta tell you what saved that camp from Dave Loren, and what saved Dave Loren from himself."

"What was it?" asked Eagan.

"It was a bottla rum. Dave had gone and got himself a chill doing one of his good works, which was putting splints on a broken leg in a hailstorm. And the man with the broken leg hands him that bottle. Dave never had seen that stuff. 'It's kind of a home-made medicine,' says the man that owned it. Bill Clark was his name. And Dave poured down a good big shot. It tasted cool and watery compared with whisky, but it was full hundred-and-forty proof. Pretty soon it felt like another drink. It was a real repeating, double-action little old bottle, and the first thing you know, Dave had six sizable slugs circulating somewhere inside of him. Then he went off like a rocket laid flat on the ground. You could hear him for miles away. You never could tell which way he was dodging and the smoke he raised was like a fog.

"We were pretty glad about this. All of us that was near by, we went and shook hands with Bill Clark and finished that bottle for him, and he admitted that it was almost worth a broken leg, what that rum had started; and we told him that it was worth two broken legs.

"In the middle of the racket, bang! goes a gun, and bang! again. And pretty soon we hear that a long-drawn-out mule skinner from Missouri by name of Clyde Way has got it into his mean head to stop Loren from rocketing around, and has gone for him with a gun. But he misses his first shot, and before he can shoot again, Loren takes the gun away from that rat and shoots his head off for him. We gather around. Loren is dead sober and looking sick as he stares down at the leavings of Clyde Way. He has his Bible squeezed to a pulp between his big hands, but it don't occur to him to open it and use it on himself for a comfort.

"He asks us what we want to do with him and when the hanging is to be, and we tell him it will be the next time he starts singing hymns on a Sunday when decent men want to rest around and take it easy. But you couldn't make a joke to Loren. He says that God has put a mark on him and that he's going off by himself, away from the faces of his fellow men, because he's not worthy to enjoy the comfort of their presence.

"SO away he goes in the rain and makes his first camp up yonder in the gulch, which was a mighty pretty place in that time. He camps by the creek, and when he starts on the next morning, aiming for nowhere but misery, he sees a little yellow eye winking at him from the pebbles along by the water. Gold, my son. That was how he made his strike. That was his golden day. He forgot the wilderness then. Him and the rest, we ripped the lining out of Loren's Gulch, and he went back and got himself a house in Boston and a house in New York, and right now he's the grandpa of a railroad and a steel mill.

"But you take a ride up to Loren's Gulch, and by the look of it you'll see what happens when a good man explodes. He always leaves scars! You think over what I'm saying, and while you're thinking, go back there in the kitchen and fix us up a snack for lunch. Kate won't be back here in time to cook it."

Eagan went to the kitchen. It was so neat that the pattern had been scrubbed from the linoleum on the floor; the stove shone like his own shoes. He felt like an eavesdropper. The sweetness of pastry baking was still in the air like a secret perfume, and the two window shades were drawn two-thirds of the way down. He never had been able to understand why women darken a room before they leave it, but now as he raised the shades he felt less like a trespasser.

In the pantry he found cold pork and beans, which he warmed up with fresh slices of bacon in the frying pan. There was coffee also, and bread of Kate's own making, soft, white, and fine of grain. They ate their lunch, finishing on bread and strawberry preserves, Eagan with the appetite of a giant, such as he always had when he sat down at Kate's table. And after lunch they went out and sat through most of the afternoon on the porch, silent a great part of the time.

EAGAN had a maddened feeling of the flight of time. The golden day was slipping from him, and when would he find another like it? He was half nervous, half sulky, like a child that wants to hurt itself to spite its masters.

"Mr. Martin!" he said suddenly.

"Aye," said the old man.

"I'm gonna ask Kate to marry me. I'm gonna ask her today."

Martin did not even look at him.

"You might of asked her a coupla years back," said he.

"No. There was still a lump of mortgage then."

"Everybody's always tied to a mortgage, one kind or another."

"Always?" said Eagan, not understanding.

"Aye, till you retire. I don't owe any mortgage. I've given up. That's why."

"There's Kate," said Eagan, starting out of his chair.

Out of the steep shadow which fell across the veranda they looked as from the dark mouth of a cave to the brightness of the street, and there in the river of gold was Kate walking with a big young fellow whose face was strange to Eagan.

"Who's that with Kate?" he asked over his shoulder.

"That's Carol Raymond."

Eagan half turned.

"What's she doing with Bud Raymond?" he asked. "He's not more than two months out of jail."

"Oh, a broken leg, or a busted reputation, it don't matter. Kate's a great patcher."

Eagan turned back to stare uneasily. He laid hold of one of the veranda pillars and his big hand went halfway around it. "But Raymond, he's no good," said he, muttering, and he almost forgot Kate, so intently did he search the man. In the penitentiary they are supposed to keep the prisoners hard at work, but Raymond was as sleek as ever. He had on a dark blue suit that fitted well over the weight of the shoulders and was cut trimly about the narrowing hips. He wore a bow tie and he had on a light gray hat, the brim turning up cavalierly on one side. It never would have occurred to Eagan to wear a hat of that color with a dark suit, but on Raymond it seemed very right and swagger. He was set off furthermore by a little white flower in a buttonhole and by a walking stick that flashed like a sword as he walked along, stepping short to keep rhythm with Kate. At the gate they paused.

Kate had her back to the house. Her hands behind her back, she leaned a little against the gate and looked up to Raymond, talking and laughing softly, while he stooped somewhat from his height above her, deprecatory, polite, and genial. He was leaning gracefully, lightly against his walking stick, which he held in his left hand, and in the same hand was a pair of light yellow chamois gloves. Why should gloves be carried, and not worn? thought Eagan.

Straining his eyes, Eagan saw Raymond breathe into his hand and then cast the nothingness away—some unpleasant thought perhaps—while the girl laughed and nodded at the gesture. Then Raymond took off his hat, and, resting his stick on the ground a little before him, he bowed, and sustained his bow, and said something charming in the midst of it.

He was off up the street after that, and Kate calling musically after him a word or two which Eagan did not understand, because in his ears there was a roaring like that of a distant fall of water. She opened the gate, then leaned on it a moment, looking idly up and down the street—chiefly up, no doubt, after the retreating figure of the gallant Carol Raymond. As she turned away, she still was in no hurry to come to the dim forms on the veranda, but paused to lean above a rosebush which was heading out with clusters of small buds.

"The green flies are at them again, father," said Kate. "The horrible things—we'll have to spray with tobacco and soap again."

Halfway up the path she recognized Eagan, and the recognition stopped her short.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Why, it's not your day! Jimmy, what on earth has happened?"

HE went down the steps to meet her and take her hands, but she gave him only one, putting it out in what seemed a gesture of surprise and protest; yet she was so dear to him that, now she was close, he paid no heed to gestures and even could forget the unhappiness which had been aching in his throat the moment before. Into the heart of his chosen day and into his own heart she fitted perfectly with her golden-brown hair and her blue eyes.

"I'll tell you what's happened," he said, climbing the steps beside her. "It's a vacation. You know, after ten years."

"Yes, I know. Sometimes it seems to me a hundred. Poor Jimmy!"

But the sympathy was all in her voice, he thought, and her glance lingered critically about his shoulders. He forced them back with a fresh and more intimate touch of pain that made him say tersely, "Where did you pick him up—Bud Raymond?"

They had come to the top of the steps. She turned and looked at him coldly for a moment before she repeated: "Where did I pick him up?"

Before she answered, she went to her father and kissed him. The old man made no response. He continued to look out toward the line of the hills with a smile of evil content, yet she addressed him only. A pointed slight, this appeared to Eagan, since he himself had asked the question.

"I found Bud coming in from the Bradley house. He'd been clear to Bradley Crossing. He walked all the way to see the warehouse people, and what do you think? They wouldn't take him! He told them that he would do anything; he'd work with a hand truck. You know—they always need men; but they told him they were full

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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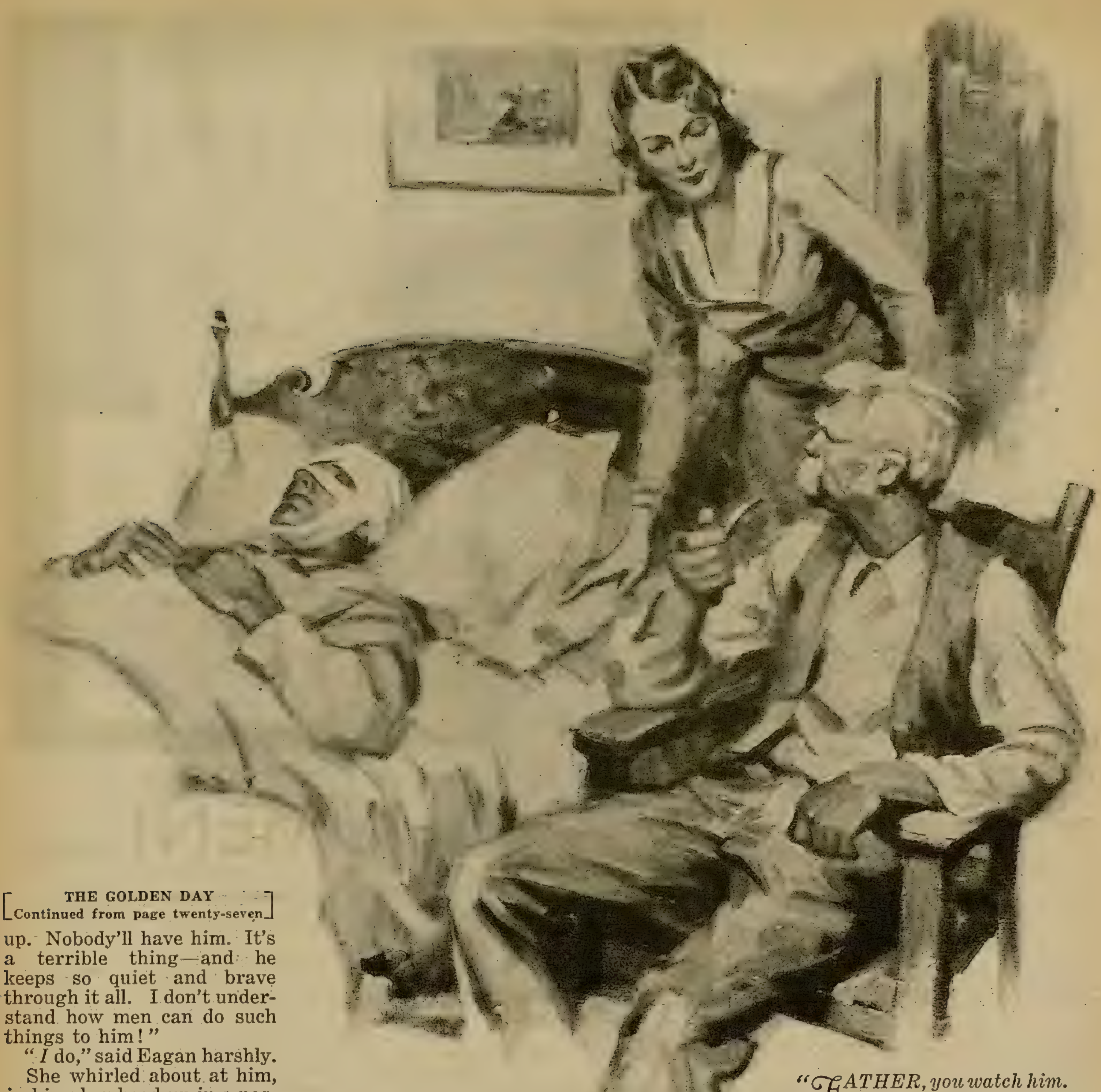

"FATHER, you watch him. I have to get some more iodine. Don't take your eyes off him one second."

THE GOLDEN DAY
Continued from page twenty-seven

up. Nobody'll have him. It's a terrible thing—and he keeps so quiet and brave through it all. I don't understand how men can do such things to him!"

"*I* do," said Eagan harshly.

She whirled about at him, jerking her head up in a passion. Anger in her was as rare as laughter in her father, but now her eyes darkened with it.

"Look what Bud has always been," said Eagan. "A loafer. He sponged on his father; he sponged on his brother a couple of years, too, till they kicked him out!"

"It isn't fair. He was a sick man!" cried Kate.

"Oh, come along," said Eagan. "He was always as strong as a horse, though I don't know where he ever got his muscle. He certainly never worked for it. He was never any good, and when he can't sponge off his family, he goes and cracks a safe and gets five years for it. He ought to of got ten."

"YOU don't know the position he was in," said Kate. "It wasn't that he wanted the money for himself, but because—"

"Yeah, Bud was always a great hand at explaining," interrupted Eagan.

"I don't like the way you talk!" she exclaimed.

She was breathless with anger. Eagan grew more nasal and drawling.

"I don't like the way that you go around with a yegg like Raymond," he told her.

"I won't kick a poor fellow when he's down."

"You leave him alone," he advised her solemnly. "He's no good. I don't want you to go around with him like that."

She laughed a little. The sound was hard and sharp and stopped suddenly before the breath was out.

"Are you going to tell me what I'm to do?" she demanded.

It was as though a cold finger had been laid upon his frown. He grew sober at once, but still he was not really afraid because he dared not doubt. From the time he was nineteen and she fifteen, the sweetest and merriest girl one would wish to see, all of his hope in life had been poured out into her hands.

"Well," he said, more slowly than ever, "it's that right that I've come after. This morning, out at the farm, it was kind of pretty. The hills were like gold, and I thought about you. The land is clean now. There's no mortgage on it, and when I looked around at the morning, I thought about you. I came in to see when you'd marry me."

He waited through the space of three heartbeats.

"I can't," said she.

"Kate," said old Martin, "you run along in and fix some supper. Jimmy, you're a damn' fool. Sit down and talk to me."

Neither of them paid the least attention to the father's voice.

"For ten years," said Eagan, "I've thought that I was walking straight towards you."

"I've always been mighty fond of you, Jimmy," said she.

"You knew what I was working to. You always knew," he insisted.

"Well, people can change," said she.

"I've not changed. Have you changed?" he demanded.

He even came a little closer to her, so that his attitude was very like a threat, yet when he saw her stand her ground and tilt up her face, his heart was wrung.

"Yes, I've changed," she said.

"It's this here Bud Raymond?" he suggested.

"Yes," said she.

He took off his hat and passed a hand through his hair. There was something he wanted to say. If he could so much as touch the sleeve of her blouse, he felt sure that the right words would come.

"I guess I'd better be getting along," said he. "Good night, everybody."

NEITHER of them answered, but he went down the path to the gate, fumbled for the latch, missed it, fumbled again, and found it.

"Jimmy!" called the breaking voice of Kate behind him, but he did not want sympathy, so he went out to the Ford and got into the driver's place. It was not cranked. It made him feel foolish to have to climb down again and start the engine. He saw that she had run halfway down the path and stopped there; then he began the turn which would start him back to the ranch. But he thought of the dampness and the darkness of the farmhouse, and the smell of boiled codfish ineradicably in the corner of the kitchen, so he straightened out the curve with a stagger of the car and went on down the street.

In the center of the town there was a parking space on either side of the main street, the berths chalked out with white lines upon the pavement. Here he found a vacant place and left the car. As he was getting out he remembered that he had forgotten the chickens that morning, and the thought of their hunger touched his heart. He hesitated, but he could not go back. He had to go on, he did not know where, for his major dread was that soon he would have to sit quietly, alone with his thoughts. There had been in his life only two things; one was lost and the other seemed to him the very emblem of despair.

At the corner of Main Street and Second someone spoke to him. He waved a hand and went on. When he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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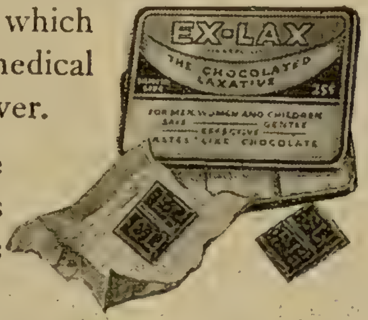

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THE GOLDEN DAY
Continued from page twenty-nine

came to the railroad, the gates were shut, so he turned down Front Street, sauntering slowly, and wished that Tuckerville had been larger so that he would have more miles of pavement to walk over.

"Hello, Jimmy Eagan," said a voice.

He turned and saw Deputy Sheriff Tom Larkin standing in the middle of the street, a man with a hanging, forward-thrusting head and canny eyes, always alight.

"What're you doing in this part of the world?" asked the deputy sheriff.

"What are *you* doing?" answered Eagan.

"I'm seeing the sights. It's my job."

"I'm one of the sights," said Eagan sourly. "Take a look at me."

And he walked on. The ugly speech gave him pleasure. He put his hands behind his back and locked them hard together.

He passed the front of Bill Meyer's saloon, now a celebrated speakeasy. The volume of Bill's business had fallen off since prohibition, but he was making more money on it. He had built a new house and supported the charities. Bill had been a slovenly "Dutchman" in the old days, but now he was both neat and eminent on account of the lawlessness of his profession and the size of his profits.

Eagan knocked at the door and it was opened by a white-jacketed little man with a bald head and a mustache as pale as potato sprouts.

"I don't know you," said he, holding the door.

"You'd better," said Eagan, and walked in.

"It ain't right," said the latter. "You got no right! I'll get you heaved out, and—"

Eagan leaned on the bar with one elbow.

"Gimme a whisky," said he.

DOWN the bar stood big Carol Raymond with two companions, both rather brightly dressed for Tuckerville.

"It's fate," said Eagan to himself. "Something is going to happen."

"Any of you gentlemen know him?" asked the bartender, sweating. He held out both his pudgy hands in pathetic appeal.

"I know him," answered Raymond. "I know him like myself. It's Jimmy Eagan. Hullo, Jimmy, old boy!"

He came forward with his genial smile and his hand extended, but Eagan stopped him.

"I know you, Raymond," he said. "I know you too damn' well."

Raymond stopped, and the hand which had been extended dropped to the edge of the bar.

"You can't get away with that kind of talk," said he.

He looked steadily at Eagan and Eagan looked back without making an answer. He was afraid that if he spoke again the sound would tear his throat and blind him.

"All I want you to know is, you can't get away with that kind of talk," said Raymond.

He turned slowly, his eyes still on Eagan's, and went back to his two companions. They showed no surprise, but they also eyed Eagan with a judicious calm, like men capable of action but able to control hasty impulses.

"It's too bad," said the bartender. "There oughta be no trouble in here. We're all together, boys. There oughta be no hard feeling."

He drew out the whisky bottle, hesitant, looking wistfully at the new patron. Then, deciding, he thrust it out boldly upon the bar and put a little glass beside it. He even smiled at Eagan when he saw the brown of the hand that grasped the bottle, and the gray calluses which covered the upper side of the forefinger.

"YOU'LL find that pretty good stuff," he said. "What I mean, it's real. That was never cut, that whisky. It's fifty cents a shot. Right up the street here, at Chuck Parmenter's place, it's seventy-five. But Meyer ain't a robber."

He took the half dollar and dropped it into the cash drawer. Eagan poured off the drink as the bell rang.

"It's like water," he said. "Let's have another. It's like water. I can't taste it."

"Well," laughed the bartender, "if you're iron it won't rust you. Here you are!"

Eagan poured again. Again he threw it off, and again the bell rang and seemed to send a vibration through his brain. Things were snapping inside him like the cords which might bind a giant.

"You live around here, friend?" asked the bartender politely.

Eagan unlocked his jaws.

"I live around here," he said.

He turned and stared down the bar. He could see the face of big Raymond in the mirror and the faint image of Raymond streaming down the bar. The other seemed to feel the gaze and turned likewise.

"I see what it is," said he. He nodded at Eagan. "It wears a skirt, does it?"

"Back up, Bud," said one of his friends. "This is no place. You back up, will you?"

"I won't back up," said Raymond. "I'm fed up with this jay town. I'm going to give that squarehead a buzz and see if he can talk on the wire. I asked you a question, Eagan. I asked you if it wore a skirt. I asked if that was the trouble."

Eagan tried to answer, but his teeth would not part. Only a growling sound swelled and died in his throat as he walked up to Raymond and slapped his face. The flesh was not soft. It was firm and did not seem to give under the stinging tips of his fingers. Then a hand flashed under Eagan's eyes and he was knocked flat on his back. His head struck the footrail of the bar and warm blood ran down his neck.

As he got to his feet again, the bartender was pleading for order in a screaming whisper; Raymond was shaking off his two companions.

"I told him I wouldn't take that kind of talk," he said. "I'm going to break his damned neck."

Eagan laughed without unclosing his teeth. He ran in. A blow stopped him. He ran in again. He admired, calmly, the grace and ease of the other as Raymond sidestepped him and clipped him on the jaw with a short punch. The shock of it flung him against the wall with a crash; he used the rebound to spring in again, and this time his fist went home. He felt the ribs spring under the weight of his knuckles, and striking up with the other hand he reached the head solidly.

Raymond was on his hands and knees, bleeding onto the floor; the bartender's image was waving frantic arms in the mirror; and Raymond's friends, separating, ran in at Eagan from different sides. A bottle flashed like a knife in the hand of one. The other swung a chair, and Eagan tried to get in under the sway of it. He was too late. He felt it crash about his head and shoulders. The face of the man who had wielded it became a white blur, and Eagan struck that blur down to the darkness of the floor.

He turned as the bottle missed his head. His hand fell on the back of another chair, and instantly it was a club in his grasp. The club dwindled, grew lighter. Darkness began to pour through the room, and out of the darkness forms kept looming swiftly at him; there were shocks from behind, from the sides, from in front. Blood ran down into his eyes and a voice roared and thundered in his very ears, following him. It was his own voice.

The window went out. The bar mirror shivered from end to end. He could hear the bartender screaming in earnest now, but still the vague forms rushed into the twilight of his mind and he struck them away with the broken fragment of the chair. His knees began to fail. They sagged to the floor, but still he struck out at the shadows before him that rose through the dimness like monsters through the sea.

HANDS that were full of a fresh, new strength mastered him from behind.

"Stop it, Eagan!" shouted a voice in his ear. "It's finished, d'you understand? And you've raised sweet hell!"

"Where's Bud Raymond?" asked Eagan. "I can't see him. Show me Bud Raymond."

"They got him into their car, what was left of him, and then they scooted, but we'll have them by tomorrow. We only wanted a charge against them; and now we've got it, they'll have a long rest up the river. This'll close Meyer's place, the sneaking dog. Maybe you oughta be jailed, but not by me. You've done a good day's work for Tuckerville."

The bruised mind of Eagan could fumble at one fact alone.

"Is Raymond gone?" he asked.

"Kind of gone," said Larkin. "About all gone. How did the three of them happen to jump you?"

"It was just a little party," said Eagan. "It was only—" The darkness, increasing, rose out of the floor and covered his eye. . . .

He was still in almost utter night when he heard voices, and consciousness came slowly back to him. He was covered from foot to chin in the coolness of fresh sheets, like the touch of water.

Through the shadows of his mind he heard the voice of Larkin saying: "I thought I'd bring him here; I thought he kind of belonged here."

"He does!" cried Kate Martin. "I hope they're sent to prison for life. The cowards, the cowards—"

"Three of 'em, mind you," said Larkin, sounding a note of content like a connoisseur. "And Bud Raymond is no easy thug to handle. It must of been pretty good. They took chairs and bottles to him, but he gives them all the run. He knocked them apart. He must of exploded, kind of, the way that place looked. He's all steel and a yard wide, this old son."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

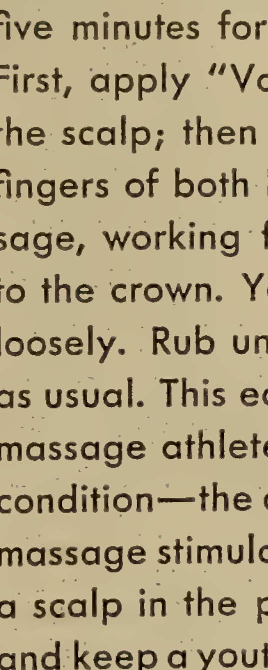
Hair won't grow on a Sleepy Scalp

IF YOU want to have a vigorous, healthy growth of hair, you mustn't let your scalp go to sleep. And that's what it does when you neglect its exercise.

Wake it up! Keep it active! Once a week take five minutes for this thorough scalp work-out: First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp; then grasp the head firmly with the fingers of both hands and give it a good massage, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. You should feel the scalp move loosely. Rub until it tingles and then shampoo as usual. This easy treatment is just like the oil massage athletes have to keep their bodies in condition—the oil cleanses and softens and the massage stimulates circulation. And the result is a scalp in the pink of condition, able to grow and keep a youthful thatch of hair. Try it tonight!

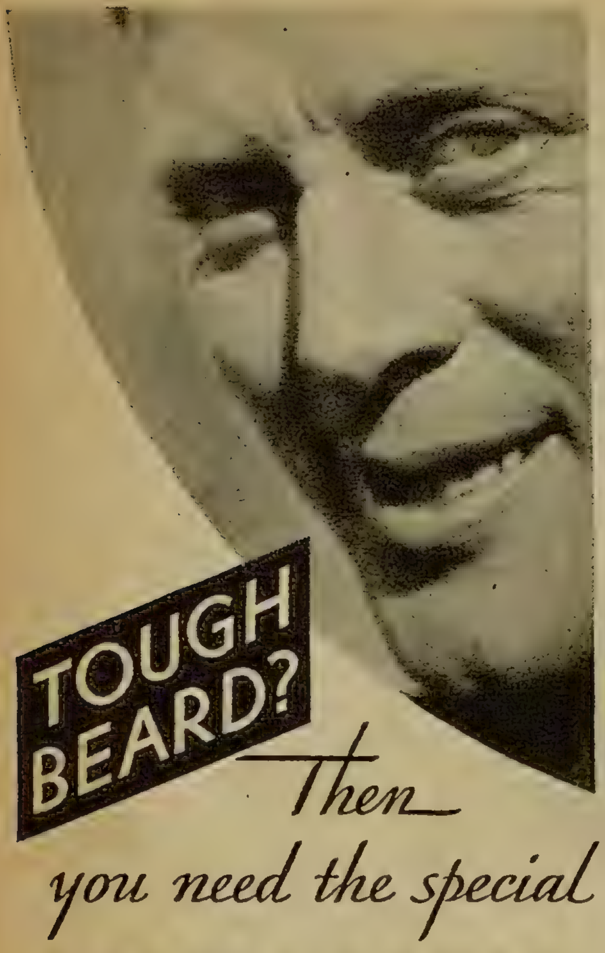
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF



The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931



TOUGH BEARD CREAM

"THERE'S no such thing as a comfort shave for me. My beard is scratchy enough to light a match on . . ."

Are *you* another one of those tough beard sufferers?

There's *one* cream specifically made for tough beards: That cream is Mennen. Mennen contains specially processed *tristearin* $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3\ C_3H_5$. And it's that ingredient which builds the special "tough beard" lather—lather that can wilt the wiriest bristle in no time . . . Start to shave: your blade cuts through the limp hairs as if it were your first downy high-school beard.

While you shave, Mennen lather soothes and relaxes the skin. You get a *comfort* shave!

2 KINDS · *Original* · *Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE
NEW PRICE
35c
GIANT TUBE
50c

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM

THE GOLDEN DAY
Continued from page thirty-one

Still blinded, Eagan pushed himself to a sitting posture. "I've gotta get out of here," said he.

A broad hand was laid on his breast, but he resisted.

"I've gotta get out of here. You don't understand, Larkin," said he. "There's only one person has gotta right to let me stay—"

"Jimmy, my darling!" said Kate.

"You say if it's all right," said Eagan.

"It's going to be all right forever," said she, weeping. "Only if you'll forgive me, it'll be all right."

He allowed himself to be pushed back into the bed.

"We won't be needing you for a bit, I guess," said old Martin.

"No," said Larkin, laughing with a foolish loudness. "It sounds pretty nearly like he's fixed for life."

Then one of Eagan's eyes opened a little, painfully, so that he could see the white of the ceiling; from the other eye he would be able to see nothing for many a day. But as his eye widened and he could see the stain of the sunset spreading over the ceiling, in the same manner his stunned brain took in more and more the meaning of the girl's words until at last it was like the casting open of a door in a dark room; a whole beautiful world rushed in upon him.

"Father," said she, "you watch him. Watch him very closely. I have to get some more iodine. Don't take your eyes off him one second, because he's not himself yet."

"A drunk that goes out and wrecks a saloon and gets himself beat up," said Mr. Martin, "I dunno that I'd bother so much about him."

"Father," said she, stamping, "how dare you say such a thing?"

"I wouldn't have to be saying it," said Martin. "You could see it for yourself, and smell it on his breath!"

"The most honest, gentle, good, quiet—and he goes to throw himself away for me— I'm a detestable creature, and he'll never forgive me—and I'll never forgive myself—"

Her voice trailed away into the distance through the house as she hurried for the medicine.

"Mr. Martin," said Eagan, "d'you think that Kate has really changed her mind and kind of cares for me?"

"If you'd heard some of the row that she's been making over you," said Martin, "you wouldn't need an interpreter. I think kind of she does care, all of a sudden. Women are that way; changeable. I'm mighty sorry for you, Jimmy."

"I'm gunna be all right," said Eagan. "I'm practically all right now."

"That's what you think," said Martin, "because no young fool can look on the hind side of a wedding day. But the time'll come when you'll find out that every week has seven mornings, and only one of them is Sunday; and out on a farm there ain't even a Sunday to speak of. But why I'm mostly sorry for you is the kind of a start you've made. It's the pace that kills, Jimmy, and a slow start is what you want for a long race."

"I don't know what you mean by all that," said Eagan.

"Don't be a blockhead, Jimmy," said the old man. "Ain't it plain that Kate is a nacheral patcher? I couldn't keep her busy at home. Can you?"

"I don't understand," said Eagan.

"You wait and just grow, and one day you'll reach the idea without even standing on tiptoe," said Martin.

But thought was still difficult for Eagan. He preferred to listen to the light and hurried footfall of Kate, returning down the hall.

THE END

LAST CALL

for contestants in Liberty's

Patriotic Game of States

Don't forget that all entries must be in by midnight, April 25. The last set of maps was published in Liberty for April 4.

Announcement of the award of

$25,000 in Prizes

will be made in the earliest possible issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—A summary or abridgement; a compact or condensed representation of anything.

2—The founder of the ancient Persian religion.

3—A wing or extension of a building usually projecting from a higher structure.

4—A medicine which defends against disease.

5—The Netherlands.

6—A fox.

7—Coarse cloth made of linen and wool or cotton and wool.

8—Any hoofed quadruped.

9—A repetition of the meaning in other words.

10—Cancer.

11—Mizzenmast.

12—Proper; as it should be.

13—Vulcan.

14—Midsummer Night's Dream.

15—Siam.

16—The science which treats of the nervous system.

17—Female fox.

18—General Horatio Gates.

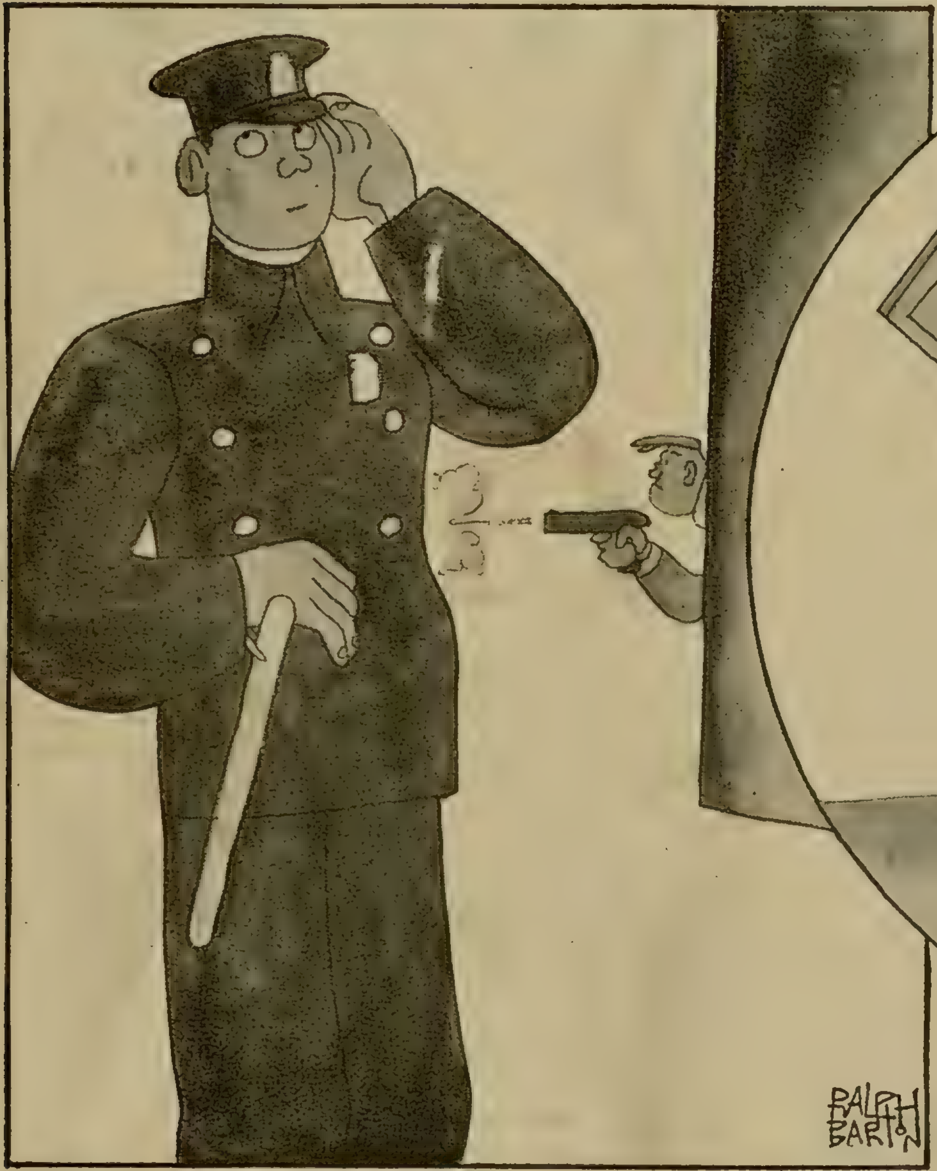
19—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

20—Total or partial loss of the use or understanding of language.

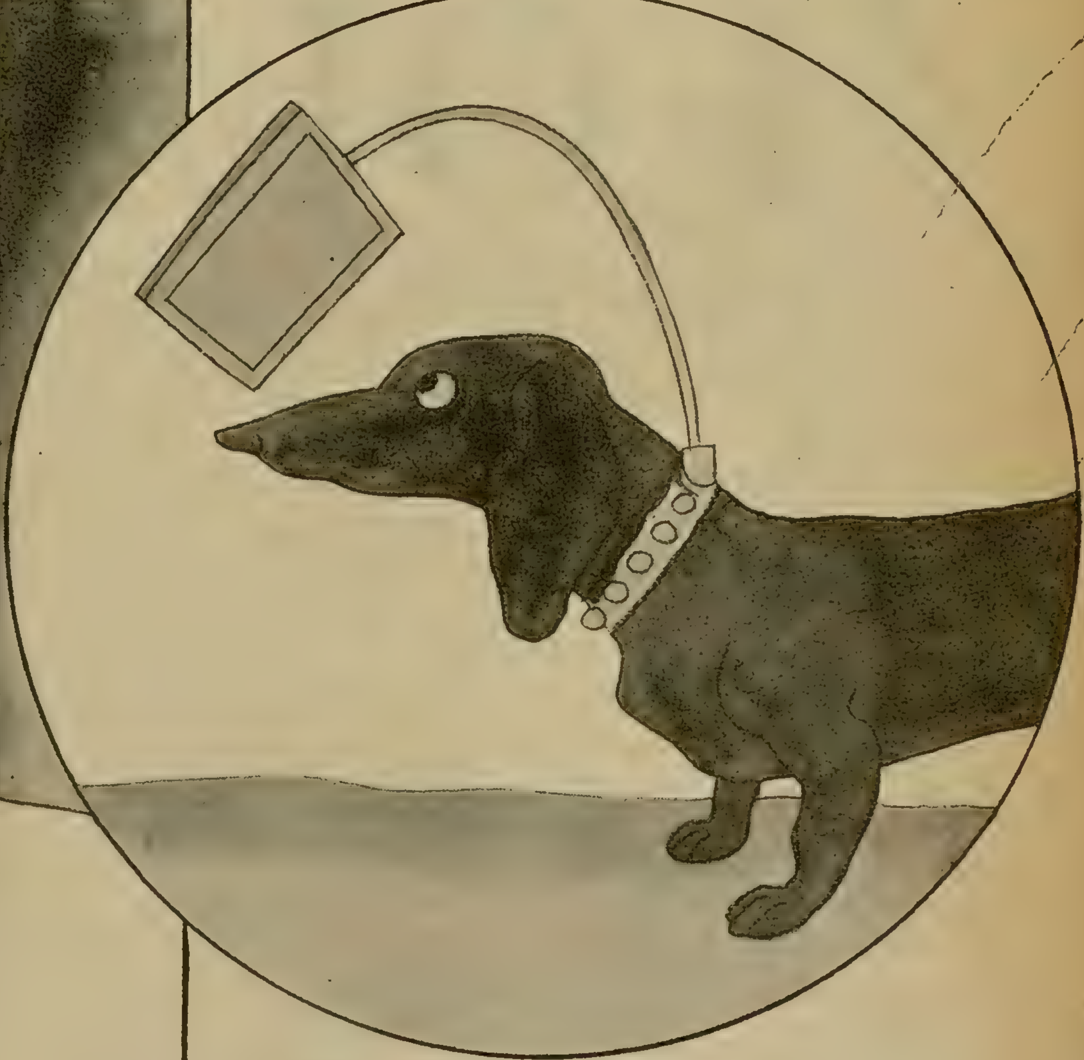
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

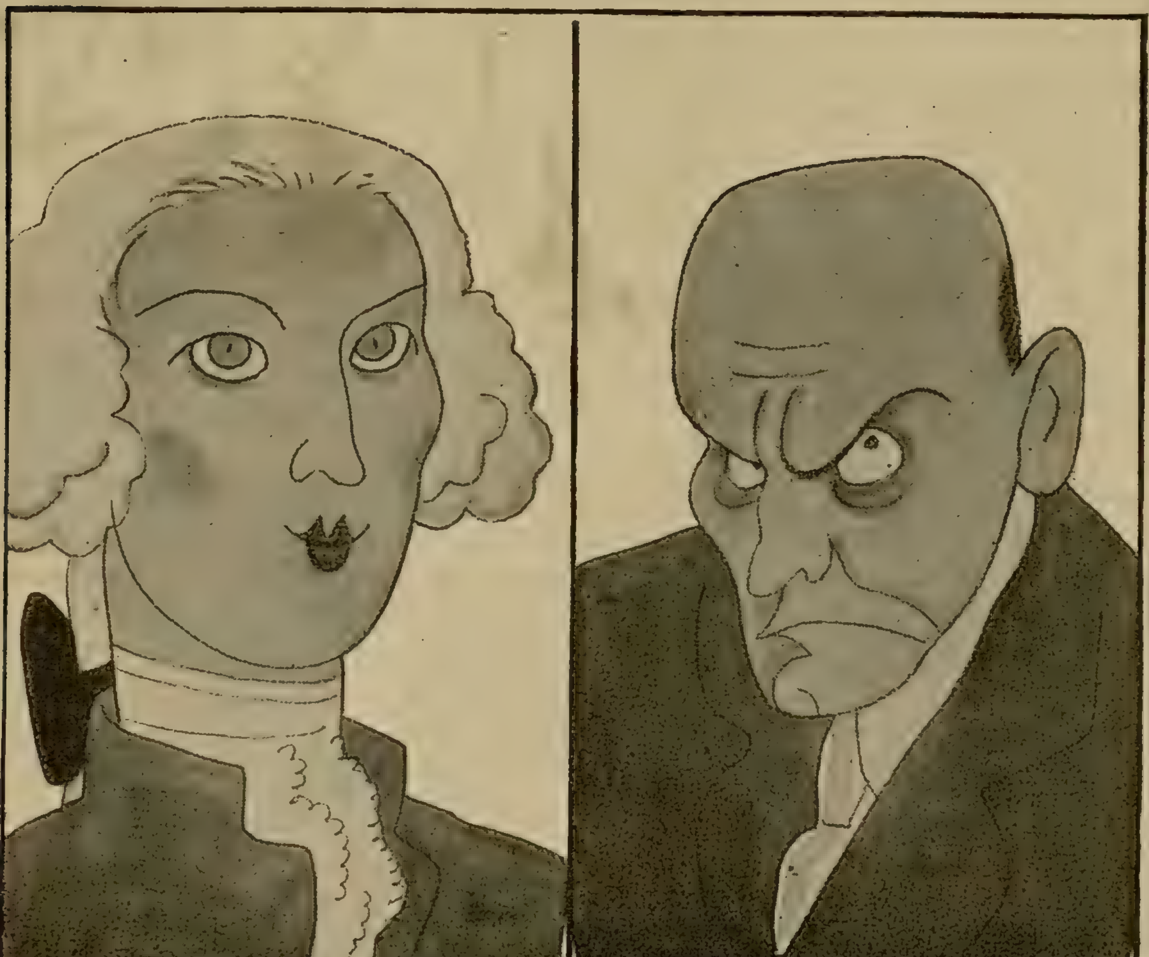
By RALPH BARTON



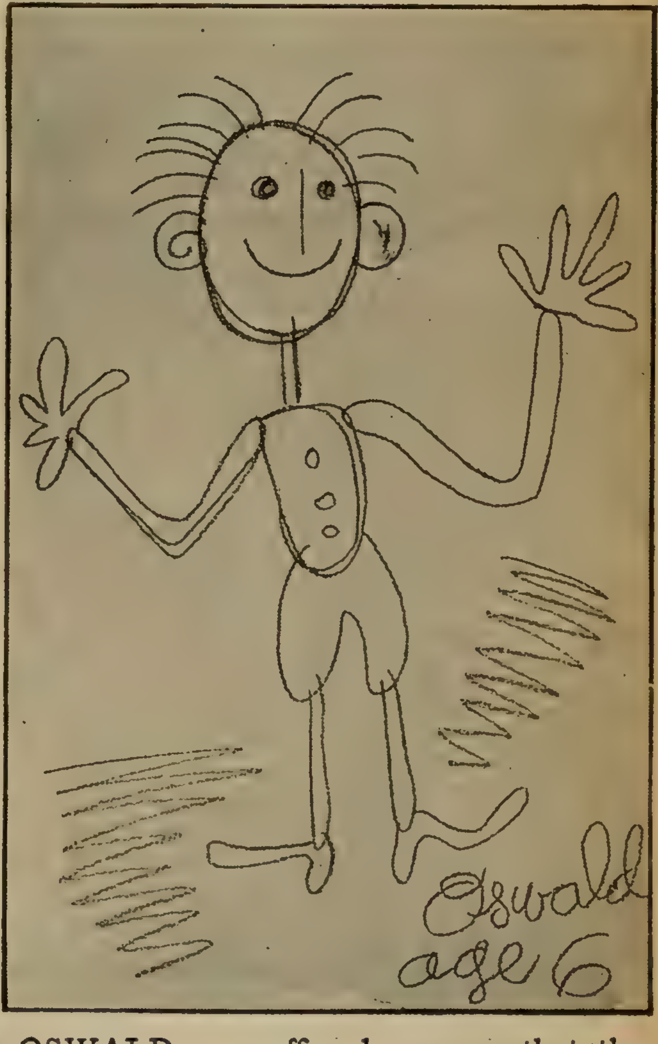
AMERICA ALWAYS FIRST. New York and Chicago police have been fighting crime for years with Mahatma Gandhi's methods of nonresistance and nonviolence.



DACHSHUND FANCIER invents a simple periscope to enable the dear little beasts to find out how the other half lives.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION. (Left) How strong men were painted in the eighteenth century, and (right) how they are photographed today.



OSWALD, our office boy, says that the trouble with everything lies in the fact that American Business' notion of a prosperous period is a period in which you can sell twice as much as the demand calls for at twice what it is worth.

Films of FOLLY

Philandering Predominates in Three of These Five Pictures

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ STRANGERS MAY KISS

CAST

Lisbeth	Norma Shearer
Steve	Robert Montgomery
Alan	Neil Hamilton
Geneva	Marjorie Rambeau
Celia	Irene Rich
Andrew	Hale Hamilton
Harry	Jed Prouty
De Bazan	Albert Conti

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

IT probably will be embarrassing for the Academy of Motion-Picture Arts and Sciences at the end of the year when that august organization bestows its accolade upon the actress who has contributed the most distinguished performance to the screen during this year and that actress is not Norma Shearer. She betters her performance in The Divorcee when she assumes the character of Lisbeth in Strangers May Kiss.

There is a great similarity in the two stories, both by Ursula Parrott. In this latter production Lisbeth is a free soul who disdains to be bound by marriage, or pretends she does. When the tie is broken she goes the way of the Divorcee and narrowly misses wrecking her chances for an ultimate happy reunion.

There is a highly melodramatic touch in the early sequences of Strangers May Kiss, just as there was in The Divorcee. There is the attractive other man—Robert Montgomery in both productions. The second man part in this one is fatter than the other and Montgomery redeems himself here after his inept performance in Inspiration. Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich are each splendid in their parts. Neil Hamilton, in the rather ungracious part of the lover, plays the part with conviction.

The direction is excellent except for the last scene, which is slightly overplayed by Miss Shearer; but she is so real up to the last minute that we'll forgive her and the director that.

★ ★ BODY AND SOUL

CAST

Mal Andrews	Charles Farrell
Carla	Elissa Landi
Jim Watson	Humphrey Bogart
Tap Johnson	Donald Dillaway
Alice Lester	Myrna Loy
Major Burke	Crauford Kent
Gen. Trafford-Jones	Ian Maclaren
Major Knowls	Pat Somerset

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Alfred Santell.

Fox introduces a new and lovely blonde to the screen in the person of Elissa Landi, recruited from the stage. She is charming and will undoubtedly develop into a fine screen actress, but she lacks that unself-conscious grace which distinguishes Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

Body and Soul is an interesting story of young American aviators in the war. It is taken from the stage play, Squadrons, by Elliott White Springs and A. E. Thomas. It is an interesting story well worked out. There are not many air scenes, but the few there are make thrilling sequences. Humphrey Bogart is good in the small part he plays, and Ian Maclaren is effective in a bit. Charles Farrell is a romantic-looking figure in the aviator's uniform, but his undeveloped voice ruins, for me at least, his otherwise good performance.

A rather pensive-looking Ruth Chatterton in Unfaithful.

★ ★ JUNE MOON

CAST

Fred Stevens	Jack Oakie
Edna Baker	Frances Dee
Eileen Fletcher	June MacCloy
Paul Sears	Ernest Wood
Lucille Sears	Wynne Gibson
Maxie Schwartz	Harry Akst
Sam Hart	Sam Hardy

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland.

The picture version of June Moon may be classed with the stage production. Lively in spots, but each has and had its dull moments. Too much attention is given to the lines and, smart as they are at times, the picture feels the need of a little action.

The character of Fred Stevens, the song writer who comes down to New York from Schenectady to crash Tin Pan Alley, is very well suited to Jack Oakie and he gets out of his speeches all they are worth. He has a good cast supporting him.

Frances Dee, who played opposite Chevalier in The Play Boy of Paris, is the pretty and unaffected youngster Fred meets on his way to New York. Wynne Gibson and June MacCloy both give excellent performances, one as the cynical and disillusioned wife and the other as the hard-boiled gold digger. Harry Akst has the part that

Crauford Kent, Pat Somerset, Charles Farrell, and a new motion-picture star, Elissa Landi, in Body and Soul.

A romantic moment in Strangers May Kiss, with Norma Shearer and Neil Hamilton.

Harry Rosenthal made famous on the stage, the mild-tempered, philosophical piano player. The others are good.

I expected Mr. Sutherland to fill in the deficiencies of the play. He erred in sticking too closely to it, since the wider scope of the movies gave him an advantage over the restrictions of the stage.

★ ★ My Past

CAST

Doree Macy	Bebe Daniels
Bob Byrne	Ben Lyon
John Thornley	Lewis Stone
Marian Moore	Joan Blondell
Consuelo Byrne	Natalie Moorhead

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

This story is adapted from one of the Ex books which flourished a year or so ago. Ex-Mistress is a taboo title, and as My Past is slightly less suggestive it is O. K.'d.

The story is neither edifying nor absorbing.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon play opposite each other for the first time since their marriage, which adds to the sentimental interest of the picture. They both give good performances. Lewis Stone as the faithful lover gives the picture a realistic touch by his easy unself-conscious performance.

★ Unfaithful

CAST

Fay Kilkerry	Ruth Chatterton
Carl Heiden	Paul Lukas
Ronald Kilkerry	Paul Cavanaugh
Gemma Houston	Juliette Compton
Terry Houston	Donald Cook

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by John Cromwell.

Jack Oakie and Frances Dee in a wintry scene from June Moon.

Is it Paramount policy to pick a punk play for a departing star? Is it merely a coincidence that as Ruth Chatterton is about to leave Paramount for a long stay on the Warner lot she loses every vestige of charm, appears to be a third- or fourth-rate actress instead of the bright shining star she has been in other pictures, and is no longer a beauty?

I can hardly believe that the same actress who brought to life the pathetic mother in Sarah and Son, the tragic wife in The Doctor's Secret, and the purposeful mother in The Right to Love can have created Fay in Unfaithful. The part, as written, is a poor thing, but an actress of ability should have made more of it than Miss Chatterton does. She has let herself down—or has she been let down?

I can't help but feel that liberties were taken with John Van Druten's play. A playwright who created Young Woodley can have little pride in Unfaithful as a serious piece of work. The basic idea for the drama is good, but the action and reaction of the characters to that drama weaken the plot so that, with the badly written dialogue, it all seems false and therefore ridiculous.

Paul Lukas as the lover is the only real character in the play, and even he is not at his best. This is the first picture I've seen Donald Cook in, and I was disappointed in his performance. He has done good work on the stage. Juliette Compton and Paul Cavanaugh have appeared to better advantage in other pictures. Even the London background has a decidedly synthetic look.

Do you know that—

Monroe Owsley is another Paramounter who has recently signed with another company? He has gone to Metro.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Pagliacci, Dishonored, The Last Parade, East Lynne, Father's

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH

Anagramming proves he is . . . . .

THE SELF MADE MAN

$1,000 A WEEK

for . . . . . . the cleverest

NAME ANAGRAMS

RULES

. . . which are very simple!

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 a week in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere—men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

IS there gold in names? And how! For the last few weeks Liberty's been shouting that your name—and the other fellow's name—was just filled with those nice yellow nuggets. And were we right? No kidding—look at the first ten winners in this ancient and ever popular pastime—Name Anagrams. They cop the $1,000 this week, each one of 'em grabbing off a century. Tried it yet? What's in your name? Or the names of your parents, or brothers or sisters or friends? Find out! It pays—in fun and real honest-to-gosh cash. And it's simple to play. Grab a few hints from the rules—and then a name and pencil and paper. The rest'll take care of itself. . . . .

HERE ARE THE FIRST WINNERS!

OLLIE RAYMOND RANDLE . . . . I ADORE OLD MEN
O. R. Randle, 910 South Denton Street, Gainesville, Texas

ELIZABETH PRINGLE MACKIE . . . . MAIL THE BIG PRIZE
Elizabeth Pringle Mackie, Olyphant, Pennsylvania

HARRIETT GOODWIN . . . . I GOT IT, AND HOW!
Mrs. Harriett L. Goodwin, 154 Chestnut Street, Gardner, Massachusetts

ELIZABETH GRACE STARRETT . . . . LET'S GET A BRACER
Robert G. Starrett, 474 Ridgewood Avenue, Glen Ellyn, Illinois

DONALD GEORGE SCHRAMM . . . . GO ON, DAD, SLAM HER
Mrs. J. A. Schramm, 1618 Third Street, Portsmouth, Ohio

BERNICE MARIE WILLIAMS . . . . I WEAR A NICE SMILE
Bernice Marie Williams, Box 36, Alamogordo, New Mexico

GILBERT SHELDON PRATT . . . . THE BLOND GIRLS' TREAT
G. S. Pratt, 633 North Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HENRIETTA GENEVA STEPHENSON . . . . STEP ON THE GAS
Henrietta G. Stephenson, 5670 Linwood Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

MARGARET EPPERSON . . . . GET SOME PEP
Margaret Epperson, 140 Cumberland Avenue, Portland, Maine

ANDREW JACKSON PITTMAN . . . . SIT ON A TACK
Andrew Jackson Pittman, 3874 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri

More Winners and Another $1,000 Offer in Next Week's **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

Teacher's Picture

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"QUIET in the classroom!" Miss Wise called, wondering if her voice could be heard. And she stared at the children, who were wriggling on their benches like eels in a fisherman's net.

"Yeah," Gwendolyn Smithers giggled behind a ruler. "Keep quiet so the monkey can speak."

"Being Friday morning—" began Miss Wise, hoping she could keep her poise.

"Fish day, ain't it?" a boy asked.

"Being Friday morning," Miss Wise went on, wondering whether she should reprimand the boy about the fish or Gwen about the monkey, "we'll start with history."

"I only know one answer about history," Gwen informed the class. "And if she don't ask me the right question she'll have to send me home for being too stupid."

"Where did the Pilgrims land?" Miss Wise asked. "That's an easy one."

"The Pilgrims!" Gwen laughed in a collegiate tone. "My great-great-great-great-great—"

"She stutters," Red Hancock said.

"I do not!" Gwen flared. "Anyway, my aunt who lives in St. Elmo has one dining-room chair that came over on the Mayflower. It hasn't a seat but—"

"My ancestors were Walloons," Jerry Burr said in a confidential voice.

"What were they?" Gwen asked from the back row.

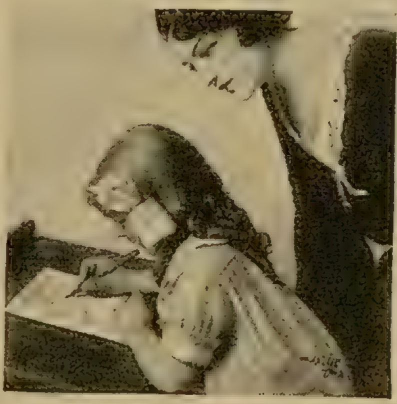
"Walloons," Miss Wise said—"a very—"

"Don't tell me about 'em," Gwen giggled. "I just wanted to be sure they weren't spittoons."

Nobody knew just what Walloons were, but everybody knew spittoons and all the children began discussing them.

"We'll get right back to the Pilgrims," Miss Wise said sternly, "or we'll all be staying after school, and that would be a shame now that spring is here."

"I have springs in my bed," Gwen said under her breath, "so I don't need any more." Miss Wise didn't hear this, so she was spared something.



This week's cover picture.

"The Pilgrims landed in Matthathuthetth." A girl who lisped had stood up to recite.

"Gee," Gwen giggled, rocking on her bench, "if I had to talk like that, I'd do something about it."

"I have done thumpthing about it," the little girl began to cry, "but I lithph juth the thame."

"You'll get over it," Red told her. "I had a broken arm this winter, but I got over that."

"And I had strawberry rash—"

"And I had poison ivory on my feet—"

"Mercy!" Miss Wise had to laugh. "This sounds like a hospital. How many original colonies were there?" She wondered if this was the one question which Gwen knew.

"Thirteen!" Gwen shrieked victoriously. "I can always remember that number 'cause it's so unlucky."

Her voice dwindled. She'd forgotten all about history to concentrate upon some work of art which was quickly taking shape under her pencil.

"Very nice answer," Miss Wise complimented her.

Stealthily she approached Gwen's desk and came up behind her—and, goodness, there was her own full-length portrait! An ugly, angular female with a pipe sticking out of her tightly inverted mouth!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Maypole)

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—*Fat Melts Away*

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

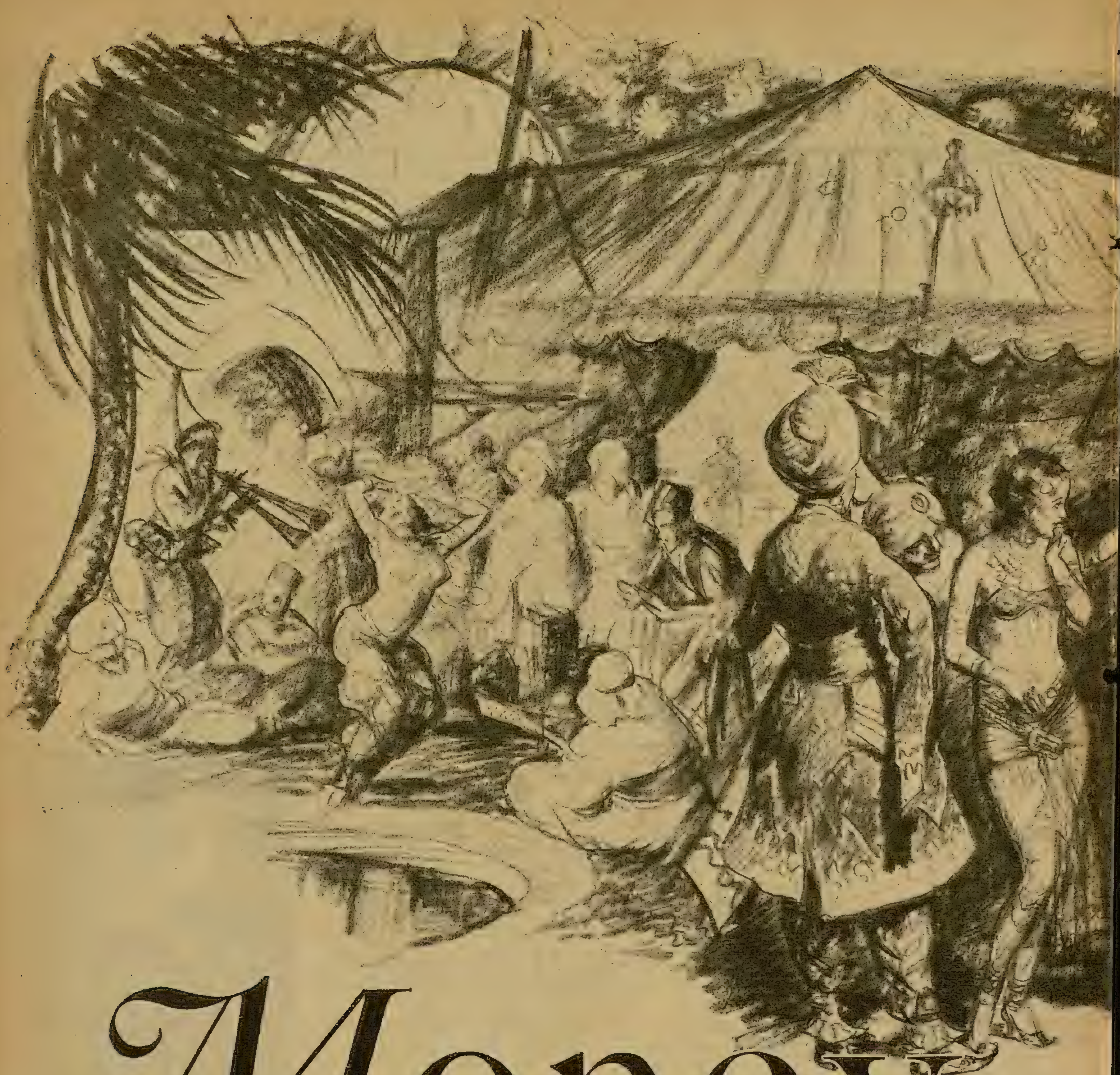
If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.



Money

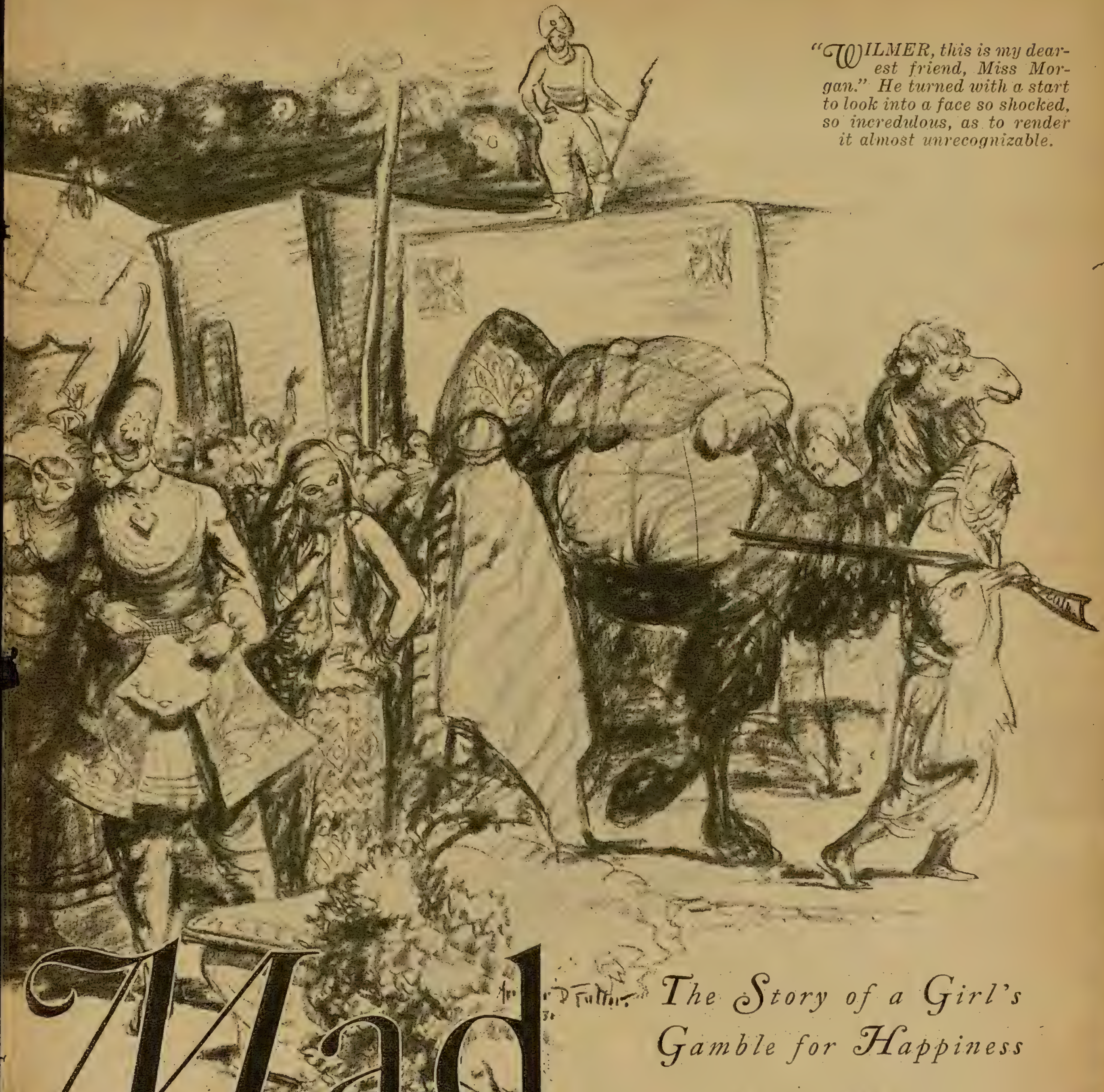
(Reading time: 29 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Florida Morgan, who helped to save a flyer whose plane fell into the sea. The man, calling himself "Falconer," made love to her—then disappeared. There followed a worse blow: her father, involved in a bank failure, was imprisoned. Desperate, Florida accepted the assistance of Countess Wanda, the wealthy Mrs. Wilmer Worth, who got her a position with the brokerage house of Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott. You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART EIGHT—THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES

FLORIDA'S first task had been to memorize the stock symbols used on the board. There were hundreds of them, but she possessed a nimble mind and a retentive memory and she soon managed it. She forced herself to study and to analyze market reports, to read every financial magazi and newspaper she could lay hold of, as well as the news bull tins and tip sheets. She asked a million questions. Eve trade practice, every phrase, every technical term she encou tered she made her own. Superficially, at least, she seeme to be getting the hang of things.

Invitations poured in upon her. She went everywhere, ar she was on the go so constantly that she began to feel like professional guest. Luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, hou parties! She exerted herself to charm, to amuse, to entertai She called upon every ounce of her personality an ma netism. Naturally, in her modest way, she returne te tions shown her, and the firm paid her bills. The d lighted with her progress.



"WILMER, this is my dearest friend, Miss Morgan." He turned with a start to look into a face so shocked, so incredulous, as to render it almost unrecognizable.

Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

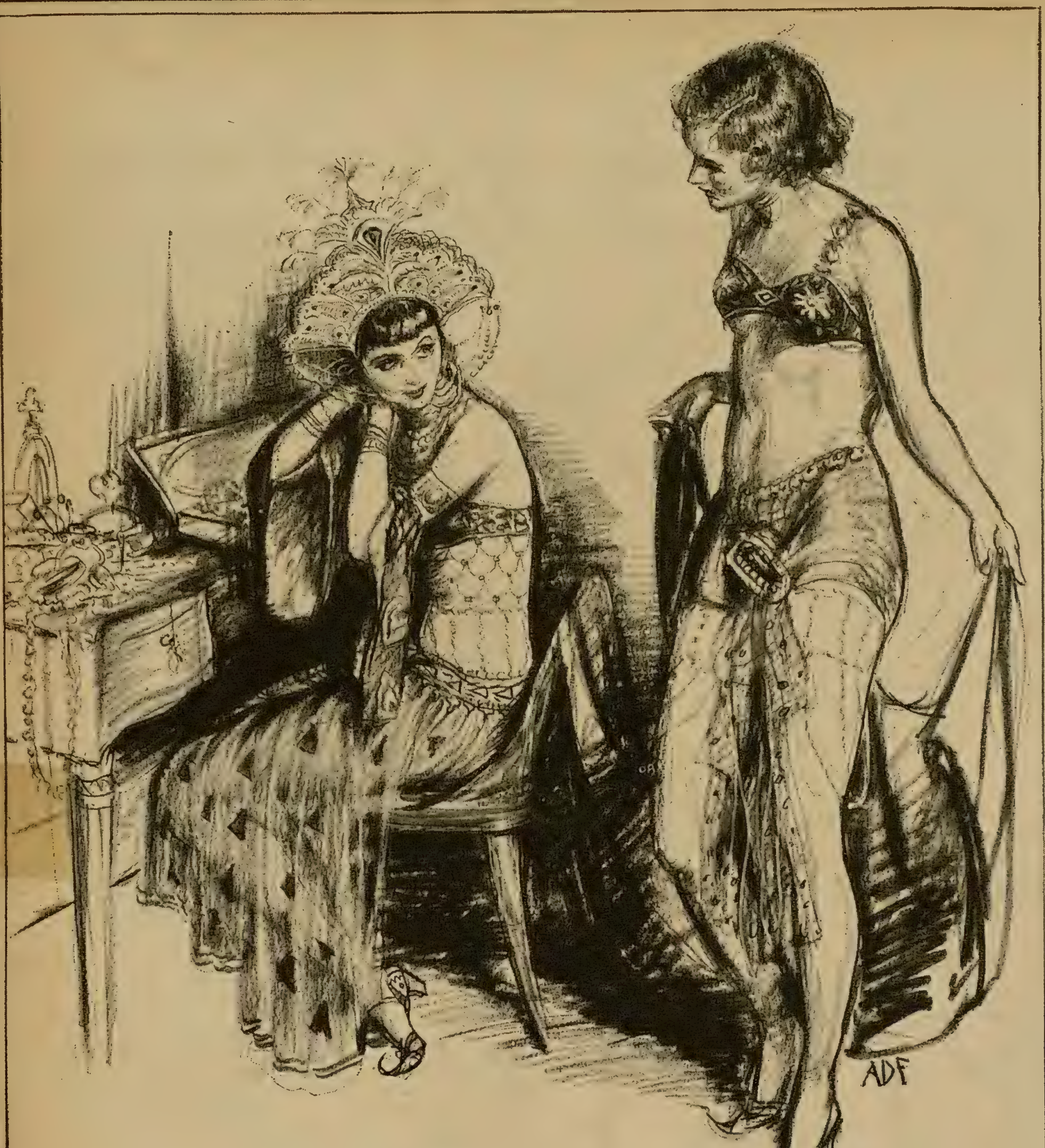
In no time she had picked up a number of accounts among Wanda's women friends, and it was not long before she began to get some business from the men as well. It became a common experience to have some business executive tell her casually to buy so many shares of this or that at the opening and advise his office. These favors were shown her both in appreciation of her efforts to be agreeable and as a courteous gesture toward her hostess, whoever the latter might be.

In the feverish pursuit of this Aladdinlike career Wanda Worth was not always a help. She was sometimes a positive hindrance, for she monopolized much of her protégée's time. She showered Florida with favors, gave her presents, kept her room filled with flowers. She phoned her at all hours and allowed scarcely a day to pass without seeing her. Florida found, to her embarrassment, that she could not express a wish which her beneficent genius did not immediately gratify. Daily the weight of obligation grew heavier, the younger woman's gratitude increased.

Paradise Harbor, the Worths' Long Island place, became a second home for her; the servants eagerly did her bidding, the dogs and the horses knew her. Her friendship with Wanda had ripened into a complete, an extraordinary, a beautiful relationship, and she wondered often why she had been so slow to accept it.

The instant favor of this smart set was enormously gratifying, of course, and it fed the girl's vanity, but it carried consequences, too. Life was not all easy sailing. On her second

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Look!" Florida discarded her robe.
"Entrancing!" the elder woman exclaimed.

MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-nine

week-end visit at Paradise Harbor a married man made desperate love to her. He precipitated quite a scene and thereafter became a distinct embarrassment. He made no secret of the fact that he had married a woman older than himself for her money, and it seemed incredible that he could be so foolish as to jeopardize his position.

Then there was Ridge Latham, the polo player, an eight-goal man. Aside from that handicap he acknowledged no other, unless his reputation as a matrimonial menace, the Prince of Lovers, could be called a handicap. From what Florida saw of her new acquaintances, however, she inferred that it was considered an enviable distinction. Latham was generally accepted as a pestilence to husbands, and people declared he scored in love as resistlessly as in his favorite sport. His wife was a timid little woman who adored him.

Mr. Latham kissed Florida the first evening they met, and she slapped his face. But he had been hit by mallets. He liked to tame high-spirited ponies, too, and after his second or third rebuff he settled down to serious work, announcing frankly that his pride was at stake. He was appallingly attractive, hard as nails, thoroughly spoiled. To Florida he smelled like a horse.

These were only two of her admirers. A banker with poached eyes, named Snow, showed a cautious but persistent interest in her and furtively invited her to spend a week-end on his yacht. A fashionable surgeon with an exclusive practice on Park Avenue invariably offended her when they were alone by talking about magnetic impulses, mating instincts, sex psychology, libidos, glands. He dissected a roast squab with an adroitness that caused her to shudder, and he had a way of "looking through her clothes," as she put it to Wanda. He made her furious. His wife had been a Van Cleave.

"Ridge is the least detestable of the lot," the countess told her, "for he's frankly a satyr and he goes entirely upon his physical appeal. The others rely upon the 'intellectual advance.'" Wanda shivered with repulsion.

"Aren't any of them faithful to their wives?"

"Oh, I dare say the average is about the same here as elsewhere! All men are predatory."

"I rather like Ridge. I feel like stroking him and feeding him a handful of oats. Dr. Karpen is dreadful; every *tête-à-tête* is a consultation. I've eaten an apple a day, but it doesn't do any good. Mr. Snow, on the other hand, can be awfully nice when he wants to be. He knows he's ugly and he's ready to make amends."

"The idiot! The pig!"

"It's merely part of the game. I'm getting to know all the opening moves. There's the Deep-Breathing Gambit, the Anatomical Opening, the Invalid Wife Approach, and the Banker's Choice. He advised me to buy Continental Chemical and guaranteed I wouldn't lose."

"By all means do it."

"I WISH I could. I told him I had no money and he offered to carry me for two hundred shares. Of course I refused."

"Too bad! He probably knows what he's talking about and it wouldn't cost him a cent."

"No doubt. But my job is to be nice to the women. Unfortunately, they're all married to Lathams and Karpens and Snows. They'll hate me if this keeps up. I can hear the ice cracking already."

The countess smiled. "That's a tribute to your—"

"Don't say 'it'!" the girl exploded. "I'm sick of the wretched word."

"All women distrust every member of our sex who has what you have. Attraction! The inflammatory beauty. That wine of the spirit. It's more powerful than intellectual attainment or mere good looks. The homeliest woman who has it can draw men like flies. It's more powerful than a 'face of ivory, a breast of myrrh.' As for me, I'm lacking in it."

"*You?* Nonsense!"

"But it's true. In all my experience I've never suffered a dozen of those flattering indecencies which spice the life of the average woman. Why, even Ridge Latham refuses to make love to me, except when he's drunk."

"That's because of your position. I'm nobody."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Wonderful, too, for
SORE MUSCLES
lamed by spring activities. Rub in for quick relief to tired, aching muscles. Soothing, refreshing.

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.*

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-one

"No, no. If I aroused that peculiar intoxication we're talking about, it wouldn't matter who or what I am. I'd be a target for ten thousand arrows. Joan of Arc required no armor to turn the shafts from her breast. Not that purity is my coat of mail; my mind is anything but virginal. It is simply that nature erred in allocating the usual proportion of sex qualities when she came to me. We're opposite types, my dear. I'd have made a splendid queen; you'd have made a famous mistress."

"That's perfectly horrid!"

"But why? Women like you have swayed kings; those of my type die unmourned. I predicted a social triumph for you, but you chose this silly 'business.' Why don't you give it up and come here?"

Florida shook her head.

"Don't you like me?"

"Wanda! I adore you."

But the countess sighed. She was unsatisfied. "Always there is something between us. You are reserved."

"Imagination! You're a dreamer, an artist. I'm a miserable money-grubbing worm. I'm trying to make a—career."

"Then don't quarrel with nature. Take what you can get from the men, use them. See that you accept much and give nothing. You must either be wholly unattainable or too cheap for them to covet; there's no middle ground. The same quality in you that draws men like drunkards to a wine-house door, draws me, also, for I'm a strange anomaly. Neither one thing nor the other, praise be! I typify that rare but admirable balance which insures freedom from anguish and heartache. It spares me a world of wearisome vexations and leaves me at liberty to follow in the footsteps of the breeze. Tell me, are you happy? Contented? Do you enjoy this odd adventure, this trafficking in stocks and bonds?"

"I'm thrilled. I'm a little bit stunned, too. Of course, it's all your doing. These people wouldn't pay the slightest heed to me if it wasn't to curry favor with you. Mr. Breckenridge is delighted at the pace I'm going, and—I'll soon be paying off my father's debts."

"Poor man! My heart bleeds for him."

Florida's face darkened, her eyes glowed resentfully. "Mr. Claiborne and the others haven't come to trial yet. They'll probably buy their way out. It drives me frantic."

"AND I'm frantic at thought of you among wolves like Latham, Karpen, Snow. Even Breckenridge."

"Oh, he's a dear!"

"Why not give it up and share what I have?" This was a question the elder woman repeated almost daily. "All right," she said after a while. "I'll content myself with being your wishing woman, your slave of the ring, if I must. It's a comfort to have you, even at a distance. Now, then, I wonder if you could help me."

"Do let me try."

"I'm planning an affair and—it's too much for me. It must be something colorful, exotic, different. But what? I've exhausted my originality."

"Um-m! Plenty to drink, of course."

"Of course!"

"The grapes are ripening. Why not a sort of bacchanal? The Romans held seasonal celebrations."

"It has been done."

"Make it—Persian. The Persians were great roisterers. . . . A lyrical expression of the joys of earth. 'Omar Khayyám invites you to attend a Feast of the Vine at Paradise Harbor.' We'll write the invitations on grape leaves, and send them by white-robed Moslems on Arabian steeds. . . . Lute music, poetry, baskets of figs. Loaves of bread, jugs of wine, and plenty of 'thous.' Nautch girls with wiggly waists, entrancing veiled women smelling of musk and spices. Rugs, cushions, silks and satins, a riot of sound and color. Make a Mohammed's garden of your place for one night, a Turkish bath attendant's dream of paradise. It will cost enough to get in the papers. It's an idea, anyhow—"

den animation. "You're a treasure and you shall help me work it out. I'll hire somebody to write a work of genius and a theatrical producer to put it on. I'll transform the grounds into Omar's garden at Nishapur. Groves of palms with clusters of dates. . . . The full moon in September. Caliphs, chamberlains, muezzins. . . . Musk and spices, intoxicating odors, colors of the Orient, the wailing of flutes! Yes, and a Persian banquet in a striped tent! . . . I'll make it a rhapsody of love, laughter, and earthly pleasures—a protest against death, decay, and oblivion. . . . Wilmer will be home. I'll hold it in honor of his return! He'll hate it, but he'll enjoy paying the bills. You inspire me, darling."

Once Wanda had a new idea she made the most of it. Without waste of time she began laying her plans.

II

ONE morning, a few days later, Florida received a note from Horace Snow which read:

MY DEAR MISS MORGAN:
I hope this will convince you that there *is* a Santa Claus. H. S.

Inclosed was a clipping from the Wall Street Journal announcing a proposed merger of Continental Chemical Corporation and Ajax Company. It stated that rumors had leaked out resulting in a ten-point rise in the stock of both companies and important developments were anticipated in the near future.

Florida assumed the banker took this method of rebuking her for refusing his offer. Curiously she watched the ticker. Continental Chemical rose five points during the morning, sold off about noon, then touched a new high at closing. It proved to be the start of one of those frantic little flurries which had become common lately. During the next few days the price rose steadily and there was talk that a strong pool was running the market and was pledged to put Chemical to one hundred and fifty.

On the fifth morning Florida received a statement from a strange brokerage firm showing that her two hundred shares of Continental Chemical had been sold at one hundred and thirty-six. Attached to the statement was a check to her order for a trifle more than eight thousand dollars.

She took it into Breckenridge's office and laid it on his desk. "What am I going to do with *that?*" she inquired.

"If it was mine I'd kiss it on the nose," he said. "How did you come to get in on Chemical?"

"I didn't get in." She told him what had happened. "I didn't even know Mr. Snow had bought the stock for me. I didn't put up a nickel. Suppose it had gone down."

"Well?"

"If—if anybody can buy stock for me like that, why—they can ruin me."

"When men like Horace Snow buy stock for pretty little girls it doesn't go down. Or if it does the pretty girl doesn't hear about it."

"But this—this is practically a gift."

"Except that it cost him nothing. He didn't risk a cent."

"I don't want his money. If that old squirrel dog thinks he can tree me—"

"You can't arrest him for thinking. He has made a graceful gesture—for a fat man—and he probably did the same thing for several other people. There's nothing unusual about it. I thought you said you'd use a black mask and a jimmy to get a start."

"I did, but—"

"Here it is. Put this money to work; make it sweat. If Snow gives you another tip, grab it. Or, better yet, ask him to reinvest this for you. I fancy he'll see that it grows."

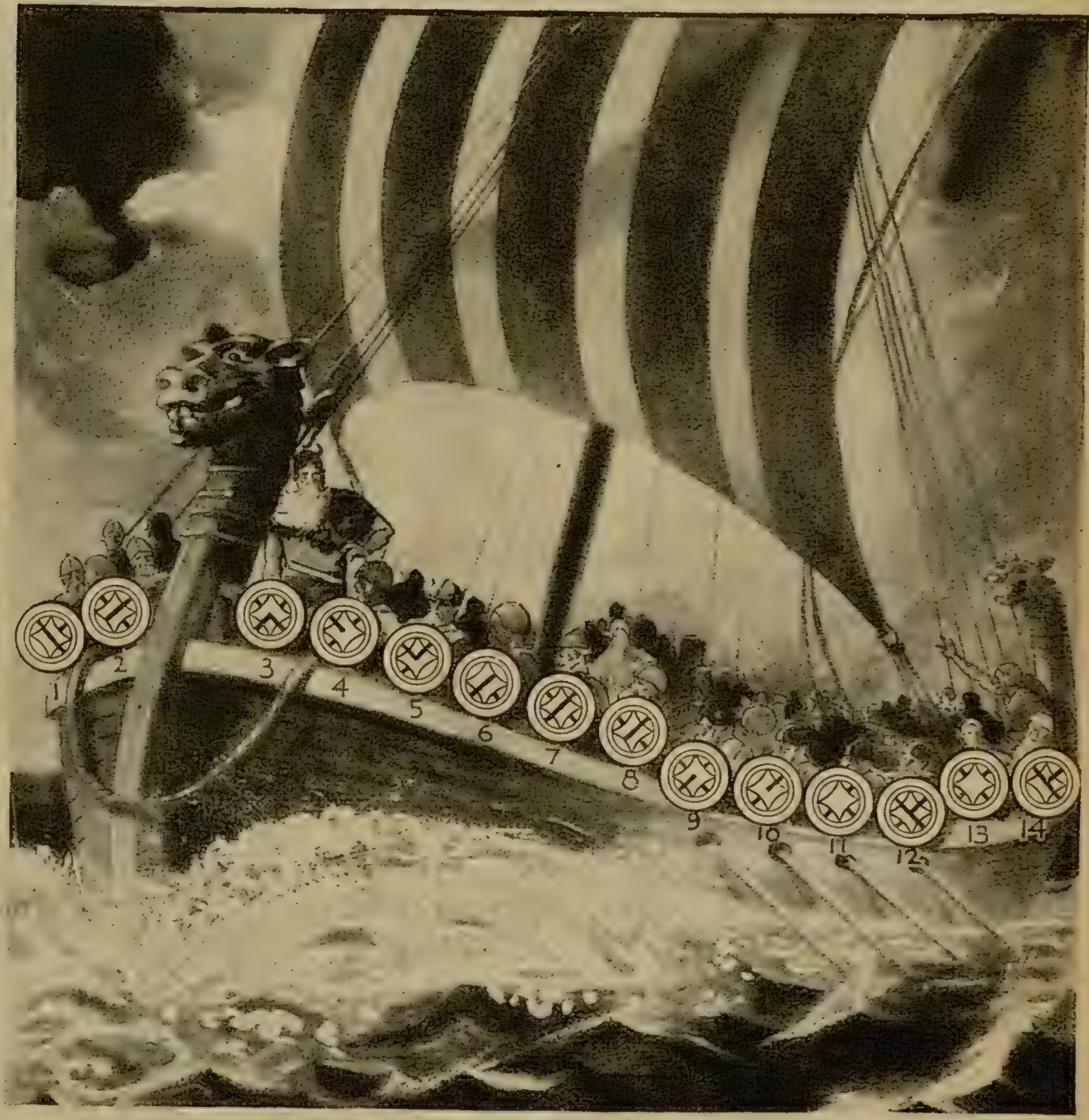
"Is this how people make money on Wall Street?"

"It's one way. Men of Snow's age have to jingle the sleigh bells."

"I bet he'll try to paw me the next time—"

"That's up to you. The average successful man thinks

HOW OBSERVING ARE YOU?



A Liberty Winner

In Our Last Award

Among the happy readers of Liberty magazine who won prizes in our last offer is Mrs. Jane Pennington of California, who won a first prize. She says, "It was one of the happiest moments in my life when I received your telegram informing me that I was winner of one of the first prizes . . . I shall always be one of your boosters. Wishing you success always, I remain, very truly yours"

(signed) JANE PENNINGTON.

Try This One... A New First Test of Skill to Qualify to Win $2500.00

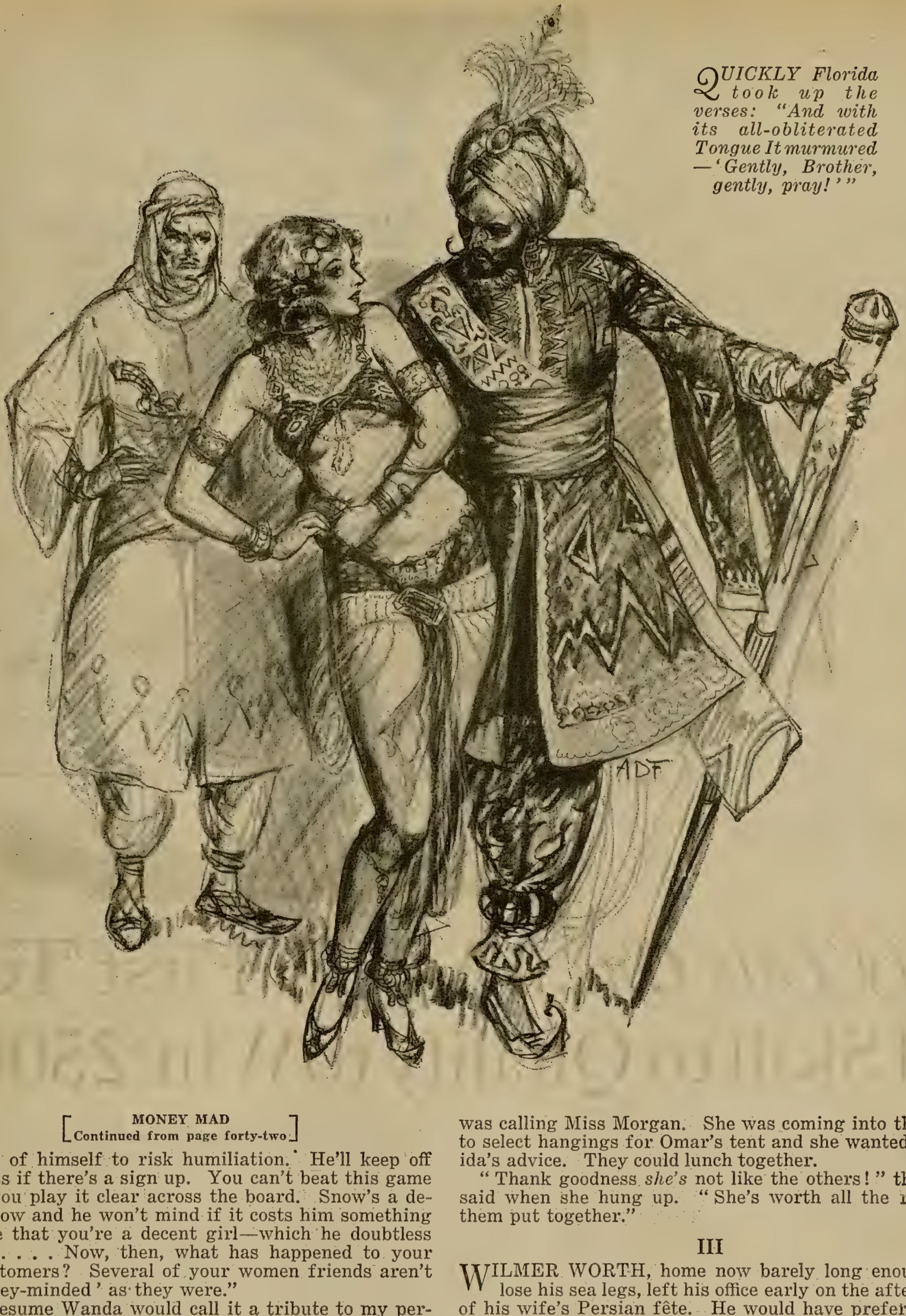
SEVEN thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be $1785.00 cash (or a Studebaker Commander eight cylinder, four-door Sedan) and there is an additional prize of $715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of $2500.00.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

Pictured above is the Viking ship of two courageous brothers, Eric, the Fearless, and Olaf, the Stalwart. They are stationed among the crew, their shields showing plainly over the sides, the same as those of others of the fiery band. They can be distinguished from the others in that their shields are the only two exactly alike. In battle they would be at the head of their band fighting fiercely, but can you find them now just by their shields, which are identical in every detail? All of the shields look different at first glance, yet the shields of these two brothers are identical in design, in size and shape, in every line. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find pleasant.

Look carefully. If you think you have found the twin shields, lose no time but send the numbers of them in a letter or on a post card at once. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—FIND THE SHIELDS OF THE TWIN BROTHERS AND RUSH THIS AD to

T. A. Hughes, Adv. Dir., Dept. 234,500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



QUICKLY Florida took up the verses: "And with its all-obliterated Tongue It murmured —'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-two

too well of himself to risk humiliation. He'll keep off the grass if there's a sign up. You can't beat this game unless you play it clear across the board. Snow's a decent fellow and he won't mind if it costs him something to prove that you're a decent girl—which he doubtless suspects. . . . Now, then, what has happened to your new customers? Several of your women friends aren't so 'money-minded' as they were."

"I presume Wanda would call it a tribute to my personal appeal. I'm not getting along so well as I did. People seemed to like me at first—"

"'People!' You mean female people?"

Florida nodded. "I do my best to be agreeable, but the Horace Snows and the Dr. Karpens and the Ridge Lathams spoil it."

"Latham! A gorilla in a top hat."

"I'd love to be friends with his wife, but what chance—"

Breckenridge's telephone rang: Mrs. Wilmer Worth was calling Miss Morgan. She was coming into the city to select hangings for Omar's tent and she wanted Florida's advice. They could lunch together.

"Thank goodness *she's* not like the others!" the girl said when she hung up. "She's worth all the rest of them put together."

III

WILMER WORTH, home now barely long enough to lose his sea legs, left his office early on the afternoon of his wife's Persian fête. He would have preferred to dodge the affair, but that was impossible. Wanda's heart was set upon its success, her preparations were elaborate, and, judging by the activities of a small army of workmen busied at Paradise Harbor, it promised to be something quite noteworthy. The place had been transformed into a really Oriental setting, and when Worth had flown in to business that morning a Persian street was in course of completion and an enormous tent of rich materials was being erected upon the lawn.

Wanda's enthusiastic if preoccupied account of her program convinced the husband that she had outdone herself. He had never heard of anything quite so pretentious and he could understand why she was in a state of "nerves." She had worked as if her entire social career depended upon the way this entertainment went off.

Why did she take these things so seriously, he asked himself. Why did she invariably consider it vital to eclipse her every previous extravagance? Well, it gave her something to do. But fancy a forest of palms, two hundred guests at a Persian feast, and two hundred more coming later.

Time was when Worth had derived something like a thrill from his wife's very improvidence. It was novel and magnificent. But nothing bores so quickly as the too-feverish quest for excitement. Wanda was excessive. So was he, for that matter. He had set a pace for himself that made it impossible to attain a crescendo, so how could he criticize her? Money! Success! What did they amount to? He and his father were merely piling up new responsibilities for themselves and anybody with money could make money. There was no great trick about that. It merely involved a lot of tiresome detail. How could he spend it? To whom would he leave it? Yes, and slavery to those unceasing, monotonous details robbed him of leisure in which to cultivate tastes that would dissipate his evergrowing fortune. He was denied the luxury of expensive and agreeable vices. Pretty futile, he thought. He was very tired.

WANDA had once asked him why he didn't indulge himself in an illicit love affair. Simple to talk about. Evidently it did not occur to her that she might not be the only fastidious person in the world. Love affairs were mighty painful, it seemed to him. During the past several months, for instance, he had been about as unhappy and dissatisfied as a man could be. He did not sleep soundly, he was irritable, there were constant nagging pains in the back of his head and neck, and every joint in his spine ached. Nervous tension. He was as taut as a fiddle string. His legs jerked when he was in bed and he "kicked goal," as he called it.

He had long recognized that his marriage was unfortunate. But there were times, now, when it seemed tragic, and when he felt extremely sorry for himself. At this moment, for instance, he was on his way home to meet a lot of people he detested, to drink more than was good for him, and to eat outlandish foods that would set his stomach afire. Home! Marriage! . . . Damnation!

Traffic policemen at street crossings bowed and waved to him and he smiled back at them. Wherever possible, they let his car through. Lucky devils! Their wives threw no Persian handsprings and used no hot curries in their cooking; they'd probably have ham and cabbage for dinner. Um-m! Eve[illegible] Coppers had their Sundays off to rest their feet, and their legs didn't jerk at night. They went motoring with the missus—even policemen could afford cars nowadays—or they took the kids fishing up in Pelham Bay or—somewhere. Eels and flounders. Not much like the old Gulf Stream, bluer than Wanda's bluest Brazilian diamonds. No sailfish up there, or—buckets.

Mr. Worth grinned at a certain memory, but the smile faded. Wistfully he stared out at the shop fronts speeding past, and in their place he saw a long white beach, a fringe of palms and mangroves. Palms that whispered secrets to one another. The sand was hot, and little waves chased along the shore. . . . There was the smell of a fat pine fire in the kitchen stove and of frying bacon and coffee. He could hear a clatter of dishes as Florida set the table for dinner.

HE wondered how many times he had thought about that girl. Thousands, millions of times! He liked best to recall that last enchanted night, but for some reason his mind refused to dwell on it. Ashamed, perhaps. That was the trouble with a decent, orderly mind: it refused to go slumming. Fine reward for the care and attention he had lavished on it. The darned thing always wanted to preach. . . . A love affair, indeed. Wanda was inhuman. He was burning with fever and she held a torch to him.

Worth's ship was moored off the Yacht Club dock and it was warmed up when he arrived. Its motor was idling as his pilot gave him a hand up from the tender. A moment, then there was a roar, it pushed sluggishly toward open water, gaining speed as it went. Soon it was scudding swiftly, then it rose out of the spray and the river dropped away.

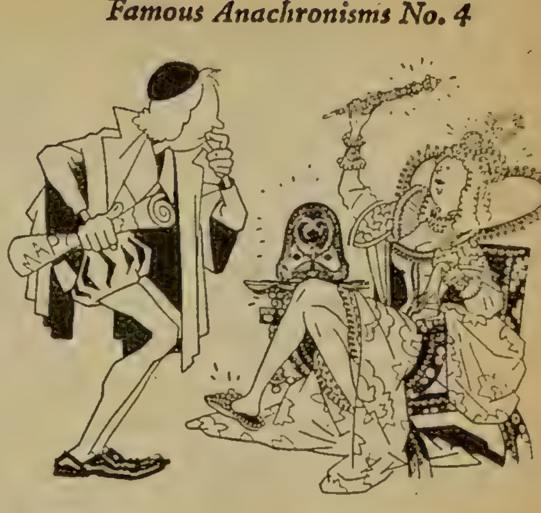
Some of the house guests at Paradise Harbor were swimming when the owner's plane slanted down out of the sky and ricocheted toward the hangar. One of his speed boats was towing a pair of aquaplanes. Several bathers sunning themselves on the sand rose and waved at him.

As he stepped down upon the plank runway, the pilot said, "It begins to look as if Barnum and Bailey had moved in, Mr. Worth." He indicated the enormous marquee, the top of which rose above the trees. "I never expected you to be short-handed, but I've got to wear a pair of striped balloons and a ten-gallon turban and peddle Fatimas."

"I wish I had your luck, Harry. Flag me when things get hot and we'll sneak off and talk about motors."

While Worth was speaking, that speed boat dashed past and someone shouted to him. It was Ridge Latham—no mistaking those shoulders and that waist—and he was riding one of the boards. Upon the other stood a girl whose body was bronzed as deeply as the polo [illegible]. It was a lovely

Famous Anachronisms No. 4



Columbus:
"I discovered America!"

Isabella:
"Great Stuff, Chris, but old! We knew it a year ago. *We were* THERE *with a* CROSLEY."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS expected a big turnout when he came back to Spain. He got it, but it wasn't as big and noisy as he expected. Not that his feat wasn't a great one but, you see, time dulls all great achievements and, since the people had heard all about it over the radio, it was old stuff—like last week's bull fight—to them when Columbus returned. While Columbus was in the West Indies discovering, *Queen Isabella was* THERE *with a Crosley . . . listening.*

These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 KC., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:30 E. T.

The Crosley WIGIT

Now comes the sensational CROSLEY WIGIT — a small-size, low-priced, super-performing radio receiver for the whole family or a personal radio set for every member of it. It is capable of bringing in distant stations in a sensational way. It incorporates THREE Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, electro power speaker and Mershon condenser. The one-piece cabinet is of Crosley Repwood "B". The sensationally low price is especially enticing. Other Crosley models include the BUDDY BOY at $59.50, *complete with tubes*, and SENIOR SUPERHETERODYNE (Pliodynatron) Series of console models starting at $109.50, *complete with tubes.*

$39.75
Complete with tubes

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY
RA

MONEY MAD
Continued from page forty-five

body, lithe and slim and graceful. The girl's head was thrown back, her weight was braced against the ropes. She and her companion made a picture as perfect as one of those highly colored pages in a California advertisement. They were weaving from side to side, forcing their skimming boards to cut sweeping figures. Worth's eyes followed them with a look of startled attentiveness. It was a moment before he blinked, shook his head as if to rid it of some absurd fancy, then turned in the direction of the mansion.

IV

THE matter of costumes had given Mrs. Worth some concern, for Persian dress was not particularly attractive, and in consequence she had suggested to her guests merely that they wear something Oriental—Indian, Arabian, Chinese, or what have you?

The "something" she had selected for Florida Morgan caused that young woman considerable misgivings when she tried it on. In dismay she stared at her reflection in the cheval glass, then flung a wrap around her and went to Wanda's room.

The countess, now a begum, a maharani, gorgeously robed and regally begemmed, was putting the final reddening touch to her lips and the last black beading around her lustrous eyes when the girl entered.

"I can't wear this," Florida announced.

"Too tight?" Wanda finished delicately outlining the Cupid's bow of her upper lip. "I was just coming in to—"

"Look!" Florida discarded her robe.

"Entrancing!" the elder woman exclaimed. "Wait until you see the jewels I selected. I have them here—"

"I'm as naked as a snake!" the girl protested. "If I eat an olive it will show."

"It's authentic. I had it—"

"And I'm naked in the wrong places!"

"Nonsense! You're the padishah's favorite. A royal slave."

"If this is authentic, those Persian girls were out for no good. It takes something to embarrass me."

"Wait until you see the other costumes," Wanda laughed.

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Darling! Why this modesty, when I saw you swimming this afternoon in—nothing? The Eddie Marshalls are coming as Adam and Eve. Now—look!" The speaker drew Florida to a dressing table and showed her a heap of barbaric jewelry. There were heavy necklaces, chains, bracelets, rings. "I ransacked New York for these as your souvenir of the occasion. You shall keep them in memory of tonight."

"Why, they're *real!*"

"Of course. Most of the pieces are museum bits. Now, don't protest. Nothing infuriates me like having you say, 'No, no.'"

She ran on through Florida's thanks, saying, "It is nothing. A few hundred, or thousands—what of it? I kept them here so that I could put them on you with my own hands. For myself I care nothing how I look, but I want you to be radiant, superb. Quick! I want Wilmer to see you." Over her shoulder she called to her maid, "Marie! Ask Mr. Worth to step here in, say, five minutes. I wish him to meet Miss Morgan."

With nimble fingers the countess fell to work upon her protégée. "You'll adore Wilmer. He's one in a million. He must know that the idea of this party is all yours."

"Will his father be here tonight? He was so lovely to me that day in Palm Beach—"

"Papa Worth never comes to these affairs. He's too busy making more millions and he lives like a dyspeptic monk—boiled rice and milk with lime water. The poor man has no stomach and he goes to bed at nine o'clock. You'd think he'd disapprove of me, wouldn't you? But he doesn't. My prodigality flatters him. A vicarious dissi-

part. He suggested once that I spend on

squander on my entertainments and hence he adores me. We struck a bargain. Every time I give a party I keep account of the exact cost and insist upon his sending an equal amount to some deserving cause. The more extravagant I am, the more blessings I bring to girl scouts, indigent old people, and ruptured children. It eases his conscience and it benefits my soul."

The maid, Marie, returned to say that Mr. Worth had just gone downstairs.

"Very well. We'll find him."

The house guests were coming from their rooms as the countess and Florida descended the stairs arm in arm. Several society reporters in charge of Mrs. Worth's secretary were waiting, and they swarmed around the hostess.

They made notes of her costumes and her jewels. Would she supply them with photographs? She assured them that she would and that there would be photographs of all the other guests as well. A booth in the Persian village had been equipped with lights and cameras. Inasmuch as this was a brilliant affair—presumably the most brilliant of the summer season—she had assumed that the rotogravure sections would require at least one full page and had made suitable arrangements. . . . No. There were not one hundred plain-clothes men present, only forty; private operatives. All in costume, of course. Mr. Worth was attending to their final instructions. The roads and the grounds were thoroughly patrolled, too, for jewels representing many millions of dollars would be worn. Ample provision had been made to entertain the ladies of the press and would they make it a point to feature Miss Morgan, her guest? The loveliest girl of the season. Her jewels were all historical pieces.

Florida found herself a center of attraction until a magnificent satrap brushed the reporters aside and appropriated her. It was Ridge Latham and he was already three cocktails ahead of the herd. "Hello! What are you made up for?" he inquired with an admiring survey. "The spirit of niter, or a Turkish sweetmeat?"

"Wanda calls me the padishah's pet, but I feel as bare as a tomato."

Latham nodded. "A tomato *en surprise*. Your salad is exposed, but— Give the boys a good show!"

"Omar Khayyám wrote something about shedding the winter garment of repentance. I've shed mine."

"Say! There's a Babylonian speakeasy outside. I'm a Bedouin shereef and I'm going to raid it before this flea circus gets under way. Come along."

BEFORE Latham could lead his companion out into the open air, he was intercepted by a three-tailed Bashaw in the person of Dr. Karpen. The latter's eyes gleamed at sight of Florida, and he said:

"Permit me to assist at the operation."

"What operation?"

"I don't know, but I see you're all scrubbed up for something. Is there any soreness—here?" He pressed his manicured finger in the region of her appendix.

"Hands off, doc! I lay claim to every dip, angle, and spur." Latham flung an arm around the girl. His hand patted the flesh of her bare waist.

Karpen's thin lips parted in a smile. "'I remember stopping by the way,'" he quoted from the Rubaiyat, "'To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay.'"

Quickly Florida took up the verses: "And with its all-obliterated Tongue It murmured— 'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"

With the words she slapped Latham's hand, pushed it away, and freed herself from his embrace. Turning to Mrs. Karpen she said, "Ridge is on his way to the court 'where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.' He drinks best with an audience. Shall we go along?"

Wanda joined the group, and the five of them passed out into the evening air. Others joined them as they crossed the lawn and entered the Persian street. The guests were just beginning to arrive, but the street was filled with hired entertainers and extras to lend it atmosphere. There was the music of pipes. Dancing girls and acrobats were limbering up. Camels and donkeys passed ugh the throng, and peddlers cried their wares. The

colorful, animate

exciting. The huge striped banquet tent glowed like a jewel, and through its parted canopies shone a gleam of snowy linen, the sparkle of silver and crystal. Farther on, the harbor glistened in the moonlight. Here was paradise.

Wilmer Worth heard his wife call to him and discovered her in the midst of an animated party, among whom he recognized Latham, the Karpens, and several others. All looking like cozy corners. Wanda's arm was around a slim Persian peri hung with the golden ornaments of a royal slave whose arms were heavy with bracelets, whose waist was girdled with gems.

The host was halfway through a greeting to Mrs. Karpen when, above the chatter, he heard his wife saying, "Wilmer, this is my dearest friend, Miss Morgan."

He turned with a start to look into a face so shocked, so incredulous, so stricken with amazement and disbelief as to render it almost unrecognizable. Almost!

The man felt his heart stop. He knew that he had gone quite insane. . . . Palms. Moonlight. Rippling water. White sand. This was pure phantasy! . . . He felt himself reeling dizzily, but Florida's eyes steadied him: they were ablaze. Gabble! Gabble! Voices! Words! Latham's braying laughter! What was Wanda saying? "Her little playmate." "Sister." "Twin souls." . . . Thank heaven everybody was talking at once and his agitation went unnoticed. How limp and cold the girl's hand was. Mechanically he muttered some platitude and then it was too late to confess that this was not their first meeting. Anyhow, he told himself, it was not up to him. Lucky they had come together here rather than elsewhere. But what was the meaning of her presence at Paradise Harbor? A house guest! Wanda's arm around her! This was enough to make a man reel.

HE was relieved when Latham crowded forward and swept the group onward with him. Still in a daze, he stared after it, then turned and stumbled toward the nearest shadows. It would not do to remain here. His eyes would surely follow that girl and his face would betray him. During that first moment or two Worth had been aware of no emotion except amazement. He had been mentally numb. Now his mind was shot through with questions. They came like forked darts of lightning in a stormy sky, but served only to blind him and to leave him more bewildered than ever.

In heaven's name, what brought Florida here? Chance? That was not likely. She must have contrived it. But how? Why? How had she managed to meet Wanda when they inhabited not merely opposite poles but different planets? That evident intimacy of theirs was the most incredible of all. It opened up a thousand queries. She was the same Florida Morgan he had known and yet wholly different—sophisticated, poised. She was a regal creature and those men swarmed around her as bees gather at a wine press. . . . He had been a fool to stand there slack-jawed. But what had kept her silent? Surely she had anticipated this encounter and was thoroughly prepared for it. Why, then, had she counterfeited a surprise akin to his? Was it possible? His thoughts raced off on a new tangent. She was angry. Well, that was not surprising. He could understand the reason for that scornful curl of her lips, that look of fury.

The place was filling up now. A barbarian horde was pouring into the grounds. They were gayly colored, fantastic, lizard-striped and leopard-spotted creatures—nightmare people out of some hashish dream. Worth could endure no further unrealities at the moment, so he fled. Furtively he prowled through the outer shadows, straining his eyes to follow the progress of the group he had just quitted.

Before very long he saw Florida slip away and move toward the house. She avoided the crowd and quickened her pace, but he headed her off. At sight of him she stopped, seemed undecided whether to face him or to turn and flee. "Florida! Wait!" he implored her. A thousand questions were somersaulting through his mind, but he could only stand and stare at her.

In next week's tense installment of Money Mad you'll witness the crisis which Florida Morgan's meeting with Wilmer Worth brings on.

Your Breath Won't Tell

Breethem, for a clean, sweet breath, is a new boon to the art of gracious living. This amazing discovery quickly banishes the odors of tobacco, onions, garlic and other factors causing unpleasant breath.

Pleasant-tasting crystal tablets in the vest-pocket compact, Breethem affords convenient, unobtrusive protection for those intimate business and social moments when the courtesy of a wholesome breath is appreciated most.

Breethem
TRADE MARK REG.
Sweet as Baby's

Breethem is a scientific neutralizing agent whose safe, immediate action restores the mouth to the sweetness of a baby's. That is why fastidious men and women acclaim Breethem "the breath corrective in good form."

Use Breethem always and your breath will never tell.

Tennessee Products Corporation
Nashville, Tenn.

10¢ Everywhere

THAT SPLITTING HEADACHE INDICATES A NEED FOR NYAL SALTS

Nearly all headaches come from a clogged-up system. If you are nervous, bilious, feel "out of sorts", just one dose of NYAL Salts will work wonders.

An excellent effervescent saline, pleasant to take, good for rheumatism, gouty affections and wherever uric acid elimination is needed. Large Bottle, 65c — Medium size, 35c.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

NYAL Druggists give courteous service and fair price

Vox

Billboards, Beauty, and Jobs

New York, N. Y.—It was with great interest that the writer, a former employee of an outdoor advertising company, read J. Horace McFarland's Liberty article, "The Case Against the Billboard."

When Mr. McFarland speaks of the "billboard," he tells the story of the grandparent of the present poster panel and painted bulletin. Outdoor advertising has improved in many respects in the past hundred years.

NICE CHECK
FR
CONTEN

The writer, while employed in the business under discussion, spent many hours, many days, and many months on the highways of New York State, leasing locations.

When we "planted" a painted bulletin on the land of a farmer he knew that no early frost would kill the income that we had agreed to pay for the location. Ofttimes the year's rental that we paid the farmer was his means of paying the taxes and purchasing clothing for the children and the Mrs. What right has Mr. McFarland and his handful of publicity-seeking followers, mostly residents of large cities, to demand that the farm man let the preservation of natural beauty stand between him and his family and the dollars that he often needs after an early frost has killed a crop, after months of hard work?—*David M. Lee.*

New York, N. Y.—I wish to thank Liberty's editor and J. Horace McFarland for the article, "The Case Against the Billboard." I am perfectly astonished at the feeling shown by the general public against billboards, and also at the great change in the intelligence and knowledge of the people about this subject.

Won't you please continue to publish information, and to help stir enough people to really accomplish our purpose, and free the country roads from these horrors?—*Hilda S. Fox.*

Chicago, Ill.—I have noted your very unjust article, "The Case Against the Billboard."

With this kind of unfair statements you are only helping to put about forty-five thousand more men out of jobs.—*Geo. Morren.*

New York, N. Y.—Anent the article in Liberty by Alexander Stoddart, favoring billboards. I wish to voice a very strong protest against it. Just because Mr. Stoddart's pets are plastering the countryside with unsightly signs is no reason why we should have them. They could probably get another job doing something more worthy.—*Frank Ellingsen.*

Louisville, Ky.—I am not an owner of billboards—just a billposter. Was with circuses for twenty years and I believe Mr. J. H. McFarland doesn't know the poor billposter's end. He sometimes works in zero weather, and in snow or rain. Works long hours on a small salary. Mr. McFarland, I would like you to hang bills in the weather we work in. Every time I read newspapers or magazines it is always, do away with billboards!

I believe we should have some consideration.

Take the poor billposter's side. We who put up the bills, all we ask is a living.—*A. D. Newburger.*

Lansing, Mich.—We have read the articles in Liberty in the issues of March 21 and March 28 regarding outdoor advertising.

May we at this time compliment the policy of Liberty in printing both sides of the billboard problem?

We feel that by publishing Mr. Stoddart's article, "The Case for the Billboard," you have done our industry a great service.—*W. W. Rogers, Ass't Manager, Lansing Poster Advertising Co.*

Carthage, Mo.—In reading your article, "The Case for the Billboard," by Alexander Stoddart, you forgot one important detail. That is that billboards furnish shade for cows and places for young boys to exercise their climbing abilities.

I am fifteen years old and enjoy Liberty very much.—*Horace Millikan.*

Yrs. Recd. & Contents Noted, & You Can Both Go Take a Jump in the Lake

Montreal, P. Q., Can.—There are one hundred thousand things I like in this world—and none of them are Liberty.—*L. M.*

Vancouver, B. C., Can.—Have been buying your magazine for some time hoping to see a Bright Saying from a child, so for gosh sakes print one so I can save a nickel a week.—*Barnacle Bill.*

Dear Little Gwendolyn!

Toronto, Ont., Can.—Cheers for Liberty! Laurel leaves for Leslie Thrasher, and more power to the good right arm of Mrs. Smithers. From the throats of many million of your American and Canadian readers there went up mighty shouts of joy when dear little Gwendolyn at last got spanked in your cover picture for March 28.

Now, if tens of thousands of modern moronic parents would take a lesson from Mrs. Smithers, half the troubles that plague our two nations today would be ironed out. We wouldn't need to build so many "bigger and better" jails; the age of miracles would be with us again—the daily miracle of the red-hot hairbrush—and the millennium just around the corner.

The next step would be confinement in insane asylums for all child psychologists, child welfare experts, and all the old maids who hand out advice on how to bring up children.—*Eric A. Darling.*

You're Getting the Right Dope, Anyway

Norfolk, Neb.—I am now a full-fledged Liberty fan. It all began this way. The clever covers first drew my attention. I wondered what they were all about. I found out. Then—the baby started demanding the covers and when the baby demands—you buy covers—and covers—and covers! Well, as time went on I read between the covers, and now—well, honest, no kidding, I have been accused of being a drug addict! You see, they see me tearing down to the drug store, wild-eyed and trembling. I've got to get it! I've got to have it—my Liberty!—*Mrs. G. E. Gustafson.*

Liberty
OUT TO-DAY
JUST ONE NICKEL
TRY OUR TRICK GOOBERS

Why, the Idea!

Little Falls, N. Y. — The red-haired lad on Liberty's cover looks more and more like the popular Prince of Wales each week. Now, what I should like to know is, do you think that everything is quite all right?—*F. Ashenhurst.*

Wise Crack for the Week

Montreal, P. Q., Can.—Should I tell you how good Liberty is—or should I tell you the truth?—*Georgie Carl Saul.*

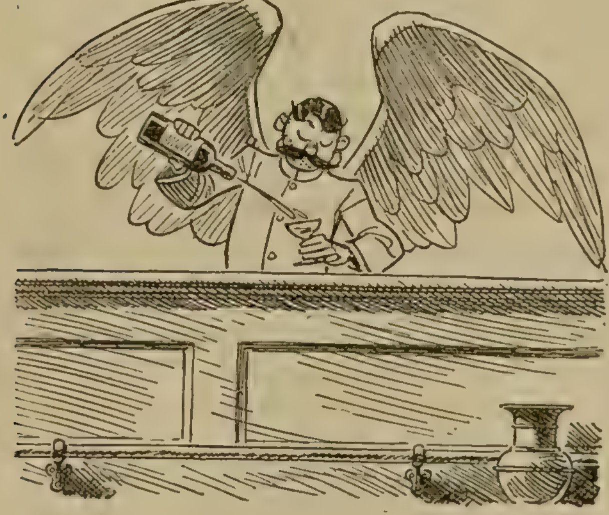
Pop

Well, If You Mean Bootleggers, We Know a Couple Who Are Really Quite Nice

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Give us some more editorials and articles about the wet and dry question, Liberty.

For myself, no one can accuse me of not being dry. I have not touched intoxicating liquor of any kind for twelve years. I am not a fanatic but I am honestly dry in principle.

As such, and being honest with myself, I can only class myself as aligned with the so-called wets, and by that I mean in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and substituting therefor a workable and enforceable regulation of liquor.



While it goes against the grain of every decent human being and it is unthinkable that we should ever see the old-time American saloon return as we used to know it, we should by no means drift along until something worse has so firmly entrenched itself that we cannot eradicate it.

We who can remember the old saloon days never thought much of the saloonkeeper as a class and were inclined to look upon the liquor business as a degrading occupation, which it was.

Yet one fact cannot be disputed. As rotten as the saloonkeeper got to be, in his palmiest days he was an angel compared to the class of men following the business today.—*N. Steneide.*

"Why Women Drink"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I am a young man that appreciates diversity. I have just finished reading Anna Steese Richardson's article, "Why Women Drink," in your March 28 issue. The author ought to earn an eternal reward, such as walking "the streets of gold," for ever and ever. She has accomplished the impossible: she has written an article about violation of the Eighteenth Amendment without putting the blame on the youth of today.

In fact, I found no reference to youth in the article at all; there is no mention of high school "gin parties," "frat boozers," or "half-shot co-eds." For once the educational institutions of the land are exempt from criticism.—*Carl Felth Johnson.*

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Anna Steese Richardson's story, "Why Women Drink," was the wettest yarn I've heard yet. She, along with a few other newspaper women that I happen to know, seems to believe that one's social position is assured if they have a pile of dough and a strong stomach. Here's hoping that liquor-craving gang she described die from over drinking and poison liquor. —*Just Another Newspaper Man.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—"Why Women Drink," by Anna Steese Richardson, is greatly exaggerated as far as Kansas is concerned. I know—being a steno. We wouldn't dare drink with the men we work for and if any liquor is kept in the offices it is certainly kept from the sight of the help, except for a certain dependable secretary or something of that order.

There are working girls who will drink with their boss after hours, but that is an exception. Most drinking done by the working "goil" is somewhere entirely disconnected from her daily labors.—*R. H.*

Several Thousand Eyesights Can't Be Wrong

SEATTLE, WASH.—In Liberty for March 21 an aviation article by Frank Clarke entitled "Air Devils" carried the statement and story of a motion-picture stunt flight from the roof of a skyscraper, and asserted: "Nobody had ever flown off the roof of a skyscraper before. . . ." The date of this "record" was given as 1920.

I, with several thousand others, witnessed what we were led to believe was the first attempt at this sort of take-off in Portland, Oregon. The flyer was one Silas Christofferson, then of Vancouver, Washington, and the machine was one of the old banana crates, of the vintage of 1911 or 1912. The building was the then new Multnomah Hotel and the occasion was the Rose Carnival. The time was June, 1912.

Of course the Noble Experiment was not in operation as yet and our eyesight may have been a little blurred, but we were of the opinion that "Si" made a successful take-off and a nonstop flight all the way home to Vancouver.

Please correct me if I am wrong as I would like to be sure in my mind whether "Si" really made the flight or if the likker was as bad as all that. Remember, I only saw one plane, not two.—*S. M.*

Seems Reasonable

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—Your recent cover-picture editorial concerning Red's "hit and run" mishap is being used here as a graphic lesson to speeders and traffic-law violators by Police Judge R. B. Tappan.

Judge Tappan framed the picture and hands it to each culprit as he steps up to the bench.

Each one is required to gaze at the picture as the judge delivers a lecture upon the possible horrible results of "race track" driving on the city's streets. This oration is followed by a stiff fine or jail sentence.—*C. H.*

Informative Items, Gathered from Here and There, About a Magazine and Its Editors

CHICAGO, ILL.—Let 'em rant, and let 'em rave about your old magazine. As far as I'm concerned there was only one thing wrong with your seventy-six-page March 28 issue.

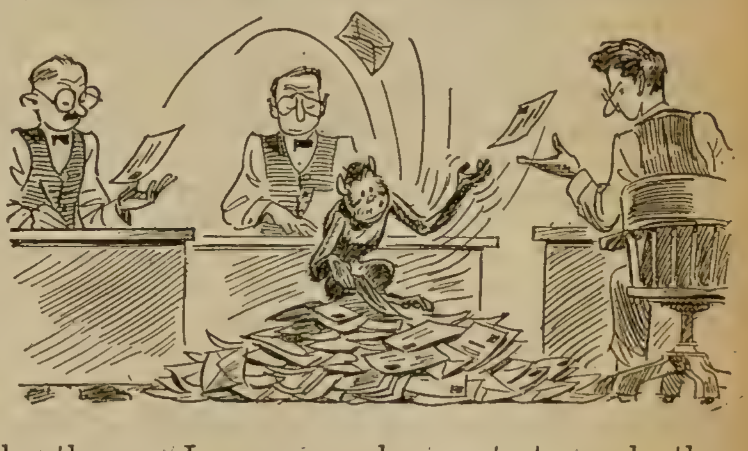
There were seventy-six too many pages.—*Spencer A. Lloyd.*

RENSSELAER, N. Y.—I see how it works, now.

We have to be descendants of the first czar, Julius Cæsar, or somebody, or else we don't have a chance.

I have written "short shorts" that are better than the things Alexandra Kropotkin gets paid for—but try and get them printed!—*H. C. T.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The way the editors of Liberty determine the prize winners in their many baits for the public's nickels—I mean puzzles, contests, and other truck—is as follows:



They have a pet monkey in the office. All the letters from contestants are dumped in the middle of the room.

Then the monkey climbs on top of the pile and starts throwing the letters at the gang.

Now, sometimes it happens that they forget to put the monkey out when they go for lunch, and this gentleman starts opening the letters, and puts his choice on top of the winning pile.

That accounts for it that Liberty has, once in a great while, an answer that is near the mark.—*A Veteran.*

From AIKEN

A Vignette of Modern Travel

By

ROBERT WOOD

aviation editor of the Chicago Tribune and, in 1929, a member of the crew of a Tribune plane which attempted a flight from Chicago to Berlin by way of Greenland and Iceland. The adventure ended at the northern tip of Labrador, where the flyers were stranded for a month.

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 5 minutes 37 seconds.)

The pilot

THE first weather report came in at 5:30 A. M., too early for the comprehensive reports for the regular mail lines. At Aiken, South Carolina, the starting point for a hop to Chicago, there was a slight smear, but the police at Louisville, Kentucky, and a newspaper at Knoxville, Tennessee, reported clear weather with unlimited visibility. The weather bureau at Augusta, Georgia, reported weather clear, ceiling unlimited over the Carolinas and Georgia. The passenger had a date in Chicago. At eight o'clock the huge amphibian pushed into the air. Its bright yellow wings spanned the Savannah River for a short distance, then headed off towards Greenville, South Carolina. At 2,000 feet a wide area of South Carolina and Georgia was visible without a cloud in the sky. The gas tanks held 300 gallons—full load—enough for 700 miles of ordinary flying. The course was direct for Lexington, Kentucky, four hours and forty minutes at 100 miles an hour.

The passenger lolled back in his seat, casually reading a biography of General Grant, from which he glanced up from time to time to look at the country unfolding beneath him. Once in a while he would jot down an impression on the flyleaf of his book. He was a veteran of the air who had traveled thousands of miles in this, his own plane, for pleasure and fast transport. He is prominent in Chicago and one of half a dozen of the country's leading business men who make the air almost their sole means of travel. At Greenville, 100 miles out from Aiken, the green body of the Sikorsky nosed over the foothills of the Great Smoky range. Clouds, dense and thick, lay ahead in the valleys and over the tops of the peaks. The plane climbed to 6,000 feet; the weather below and ahead got worse. Fog, the deadliest enemy of the pilot, now lay thickening around the ship. The next fifty miles was like climbing a staircase of clouds to the skies. The banks ahead rolled higher and higher. Thirty miles out of Greenville the ship leveled off at 12,000 feet above the top of the highest bank. Isolated banks rolled over the top of a white plateau like giant white puffballs, the huge plane now a tiny dot on the immense rolling sea of white. Inside its cabin, the pilot peering ahead for a break in the sea beneath him, the mechanic watching the instrument board, and the passenger calmly reading.

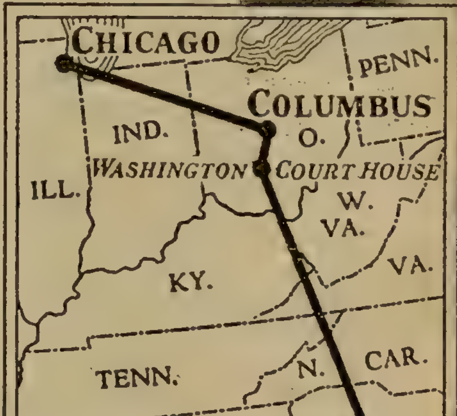
At 12,000 feet the thermometer dropped to fourteen below zero. There was danger in that. Two hundred miles from Aiken, after flying over an unbroken sea, a brief parting in the clouds showed earth below. It was a jagged mountain top. The pilot leaned closer over his instruments. The engine revolutions were slowing down. Trouble in the motors. He found it. The Venturi tubes through which the gas is sucked to the induction system had taken on ice. The stoppage was cutting down power. The immediate concern was to find a definite break in the clouds without mountains below. The ship was losing altitude. The pilot peered ahead through the frost that now formed on the windows; the mechanic watched the pilot; the passenger made notes of interest in his book. Ice formed brittly on the yellow wings only to be shaken off by the vibration—a deadly peril counteracted. At any moment the motors, their ravenous gullets choked, might quit. A forced blind descent to unknown territory would follow. The pilot ran the carburetor full of raw gas. Both motors backfired through the carburetor and the ice blasted out of the pipes. The motor settled to smoother operation. The sun shone brightly overhead, glinting through the frost on the windows. The ice was re-forming when the pilot headed for a thin spot in the dense clouds ahead. It was a hole sufficiently large to permit the huge ship to spiral swiftly down. The ship at 750 feet straightened out almost over the factory roof on which in large yellow letters was written WASHINGTON COURT HOUSE. That meant 130 miles off course. The pilot set the ship's head for Port Columbus, Ohio. At Columbus the ship refueled. Then 275 miles of perfect flying to Chicago.

ON the flyleaf of the biography of General Grant the passenger had left these notes of a routine trip—1931 style:

"9:45 A. M. Two hours ago I left my room, found the ship in the field, and am now over the mountains. Nothing in sight but the clouds below and below them somewhere, the mountains. The weather reports say a clear sky beyond the mountains and after we pass the clouds we will see where we are. There is a spice of excitement in this in contrast with the quiet existence of winter resorts.

"10:30 A. M. We are now 10,000 feet up, and cold. The clouds stretch out to the horizon. I have complete confidence in the motors. The only danger is that we may be facing a head wind and run out of gas before we pass the mountains. Our fingers are stiff with cold. The drinking water is frozen and our windows are frosted.

"12:00 M. Red, the mechanic, has climbed through the window to get my altimeter; his collapsed at 12,000 feet. I must get more and better altimeters.

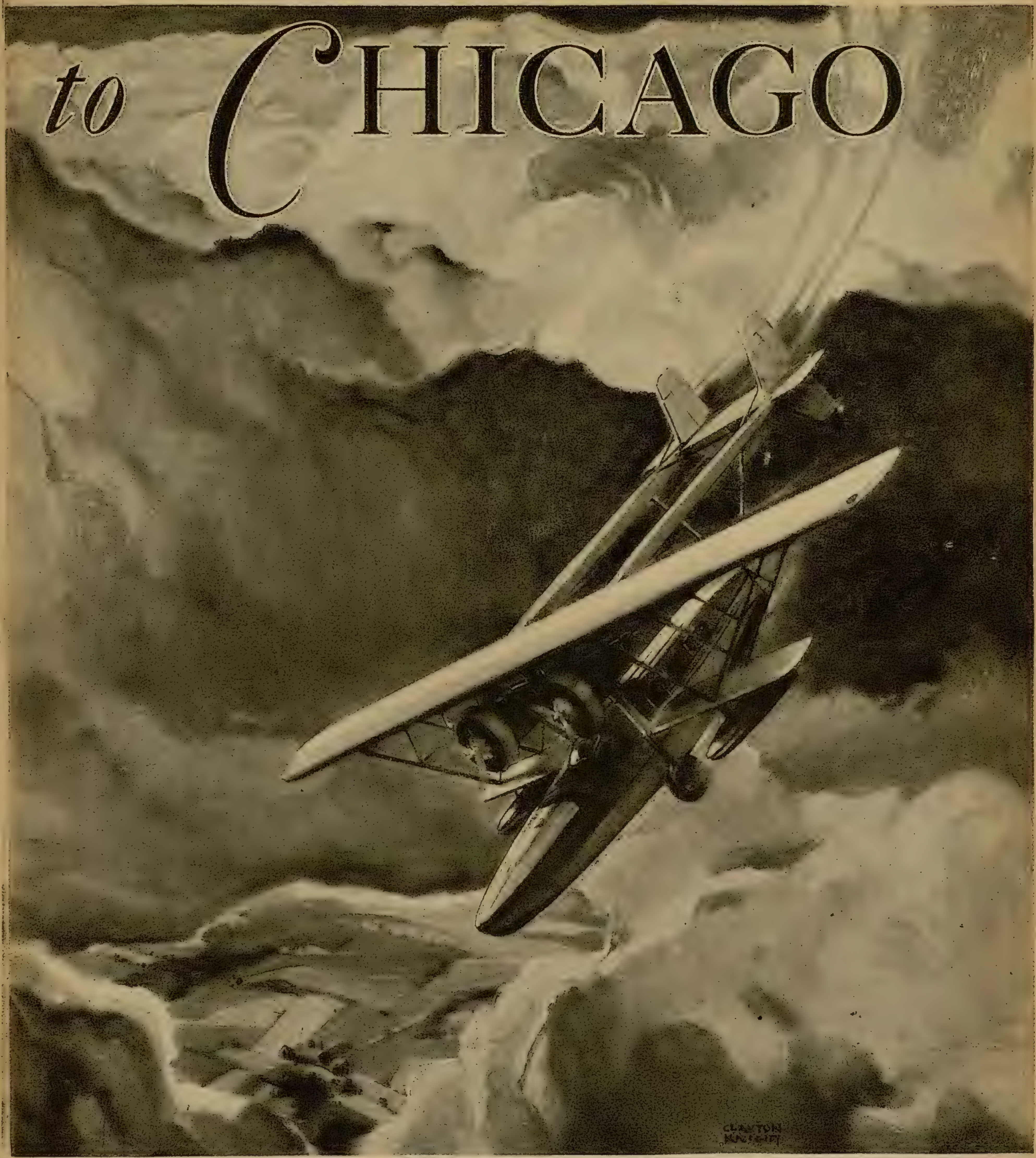


The route from Aiken to Chicago, with its landing at Washington Court House.

"12:30 P. M. The clouds are beginning to break. We get glimpses of the ground. There is snow. I wonder where we are. We have been above twelve thousand feet. The highest I have ever been is eleven thousand feet, the top of Saw Tooth range in Idaho, which I climbed in 1900.

"1:00 P. M. The clouds have closed below us again. Berry would have shown better judgment to have gone

to CHICAGO



headed for a thin spot in the clouds. It was a hole sufficiently large for the plane to spiral swiftly down.

through the break. I have told him to go down through the next 'chute' which presents itself; otherwise he will have to go through the clouds when the gas gets low.

"1:30 P. M. We are now overdue at Lexington and must be causing anxiety. Now our motors are freezing. The right engine is missing. I think I see ground ahead. No, just shadows in the clouds. Ah! a hole and we head for it. Down to 5,000 feet, 2,500 feet, almost through. Out at 1,000 feet on the altimeter. If we had come through the clouds we probably would have crashed. My regards to the weather man.

"2:00 P. M. I wonder where we are.

"2:15 P. M. A sign on a barn points to Washington Court House. Where is that? I cannot find it on the map of Kentucky or Tennessee. Oh, of course, it is in Ohio.

"4:45 P. M. Flying over Gary; looks fairly busy.

"5:05 P. M. We make a perfect landing in Grant Park Harbor, Chicago."

THE END

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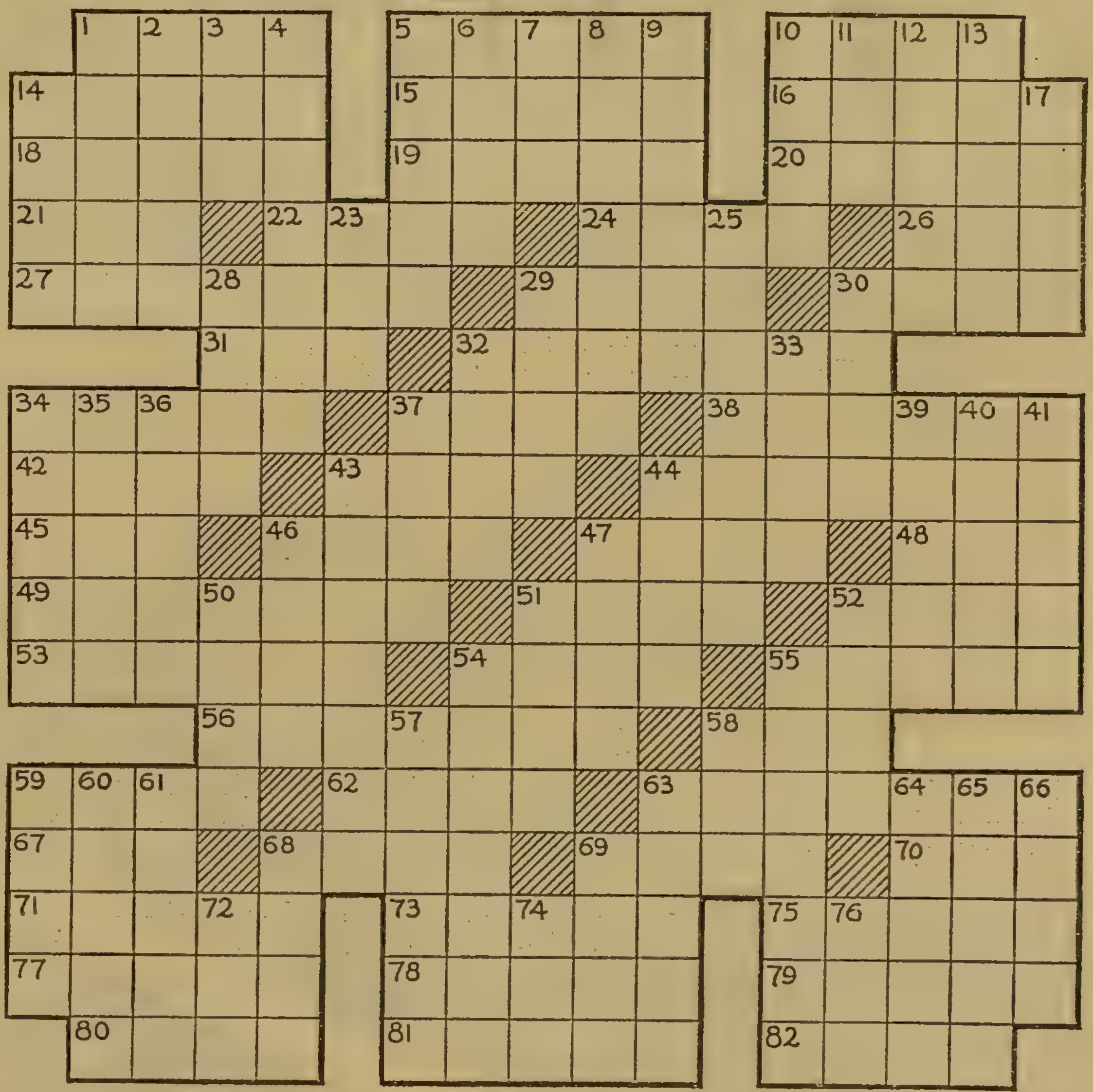
Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

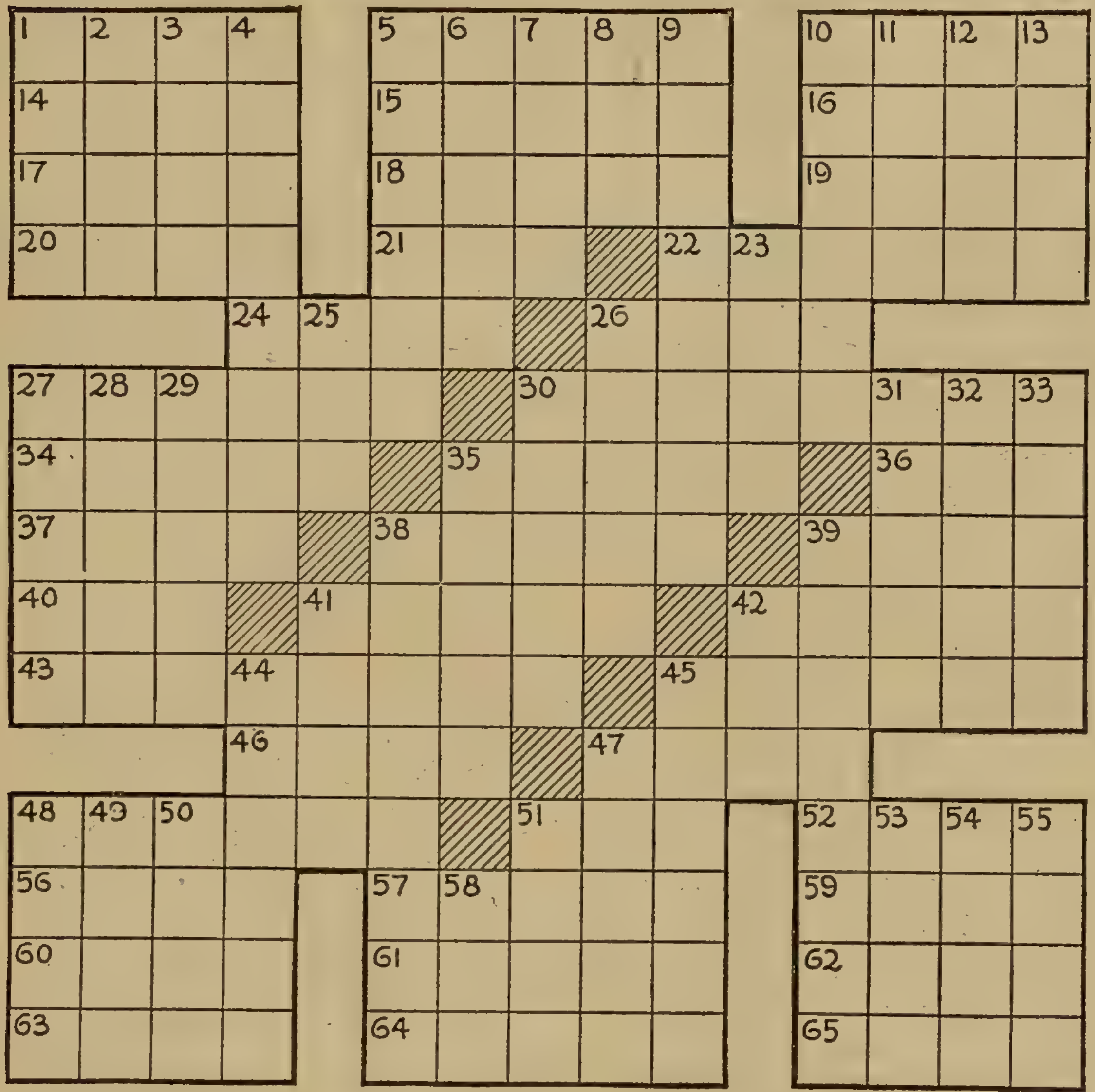
1 A levee
5 Soiled with mud or foul matter
10 Weight used in China
14 Rodents
15 Town in Maine
16 Fell into error
18 Kilns
19 Ore deposit (plural)
20 Allow to remain
21 Fastening device
22 Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
24 Wading bird
26 Billow
27 More relentless
29 Urges on
30 Small retired valley
31 Process of doing
32 City in Austria
34 Pulpy fruit
37 Secular
38 The Muse of astronomy
42 A disease of wheat
43 Auction
44 Unmarried girl or woman (plural)
45 Character in a poem by Ibsen
46 Coins of a European nation
47 Intone
48 A fuel
49 Whole grains or seeds of a cereal
51 Dispatched
52 Hill or ridge of sand piled up by wind
53 One of an ancient Jewish brotherhood
54 Open way or public passage for vehicles
55 Unintentionally parts with something
56 Ranges about
58 A fit of peevishness
59 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
62 Price
63 More than two
67 A kind of preserve
68 Aid
69 Character of a sound
70 Woman's name
71 Ascend
73 Measure of content
75 Refresh
77 Take place again
78 Expiate
79 Makes level
80 Transmit
81 Opening made by tearing (plural)
82 Trial

VERTICAL

1 Hoisting device used on ships
2 Feminine personal name
3 Range of knowledge
4 Necessary constituent substance
5 A tooth
6 A metal
7 Measure of length
8 In a state of action
9 Administration of medicine
10 Relate
11 Form of to be
12 Blot out
13 Even
14 Jumps
17 Distribute
23 Allow
25 Issuing; proceeding
28 Enraptured
29 County in Ohio
30 Extinct; disused
32 Narrative
33 Trim; spruce
34 A fowl
35 Artifices; wiles
36 Employers
37 Title used by the Etruscans
39 Beverage made of wine, hot water, etc.
40 Vapid; silly
41 Equines
43 Absolute or general stillness
44 Obey
46 River in Siberia
47 Large bodies of water
50 Tidings
51 Kind
52 Love foolishly
54 Interval of rest
55 Young hare
57 A coin
58 Confine
59 Slightly opened
60 Roman household gods
61 Ecclesiastic's robe
63 Painful spots
64 Characters of an early Teutonic alphabet
65 Concerning
66 Authoritative rules
68 Large group of animals
69 Surgeon's probe
72 Heavenly body
74 Measure of weight
76 Feminine personal name

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 A balsam
5 Beveled edges of boards or planks
10 To bevel out; countersink
14 A son of Judah (Gen. xxxviii.)
15 Ancient Greek poet of Lesbos
16 The pen name of Charles Lamb
17 Grant the use of something
18 Time as expressed by verb forms
19 Market
20 On the sea
21 One of the points on a compass
22 Adjusts or forms to a line
24 Nightmare taken as a female demon in Teutonic folklore
26 External integument of an animal
27 One of the bones of the ear
30 Becomes disproportionately tall and slender
34 Teeth or spikes, as of a harrow
35 The backbone or spine of an animal
36 One of the notes in the scale of Guido
37 Surrounded by
38 To sell for; fetch
39 Small mouselike animal of Australia
40 The particular thing (legal)
41 Handcuffs
42 Furze
43 Biblical name (I Esdras viii—Apocrypha)
45 Restrained; checked
46 Slender and thin
47 Part of a boat
48 Filament or string
51 Disease of sheep
52 Auction
56 Give audience to
57 River in France
59 Poet of ancient Rome
60 Freedom from constraint or formality
61 Frame for holding an object of art
62 To be careful or wary; to look out
63 Son of Zeus and Hera (Greek mythology)
64 To move furtively or clandestinely
65 Disagreeably sharp in outline; said of a painting

VERTICAL

1 A weight of India
2 Cardinal number (plural)
3 Narrow passageway
4 Not damped; said especially of an electrical oscillation
5 Moistens; sprinkles
6 Region in an amphitheater
7 Baseball team
8 Greek deity
9 Cowardly; furtive
10 Cause to remember
11 Ardor; dash
12 Town in France
13 Entangles
23 Series or rank of objects
25 Bronze or copper money (Roman antiquity)
26 Draws out and twists into threads
27 Fixed look
28 Calculates the speed of something
29 Plant cultivated for its aromatic seeds
30 Region of the leg (plural)
31 Find out about
32 Woman's name
33 Glutted
35 Cry of a frog
38 Animals having dark streaks or spots on a gray ground
39 Attended with fatigue; wearisome
41 Native name of an Asiatic country
42 Teamster's word of command
44 Proclaims loudly
45 Relate again
47 A territory of Japan
48 American historian (1824-92)
49 Rip
50 Expunge
51 Land higher than its surroundings
53 Longing eagerly for; greedy
54 Large fish of northern Europe
55 Whirlpool
58 Cereal grain

If yo [illegible]ST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Try the Finger-tip Test

Don't trust your mirror! It can't tell you about the invisible dandruff cap clogging the pores of your scalp and stifling the growth of your hair. Find out *now! Gently scratch your scalp—then look at your finger tips.*

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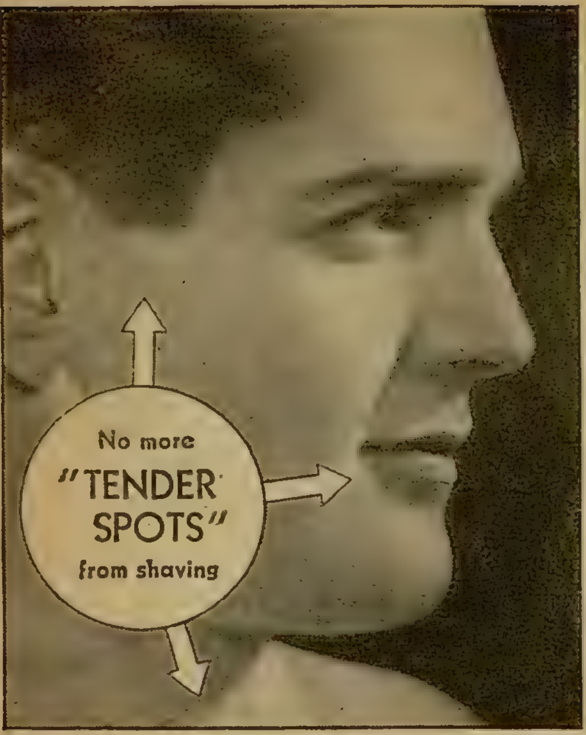

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to the Problem of Conduct in Liberty for March 21 has been divided among those whose names appear below.

THE problem was:

What would you do if you were one of the country's leading aviators and were in love with a girl who returned your affection but said, when you proposed to her, that she would have to refuse you unless you gave up aviation, since she believed it to be too dangerous an occupation for anyone to follow?

Would you give in to her, even though it meant the end if a great career and your life's work, or

Would you stick to aviation, though it meant that you lost the girl?

By RALPH F. HETZEL
5327 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I WOULD talk to the girl in the environment of the business I must give up to win her. At an airport. Would she catch the thrill of space-eating planes and the roar of motors that is music to every pilot's ear?

I would listen to her side of the argument. Was hers a selfish motive, or did she hold my love and welfare above fame?

If I decided my way, I would be unhappy in losing her. Unhappiness does not add to a pilot's ability in the air. If I decided with her, we would both be happy. Upon the last two thoughts I would base my judgment.

I would give up aviation, never to reproach her for my decision, and, for fear that I would lose her, I would marry her as soon as possible. How do I know? That's exactly what I did.

By LESTER S. OSTRANDER
Post Office Box 46, Welch, West Virginia

I WOULD stick to my career. The supply of careers is limited and the supply of wives is not.

It is better to have a career and no wife than to have a wife and no career.

I know that I am a success in the business of flying. I do not know that I will be a success in the business of being a husband to this woman. If I fail at it, I will be without a wife or a career.

If she is unwilling to have me face the ordinary dangers of aviation, how can I ask her to face the dangers of bringing children into the world for me?

Her feeling for me must be rather insincere if she will let my career keep us apart. If she cared for me as much as the girls who married in 1917 and sent their men to war, she would marry me regardless.

If she were made with the proper qualities, she would certainly turn me down if I were to give up my profession for her. She might be glad and pleased to hear me say that I would, but in her heart she would have little respect for me. When a man turns down a "he-man" profession for a woman, he is taking up a "Yes, dear" career, and no woman is honestly proud of this type of man.

I would tell her that I cannot give up my career. If she cares as much as I hope she does, she will be proud of me and my profession and will make a good wife. If she does not care, this is the best time to find it out.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES V. MORSE
U. S. C. G. Base 18, Woods Hole, Massachusetts

TO most of us, our jobs are the medium through which we attain the things life holds for our happiness. A home, wife, children—all of these are what we stick to the job for. We have the job because of them; we do not have them because of the job.

And while the world doubtless holds several jobs at which one might be reasonably happy, it is doubtful if there are several persons who embody all of those ideals which make for complete unity in marriage.

Therefore, I should make every effort to reconcile my fiancée to my profession, but failing that, I should choose some other profession in order to make her happy.

I am sure that I should need my wife's love and companionship long after old age had made it impossible for me to follow my profession further.

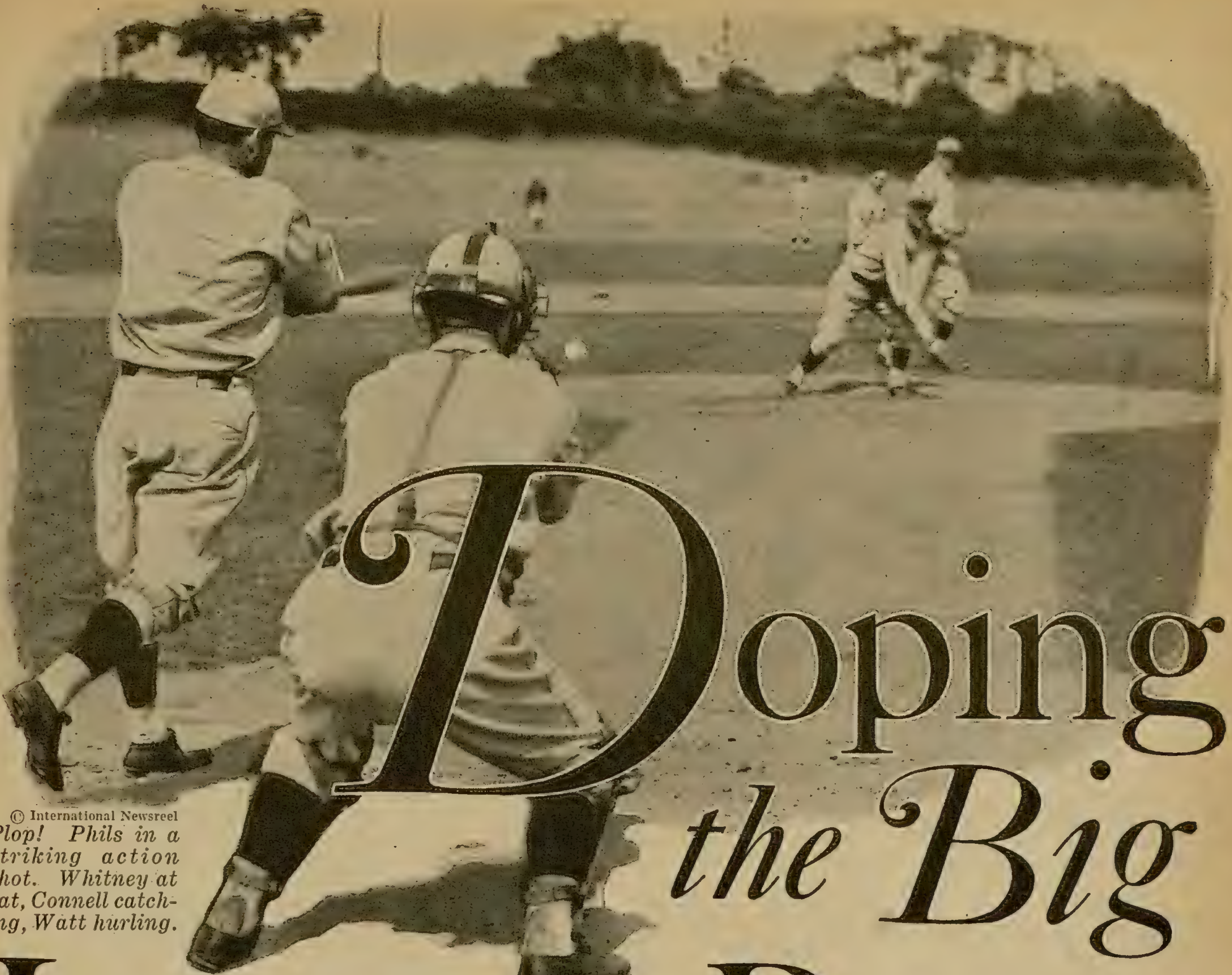
By MRS. MARTHA T. HOTCHKISS
Curtiss-Wright Airport, Grand Prairie, Texas

I WOULD do as my flying husband did with me, when a year ago he married an anti-air-minded female. Temporarily he gave up the flying end of aviation to enter the business administration branch.

Life at the airport was so interesting and intriguing that I found myself attending ground school, where a very competent instructor proved to me that 90 per cent of all flying accidents were caused by unskilled piloting. I had to concede that my husband was not unskilled, but was not quite ready to say he might fly again. He very wisely never mentioned flying either.

Soon I felt the urge to take a hop, and then another, until today I find myself as air-minded as I am automobile-minded. He, foxy man, is flying again, and won't admit that it was his scheme of things, but I know better. I'm awfully glad I was victimized.

Answers to the question in Liberty for March 28 will be published next week.



© International Newsreel
Plop! Phils in a striking action shot. Whitney at bat, Connell catching, Watt hurling.

Doping the Big League Races

A Baseball Forecast for 1931

By

HUGH FULLERTON

who has been a baseball prophet since 1906, and has forecast correctly, in print, the outcomes of seventeen world's series and thirty-six pennant races. He has had a distinguished career as a sports writer on various New York and Chicago newspapers; now he is on the staff of the Columbus Dispatch.

(Reading time: 26 min. 38 sec.)

PHILADELPHIA'S Athletics and the St. Louis Cardinals, both stronger than they were a year ago, should repeat their triumphs in the rival major-league races in 1931 and meet again in the world's series next October. In both leagues new contenders have developed and team strengths have fluctuated wildly without producing a team of sufficient power and consistency to threaten the holders of the championships.

But before the Athletics and Cardinals gain clear titles there will be periods of doubt and spasms of hope in at least eight other cities, as the races in both leagues promise to be closer and harder fought than they were last season. Six clubs in the National League possess strength enough to upset the dope and win if they can develop added power among the recruits and get the breaks during the playing season, and four, possibly five, of the American League teams could win if the Athletics should suffer heavily from accidents or hard luck.

The dope indicates that a club may win the National League pennant by scoring only eighty-seven victories, while the American League champion must register at least ninety-five to be certain of the honors.

Doping the pennant races of 1931 is harder than in many years because of two unknown quantities affecting team strengths. First and most important is the changed ball, which, if it restores even fifteen per cent of the effectiveness of pitchers (as I figure it will do), will destroy the offensive value of many of the long-driving batters and materially reduce the number of runs scored. The second unknown is the extraordinary number of recruits receiving long tryouts, many of them winning jobs as replacements for veterans. There were nearly two hundred recruits tried out this spring, more than fifty of whom will be retained until the season is many weeks old, and it appears certain that approximately twenty of the new men will be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE RACES
Cont'd from page 55

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Connie Mack of the Athletics demonstrating the new ball to the lads who will fling it: Walberg, Grove, Rommel, and Shores.

rated as regulars.

One reason for the large percentage of recruits likely to be retained is that if the changed ball acts as many think it will, new pitching stars are certain to develop, and some of the pitchers who have been consistent winners, even under the handicap imposed by the glazed, tightly covered, smooth-seamed ball, will be better than ever, which means that many hitters who have been piling up .350 averages and driving home large numbers of runs by hitting the ball over fences will slump back into the .260 class and be lucky to stay there.

Athletics and Cardinals to Win Again—Here Is the Mystic Dope

(Mr. Fullerton explains it in his article)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Philadelphia	6307	3835	10142
Washington	6238	3786	10024
New York	6288	3671	9959
Detroit	6302	3553	9855
Cleveland	6178	3572	9750
Chicago	6080	3507	9587
St. Louis	6113	3421	9534
Boston	6005	3319	9324

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
St. Louis	6271	3842	10113
New York	6287	3783	10070
Chicago	6323	3632	9955
Pittsburgh	6244	3610	9854
Brooklyn	6201	3577	9778
Boston	6192	3460	9652
Cincinnati	6033	3404	9437
Philadelphia	6117	3221	9338

UNDER the conditions, doping the baseball races is more than ordinarily perilous. In addition to the purely physical aspects there have been changes in management of teams that will vitally affect at least two of them. The elevation of Rogers Hornsby to the leadership of the Chicago Cubs and the switch of Joe McCarthy from the Cubs to the New York Yankees adds an unknown *z* to the unknown *x* of the ball and the unknown *y* of the new players.

Affecting, as these changes do, two teams that figure on paper to be important aspirants to the major-league championships they make the outlook all the more interesting. It looks to me as if both clubs will suffer and that the managerial problem will count heavily in the ultimate results. Next to being stepfather to Al Capone's gang, managing the New York Yanks is about the most difficult job conceivable. Possibly the only worse job in baseball is working in harmony with Hornsby. McCarthy, a minor-league manager who had astounding success with the Cubs and is a man of strong personality and pronounced ideas, quarreled with Hornsby, who has been chronically in trouble ever since he came into the major leagues. Hornsby was upheld by Owner Wrigley and perforce by President Veeck, whereupon the club exploded just when the championship appeared in its grasp. McCarthy was forced later to resign under pressure.

Hornsby, the alleged cause of the smash of the club, was made its manager. He is a peculiar individual who should have been the best ball player in the world but isn't.

He is a great hitter, a bad fielder who has been slowed up by added weight and a bad foot, yet one who, when in the mood, rises to great heights. Regardless of whether McCarthy or Hornsby was to blame, or whether a secret society to which most of the players belonged was responsible, feeling in the club reached the proportions of a feud late in the season. Some of the players who sided with the old manager are still on the team and it is hardly probable they will overexert or work smoothly with Hornsby. Besides, trades which he announced have not been made, and this leaves players unsettled and the situation badly muddled.

ON team strength and pure dope the Cubs can be figured to finish third or fourth and to be in the fight until near the end, although I expect them to finish not better than fifth and to have a bad smash.

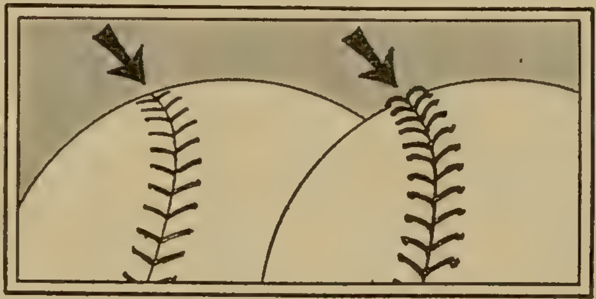
International Newsreel

Cardinals meditating another National League victory: Rhem, Johnson, Derringer, and Grabowski, pitchers.

The team both gains and loses by the change in the ball. The pitching staff is strong, and should increase in effectiveness using the changed ball, but the hitting power will suffer. The team has won largely on long hits over short fences and there has been an axiom in baseball that a long hit, a head wind, a high sky, and a home umpire will beat any team. Some of the Cub batters, especially Wilson, the champion home-run hitter, cannot hit good curve pitching. Wilson should lead the slump of the slammers and the new ball may show up his lack of ground-covering ability in fielding, unless he plays regularly in that short left field instead of in center.

As for McCarthy—

The New York Yankees have been a team of stars humored and allowed to do almost as they pleased. Ruth has been the inspiration and the field leader, and even under Huggins the players paid little attention to the manager except in vital decisions. They played indifferently last season under Bob Shawkey, although they love Shawkey. It is a hard team to dope because unless it is fighting for first place it isn't much interested and would almost as soon finish sixth as fourth. In other words, it is a team near the breaking point and one that has grown blasé. McCarthy is not the man to stand such tactics, and I fear that the moment he tries to put on the pressure there will be an uprising that will make Russia look like a peace conference.



The old apple and the new, showing how the 1931 edition has had its seams lifted.

In addition to that, Charlie O'Leary, the little fellow who has been such an effective aid to Yankee managers and the smoother-over of internal troubles, went to the Cubs, and Jimmy Burke, who was McCarthy's right hand in Chicago, and against whom Chicago fans held many grievances, followed McCarthy to New York.

WHILE a coach is not supposed to figure in the dope, in this situation it becomes necessary, as these changes affect the playing strength of two big clubs. Burke was charged by the Chicago critics with losing at least half a dozen games per season by his third-base coaching, while in New York the scribes declared O'Leary was worth at least half a dozen games a year for his direction of base running and aid to pitchers. If these two men affect their new clubs that much it will have a big effect on the ultimate result, especially in the National, where the race is certain to be close.

Acme photo

George Earnshaw, Athletic ace.

The other managerial changes are not likely to have any great effect, although the death of Sam Dreyfuss of Pittsburgh may serve to heal some of the discords in that club. If his father, Barney Dreyfuss, who has been in semiretirement, returns to active charge it will have a strong moral effect on the players. The annual trouble over ownership in the Cincinnati club already has wrecked the team's chances, while Shano Collins, the new head of the Boston Red Sox, will win a few additional games above the normal team strength because of his personal popularity and the devotion of players to him as a leader.

There is a chance, too, that early-season trades may spoil the preseason dope in some respects. Last year, a week after we finished doping team strengths and figuring how the clubs ought to finish, Cincinnati proceeded to send Hughie Critz to New York, stopping the worst gap in the Giant infield and making that team a contender instead of a fourth- or fifth-place club, giving McGraw the best defensive infield in the National League and at the same time making Cincinnati a rather hopeless organization.

THERE is no way in which to forecast such trades. There are at least three that are being discussed now without much chance of consummation, it is true, but still dangerous to the dopester. Hornsby has announced that he is in the market for trades, Brooklyn is willing to sacrifice some hitting power in order to patch up its defense, several of the weaker clubs are willing to trade quality for quantity, and there may be a few minor changes that will not have much effect. But to give the New York Giants another strong pitcher, or to add another pitcher to Washington, or to develop another Ferrell at Cleveland might make the dope look bad.

I cannot see even one of the recruits who is likely to have any vital effect upon the team strengths before midseason at least, and the greatest net gain I can find by analysis of the teams is by the Boston club in securing a fine steadying catcher from Washington.

My process of doping the pennant races remains unchanged, although I have been compelled to alter the pitching values again because of the change in the ball, and to put the figure value of pitchers back to within fifteen per cent of where it was before the rabbit ball came into the sport to enhance attack and dehance fielding values.

This dope is merely an application of mathematics to the averages of the players, and an analysis of their strengths and weaknesses. Instead of merely figuring the batting, base running, and fielding of players, I calculate every element that enters into baseball: speed, waiting (which means drawing bases on balls and tiring a pitcher), ability to take two bases on a hit, the nature of hits, whether long or short, position in the batting order (which is important), the number of runs driven in (which reveals ability to hit in a pinch), and I unite all these

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for Apr. 1, 1931.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1931.
(Seal) THOMAS J. McGUIRE.

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 64, Reg. No. 2076.
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 204. Reg. No. 2Mc129.
Commission expires March 30th, 1932.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE RACES
Continued from page fifty-seven

figures into what I call the offensive strength of the players. After that I calculate defensive strength, consisting of fielding, throwing, speed, quickness of decision, ground covering, and ability to work with other players, especially in making double plays.

It is elemental to say that if defensive strength counted as much in baseball as offensive strength does, no run ever could be scored, so I figure that attacking power is sixty-four per cent of a team and defensive power thirty-six per cent; these figures being reached by figuring the number of bases advanced in spite of perfect defensive work.

To discover the defensive strength of any team we must figure the value of each position and then calculate the worth of each individual in that position. We know the pitcher is more important in defense than an infielder, and an infielder more important than an outfielder, and the catcher most important with the exception of the pitcher. To figure position values we take the average number of chances per game, and adjust those to the importance of the chances. From this I have worked out a table, figuring the pitcher thirty-two per cent of the defensive value (it used to be thirty-eight, but I reduced it to twenty-seven with the rabbit ball and have returned to thirty-two with the new ball), the catcher fourteen per cent, first baseman eight and one-half, and so on around the field. Using these figures I calculate the value of each individual in his position.

FROM then on, it's a matter of addition, multiplication, and making due allowances for strength or weakness against certain teams to arrive at the table which accompanies this article as an arithmetical picture of each club's prospective performance during the season.

By using that system this year, amended to fit the new ball, I find that every team in the two leagues, excepting the Boston Braves, has reduced attacking power, while practically every team in the two leagues is stronger in defense than it was, possibly excepting the Chicago Cubs. Pittsburgh has a big gain because of the nature of the batting of the Waners.

International

Hack Wilson, Cub home-run expert, preparing for grander slams, if possible, in 1931.

To prove up on the dope I tried a rough system which any reader can work out for himself, using his own values, without straining himself in a mathematical way.

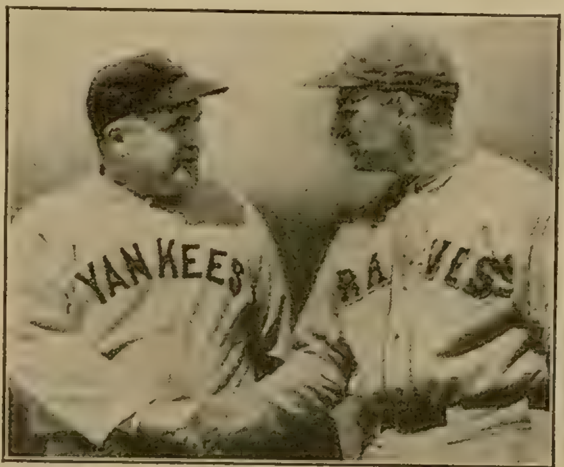
I took the catching staff of each team and rated the members from one to eight, in order of their ability as individuals, calculating the probable number of games each will catch. Then I rated the pitching staff the same way, and thus went through all nine positions, then added up. The result was approximately the same as that reached by my more complicated mathematical form. I did this largely to learn which teams are the best balanced; that is, uniformly strong in each of the nine positions, because ordinarily the best balanced team wins, even though some other may outfigure it on total strength. I found the Athletics added up nineteen, whereas Boston totaled fifty-seven. The Athletics rated fourth or better in every position and were first in pitching and catching.

WE know that no team wins unless it has strength straight to center, which means catcher, pitcher, the short-second combination, and the center fielder. It may be weak in other positions and not reveal the weakness too much, but weakness in catching, pitching, or the combination around second base is fatal to teamwork.

In considering teams as units, the dope reveals the fact that the world's champion Athletics are not (excepting in reënforcements) quite as strong on attack as they were last season but are better fortified for defense. Mack, with his usual cunning, has secured tried and efficient understudies for each position, so that injuries will not cause a disastrous slump. He has at last secured two great pitchers, a left-hander and a right-hander, in Grove and Earnshaw, who threaten to become as famous as Waddell was in his day, or as Coombs and Plank and Bender were in theirs. The world's series last fall suddenly developed Earnshaw into a star of the first magnitude. The natural friendly rivalry between him and Grove is certain to spur each to his best work and to make the very capable staff hustle to hold the pace. The team, having the best pitching with the old ball, figures to gain much through the change, and, besides that, the team should not be so long this year in settling down to its true form, especially in pitching.

The infield—Foxx, Bishop, Boley, and Dykes—is not steady or finished, but it is a fighting, hustling outfit, covering its glaring weaknesses and awkwardness by battling for every point and by having superb confidence in one another, which may conceivably become overconfidence. Mack is never overconfident and wouldn't predict a sunrise without qualifying, but he has done a fine organizing job in securing replacements in case of damage to his regulars, the deal bringing Heving and a first baseman from Boston being masterly. Mack is taking no chances. With but one danger spot in his outfield he took eight outfielders into training. The batting of the team will be impaired somewhat by the new ball; Foxx and Dykes especially and possibly Haas suffering losses, but such attacking loss is more than made up by gains in pitching strength. The team rates first, no matter how one studies it.

Washington, I fear, makes its championship bid too late. For two years it has figured to be a strong contender. It was better, except in pitching, two years ago than it is now, and it exploded then because of an almost unprecedented run of ill luck and injuries in the early games. The fact is that Griffith and Johnson planned their team and their strategy with the idea that the New York Yankees were the team they had to beat out, and in so doing played directly into the hands of the Athletics, who trounced them badly in their series last season.



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Joe McCarthy, new manager of the Yankees, and Bill McKechnie, leader of the Boston Braves, say "Howdy!"

Washington's infield is better, the development of one unexpected defensive star making it one of the best in the country. The pitching staff is strong and growing steadier, and the outfield is powerful. The sad part of the Washington outlook is that there are four fine veterans who have passed their prime and some of them are certain to falter or break during a hard campaign. The replacements are not of the caliber to have a vital effect, and numerically the reserves are not strong. If Judge and Sam Rice can hold the pace for 154 games the team will give the Athletics a hard race.

NEW YORK'S Yankees, as usual, offer a problem—and the problem is largely Ruth, for as Ruth goes so go the Yankees. The Babe will hit, as usual, whether they pitch rubber balls or turnips, but he is slowing down and is liable to crack at any moment. In fact, if I were predicting, I would chance a prognostication that about July the great Babe will smash badly. Each year it grows more difficult for him to get into playing condition. He commenced this year early in the winter to work for playing form, and it is difficult even for youngsters to maintain top form through a season, and Babe is trying to do it ten months.

The team as a whole has gone back from its championship days, although the obtaining of Joe Sewell was a stroke of genius. Last year many games slipped away through third base, especially during the early season. Sewell has aged and slowed up considerably but is likely to flash for a time in his new environment, and certainly he is an improvement over anything the Yankees have had in the Hot Spot since Jumping Joe Dugan commenced to slip.

THE Yankees, in spite of three weak spots in defense, a mediocre pitching staff, a spotty batting order, mediocre catching, and a new manager, still are powerful in the scoring line, with Babe and Lou busting the ball, and they will trouble the leaders most of the season unless there is an open revolt against McCarthy, which may be expected after the first slump the team encounters. It would not surprise me to see a situation arise which, wholly apart from playing ability, would put the proud Yankees into the second division.

Ruth's passing will mean that a drastic reorganization will be imperative.

Detroit will be a much stronger team in attack than it has been, and it has been a threat for two years. For the first time since Harris took command there, he promises to have some consistency in playing. The pitching problem still vexes greatly, although, due to the presence of three fine veterans, there is prospect of improvement. While the framework of the Tiger team consists of veteran material, some of it almost worn out, Harris has added a bunch of carefully selected recruits as relief for the old-timers. There are two weak spots in defense which must be patched up and Harris has tried desperately to strengthen the wabbly catching, keeping only Hayworth and bringing back Schang to aid, which was a smart move, as Schang ought to have three more years of good baseball in him and he can hit.

Cleveland, which flashed unexpectedly in 1929 only to slip back and fail to develop further last year, must bring out another unlooked-for crop of youngsters and find another great pitcher to become a real pennant contender. Evidently the management, having discovered two fine ball players and one of the best, if not the best, pitcher in the league in one season, got the idea that they grow on bushes and can be picked when needed. The pickings last season were poor and there are no new sensations like Ferrell in sight this spring. Yet the Cleveland team is on the right track and is developing new men. It has the courage to abandon the use of old-timers who are slipping backward and no longer are gifted with that fire and fight that go to make cham-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE RACES
Continued from page fifty-nine

pionship teams. Once a player reaches the "self-defense" stage, as ball players call the period in their careers when they are content to hold their jobs, they are not winners, and an aspiring youngster with ambition and fight is better, regardless of individual ability.

Chicago's White Sox have a great deal of pitching strength, which would increase tremendously if the team ever got the breaks and was high enough in the race to stimulate the hopes of the pitchers. The catching will be improved and the infield is strong in spots. If the Sox should have the good fortune to fill in two weak positions, the team might suddenly blossom out as a championship contender.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Czar Kenesaw Mountain Landis delivering a spring ukase to Wilbert Robinson, who's pretty good, too.

This team always has worked on the Comiskey theory of a strong pitching staff, a tight defense, and the "one run at a time" style of attack. In the rabbit-ball era, while other teams were throwing defensive strength to the winds and sacrificing defense in order to gain long hitting, the White Sox tried to stick to the old game—with disastrous results. When they tried to go in and slug they were outmatched.

Nor have the White Sox been a "smart" ball club, as they were in the days of Jones and when Ray Schalk directed play. The weakness has been largely catching—which is remedied to some extent, and the team has been getting smart. With the new ball in use, the value of the sacrifice hit, of base running, of tight infield play and pitching all increase and the White Sox figure to gain more than any other club in the league, excepting the two logical leaders, by the Restoration.

ST. LOUIS is a badly constructed ball club with a great deal of scattered strength, a hard-hitting outfield, a spotty infield, and an indifferent pitching staff. Largely because of the belligerent owner the team spirit is not of the best, in spite of Killefer's personal popularity, and the public of St. Louis is rather sour on the ownership. In figure strength the Browns are but a little below the White Sox, but considerably beneath Cleveland, so that sixth place is about as high as they can hope for, unless Killefer performs one of those Paw Paw, Michigan, miracles, as he has in the past. The Boston team is too weak for the circuit, and a weak club pitted against three strong ones during the first month of the season is out of luck. It had the good fortune or the intelligence to grab a good catcher from Washington when Muddy Ruel was thrown on to the market, and a good, hustling, pitcher-directing catcher is quite an asset in these days of mediocre catching. Besides that, the Boston owners had the sense to make Shano Collins manager, and he is one of the finest men in the game, beloved throughout eastern Massachusetts and an old player for whom ball players will work willingly. The team lacks caliber and, in its present form, is just in there to fill out the circuit. It can scarcely hope to rise out of the cellar unless some other team crashes entirely, but it should win several more games than it did last season.

It is an interesting club and annoying to the leaders because it hits left-handed pitching and possesses a punch that prevents the strong clubs from saving up pitchers to use against contenders. It can hit sucker pitching as hard as any team in the league.

THE National League teams figure closer together in team strengths than do those of the American, and the greatest change is that the New York Giants are again threatening to be the prominent contenders for the championship. I do not think I ever saw eight teams as closely matched in attacking power as those of the National for 1931.

Cincinnati is the weakest, but, even so, the Reds are only about 240 points in attack below the leading Cardinals, and five, possibly six, of the teams figure to be strong enough to win the championship if they will keep fighting all season and are fortunate enough to get the breaks, which affords a most unusual situation.

The Cardinals not only are the class of the league, but they are a better ball club than the majority of fans, especially those who rely upon the last world's series for dope, imagine them to be. They had a hard time winning last season, but they proved their caliber by rallying after they had gone into a tailspin and slumped from first to fifth place because of an unprecedented series of injuries to six of their best men, and came back to wear down the leaders and win. Bottomley had a bad season, which upset all calculations, Rhem flew off at a tangent at the critical moment, the best pitchers were wearied by having to carr the extra burden, and the outl seemed hopeless, but Street ke team fighting and brought it through to a championship.

The Cardinals have every reason to be confident. Street has established himself, the pitching corps is strengthened, the reserves are better, and the team figures to win on class.

New York, chiefly because of its brilliant infield, which is perhaps the best in the major leagues, and considerable concentrated hitting power in the outfield, figures to be the closest contender. McGraw probably will make a trade within the next month to strengthen the pitching department. He needs either a pitcher who can work frequently and win half his games, or a new one who can win, say, ten out of fifteen, to figure equal to the Cardinals.

Pittsburgh, having braced its wabbly second-base position by buying Regan from Boston's Red Sox, will again be a dangerous club, provided the Waners do not wane any more. One of them has a bad leg. If they are in their usual shape their hitting against the new ball will be a big asset. The untimely death of Sam Dreyfuss will have its effect. Sam was unfortunate enough to get mixed in the internal troubles of the club, which resulted in the firing of Fred Clark and the loss of Carey and Cuyler, and he never gained the personal influence over players that his father had. Ens did fairly well as manager for the first year, although the club did not do as well as it should have done last season and the schedule was two-thirds played before the Pirates settled down to their real form.

Acme

Babe Ruth, as usual, gets in a little golf, and here's Joe Kirkwood trying to get a little golf into the Bambino.

THEN it finished strong, in spite of a schedule pitting it against the strongest teams. Pittsburgh has assembled a promising bunch of recruit material and if the team gets through the California training season with any luck it will be troublesome.

Training teams in California is perilous, and affects both Pirates and Cubs. They usually leave the coast in good shape, go off form before the season opens, and I have seen half a dozen teams utterly ruined before the first of May after a California training season.

The Cubs present the most complicated problem of all the National League teams. They are an oddly constructed organization. During the slug-fest era which now seems about to end, the Cubs sought long-driving, hard-swinging batters. That was good strategy, as the park is a bandbox and high flies floating over fences counted as home runs. High scoring enabled the team to get by with a pretty terrible bunch of defensive outfielders, as there was little ground to cover. The infielding was just average, with first base erratic, as Grimm goes like a house afire for a time, then slumps, and has a genius for getting injured. Hornsby is slow and indifferent looking in defense and a bad base runner but a terrific hitter. English is brilliant but uncertain and not a strong batter, and third base is just another position. The catching, however, is probably the best in the National, and Hartnett is a valuable aid to the strong pitching staff. Yet, with Hornsby in charge, no one can guess what may happen. He may come back and lead brilliantly for a time, but seeds of dissension will sprout. On paper the team figures to finish third, but I doubt whether it crashes into the first division at the finish.

BROOKLYN is a patched-together team, the strongest in the league in pitching, and with promise of being strengthened by the skill of old Jack Quinn, powerful in outfield attack, strong in infield attack, and wretched in defense, excepting at short, where Wright's comeback puts it into the first rank. Dazzy Vance's annual holdout has not interfered with his training.

Brooklyn is likely to go great guns during the first half of the season because of pitching superiority and the advantage (for the first time in years) of the schedule, but when all the teams settle down to real form the Robins will slip back. They stuck up in the race an extraordinarily long time last season. The team loses many points in attack because of the changed ball, but more than gains that many through added efficiency in pitching. I figure the Robins to battle the Cubs for the honor of fourth place.

Boston, of course, is an assembled job, as they say in the automobile business, but it runs and gets up some speed at times. Maranville, the miracle of the sport, can hardly be expected to run in high much longer and without his fighting leadership the team weaknesses will become glaring. The team is patched together just to make a respectable showing, without much chance of high honors, but its gallant fight last year before the veterans wore out

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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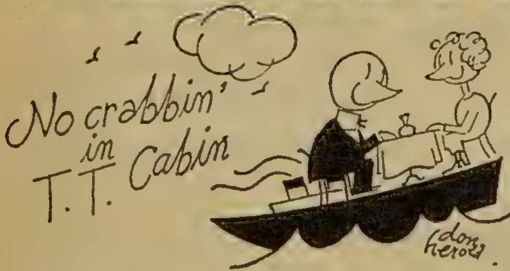
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DOPING THE BIG LEAGUE RACES
Continued from page sixty-one

shows what a team that hustles all the time can do, even if it lacks the caliber of others. Evers and Hank Gowdy have the faculty of getting the greatest amount of good work out of poor material, but if they can win with that outfit, even by the most skillful use and nursing of pitching veterans like Sherdel and Zachary, they ought to go into the business of giving blood transfusions from turnips.

Cincinnati looks more hopeless than ever. The ownership tangle is bad, as usual, and Howley has little real material with which to construct a consistent ball club. The team will have to battle Philadelphia for the cellar championship and have luck to stay out of eighth place, even though it will have streaks of good pitching.

Philadelphia has two great players any club would envy, a great deal of spotty hitting power, which makes it dangerous when opposing pitchers weaken, and is miserably weak in defense, so that any more extensive study of the team is time wasted.

As the races will be run, I look for a scrambled start in both leagues, with Brooklyn and Boston showing well in the early portion in the National, and Brooklyn, as usual, smashing McGraw's hopes. Robby knows the McGraw system of attack so well he can outguess McGraw and beat him regularly if his team is within twenty per cent of being as strong as the Giants. St. Louis should hold the pace all the way, with New York well up. St. Louis, New York, Pittsburgh, and Chicago should gradually move up as Boston drops back, and in late August five teams should be close together, with St. Louis and the Giants gradually pulling to the front.

The Cardinals should pull away from the Giants by mid-September and win on reserve power.

In the American League the battle between the three strong eastern clubs will be full of ups and downs. Washington, built to beat New York, now is pointing against the Athletics, and Washington, New York, and the Athletics will cut one another's throats and all feed on Boston.

In the west, Detroit will cut a big figure until it tackles the eastern clubs, and Cleveland will win persistently, counting Ferrell's game almost surely won in each series during the early season. Ferrell I expect to share with Earnshaw, Grove, and Liska a great portion of the pitching honors of the year. The Yankees will batter down a lot of clubs through sheer power until midseason, when the opposing pitchers settle to perfect form and check their assaults. The Athletics should take command of the race before the end of July.

Having doped them all out in advance, I will now exercise the inalienable prerogative of every American citizen and go out and root my head off for Robby and Bill Killefer, no matter whether their teams are first or eighth.

THE END

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No Idle Tears for Tommy

Tommy hurt his finger and was crying loudly. His father said:

"Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself you shouldn't be crying like that." To which Tommy replied:

"What's — crying — for — then?" —Mary Jones, 4716 Sycamore St., Dallas, Tex.

Her Mother Was a Shaker

Mildred had been naughty. Her father, coming home, found her in tears. He said:

"Mildred, why are you crying? Have you had a whipping?"

"No, daddy, but I've had an awful shooking."—Miss Anne Henley, Eastland Hotel, Portland, Me.

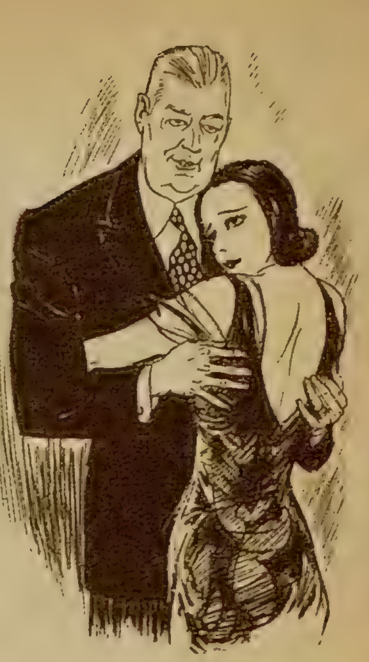
The Last Act

A Short Short Story

By

PAULINE DE SILVER

who was born in Philadelphia, educated in Europe, lived in the Philippines for a time as the wife of an American army officer, and has traveled extensively in the Orient. Her home now is in New York City, where she does a lot of writing of one kind and another. You saw her picture no doubt in the March 21 issue of Liberty. It was there, anyway.



(Reading time: 5 min. 31 sec.)

MILLICENT COYLE (coy Millie, to her women friends) was a bit of fluff in pastel tints, of diminutive stature and seductive curves. Her appearance—designed by her Creator and executed by modistes and make-up—was beguiling.

Of all the men whom she had beguiled, Ransom King, it might be said, was the one on whom she had demonstrated most successfully.

To his fifty-five years of weariness, Millicent's three and thirty of youth and beauty must have seemed like a gift of the gods. Undoubtedly the gods were solely responsible, because Millicent's talent for receiving amounted to genius, and her giving was governed by expediency.

That she had played her cards with shrewd diplomacy was evident from something that Ransom had said to her after three years of their pseudo-connubial contract:

"Millicent, of all the women I've known, you're the only one with whom I'm perfectly at ease. Women have stirred my senses or stimulated my brain. I've always had to look down or up. With you I'm just myself."

"I'm glad I please you," she had murmured sweetly.

He had caught her hand and carried it to his lips.

"Like Ninon de L'Enclos, darling, you understand that 'it is not enough to be wise, one must know how to please.'"

The man who had quoted Ninon de L'Enclos and who had cherished Millicent Coyle for five years of lavish devotion had been dead for a fortnight, and had not mentioned her in his will.

It was absurd, her resenting it so fiercely. Hadn't he explained—when death had been merely an inevitable reminder—that he would be unable to list her publicly amongst his beneficiaries? He had elaborated his philosophy of life: to get the maximum of joy at the minimum of pain to others. The others in this case were his legal wife, and heir. Millicent had amiably concurred, because he had promised to provide for her to the end, but in a manner that would shield his family and himself from posthumous revelations.

Yes, she had concurred. But now, reading the long list of beneficiaries in the newspaper, Millicent felt a sense of injury and indignation. She would have liked to see her own name high up on the list, even ahead of the wife, and heir.

WELL, there was comfort in the thought that she was to meet the attorney of the deceased millionaire that afternoon. A letter just received had set the day, hour, and place—the attorney's office at two o'clock—politely sweeping her own convenience aside. But Millicent was too eager to get her hands on whatever King had left for her to dispute matters of time and place.

In fashionable black and white—it made her more fragile and palely exquisite—she presented herself to Ransom's attorney. Between them there was so little conversation that it is hardly worth recording. With grave courtesy he handed her the key to a safety-deposit box and a letter of introduction to a bank.

"My client requested that I give you this key in person."

Her wide blue eyes met the lawyer's impersonal regard.

"Why didn't he give it to *me?*"

"Well—you understand—an arrangement of this sort—"

"You mean he was afraid I'd open it beforehand. When did he give it to you?"

"A week before he died."

"Why didn't he just hand over to you whatever he's left for me?"

"That, my dear young lady, is not my concern. My client evidently preferred to deal directly with you."

"I wonder," Millicent said slowly, as if to herself, "*when* he took that deposit box for me."

On the way to the bank, her thoughts sped faster than her car. . . . Of course, Ransom hadn't expected to die—pneumonia didn't give one much time. . . . Perhaps he had taken the safety-deposit box five years ago, when their affair had begun. . . . She had always known that she could depend on Ransom to do the square thing. . . .

HER gloved hand tightened on the key. Whatever was in that box—stocks or bonds or currency—it would be in proportion to his wealth and to his passion for her. And it would leave a generous margin for Billy—there had always been a generous margin for Billy!

The guaranty of her own future could be counted on to cover her biggest liability—Billy must continue to share her assets and it was unthinkable that they should dwindle now that Ransom was dead. The final balance of their debit and credit sheet must sum up those five years of tact and caution on her part, and trust and content on his. . . .

Millicent's hand trembled with excitement as she inserted the key in the lock of the deposit box. Every nerve was taut. She carried the steel drawer to a private anteroom and lifted the cover. Her eyes fastened on a long blue envelope which lay flat, its seal uppermost. Her thoughts flew now, faster than her fingers. . . . Not less than a five-hundred-thousand-dollar bond, or a draft for the same amount. . . . Just what she had expected to find—a long blue envelope.

She ripped open the sealed flap. Eyes and fingers in unison tore at the contents. It was a large blank sheet of white paper, folded twice around a medium-sized, gray envelope.

For a second she ceased to breathe. She stared at the superscription on the gray envelope: her own name and address and the New York postmark of a date six months previous.

Almost without volition—thought and sensation were momentarily dead—she drew out from the gray envelope a letter, and she read it as if she had never seen it before.

MY DARLING:

Thanks for the check. Wish I could see you today to thank you in person. But of course you can't help it if the old dope insists on hanging around on your birthday. He certainly comes across handsomely, and you're a precious girl to divvy up each time.

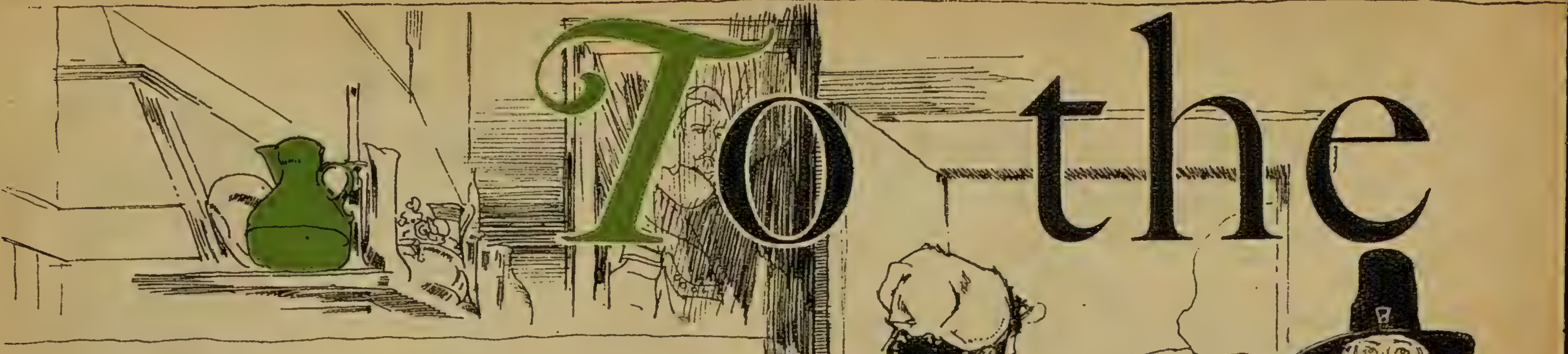
Let me know the minute the old sap isn't around and I'll dash over to hold you in my arms and tell you how much I love you.

Yours devotedly,

BILLY.

THE END

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 2 seconds.)

DES MOINES, IOWA, has been the subject of much talk on my part since I went there recently to give a lecture. Having lived most of my life in Europe, where only the big metropolitan cities are really up-to-date, I find the second-string cities here in America a constant revelation. In Des Moines I was struck once again by the absolutely top-notch stores which so many American cities of this size have, and by the extremely high order of living in general.

There, in a Des Moines department store, I found one of the most charming restaurants I ever have seen. Its small private dining rooms opening off the main restaurant were remarkably attractive, I thought. And rarely have I seen modernistic decorations so discreetly and so successfully used. I quite lost my heart to that room where I lunched.

I have come to the conclusion, here in America, that I am not a metropolitan person at heart. I thoroughly enjoyed shopping for embroidered linens in Des Moines—and for books. I found an excellent selection of wares, and I appreciated the personal interest extended by the sales people—so much more personal than the attentions a hurried big-city sales clerk ever can give to any one customer.

I was impressed, too, by the educational and social work carried on by the Des Moines group with which I was in contact. In a metropolis the direct cultural influence of such endeavors, even the best of them, always seems to become so much more cut-and-dried than it does in a city of moderate size.

Last but not least, I found some delightful antique glass in Des Moines. The discovery gave me great glee, for my friends there had said, "You're crazy to look for antiques in a place like this when you have all New York City to ransack."

FAMILY reunions always interest me, particularly when the reunited clan possesses a family tradition of special talent and achievement. One of the most interesting art shows in New York right now is a "family exhibition," all twelve of the exhibitors being members of the gifted La Farge family, descendants of John La Farge, the famous American painter.

I like the idea of this La Farge clan being proud of their family ability and showing their work together. Family feeling is not very easily preserved nowadays, and such bonds of common interest are well worth cultivating. It seems a pity to me that the old German custom of family music has gone so largely out of fashion. They were good institutions, those German "family orchestras," with Papa playing the cornet, Uncle Otto the violin, Sister Paula performing the piano accompaniment, and all the rest of the family, old and young, chiming in with their assorted instruments. It wasn't always the very best music, maybe, but it was good strong cement for the family ties. And they *are* important.

Now I'll get back to the La Farge family and tell you a story about one of its members, an artist who paints church decorations. An angel, flying on outspread wings, was to be featured in one of his murals, and the model posing for this figure had to be hoisted aloft to the ceiling of his studio in a harness. All went well until the painter was called away on some errand. "Stay there; I'll be back in a minute," he told the helplessly uplifted angel. But the minutes passed and lengthened into hours. Artists of genius are absent-minded. They forget their angels. Finally the very human shrieks of this particular angel attracted notice, and she was hauled down to earth in a most unangelic temper.

FENCING is being taken up by a great many women these days. As a recreational exercise, the play of the foils is particularly fine for young women. Some years have passed since I had an opportunity to fence, but it is with the keenest enjoyment that I remember the lessons I once took. My fencing master was a crack swordsman of the Belgian army, and the lightning skill of his arm was a thing to marvel at.

Fencing demands more quick precisions of movement, more delicate adjustments of mind and muscle, than any other form of sport. Only when perfect coördination between mental and bodily speed has been attained can you really begin to fence well. And I believe that agility of thought and movement are of enormous value to all of us, whatever we may be doing.

Miss Marion Lloyd of Brooklyn recently won the Women's Metropolitan Foil Championship for the fifth consecutive year. Miss Lloyd works in an office and practices fencing only three times a week.

SOLDIERS of misfortune appeal to our romantic hearts even more than soldiers of fortune. That, I suppose, may be why there is hardly a woman—and but few men—to whom the French Foreign Legion is not the embodiment of romance.

Volunteer outcasts recruited from every nationality,

Ladies!

Picture by HENRY A. THIEDE

derelicts from their own world, victims of luckless circumstance, these men who lose themselves in the Legion and fight to forget are absolutely irresistible to the imagination.

And no amount of foolish fiction about them can break the spell.

I saw adventure aplenty in Russia during the Revolution, yet I confess that of all the things I would love to do, the most fascinating, I think, would be to spend some time with the Foreign Legion—where no woman ever penetrates! If I ever succeed in carrying out that idea, I'll probably find that most of the romance, the hidden tragedies, the bitter regrets, gallant sacrifices, etc., are generally mirages along the Legion's desert trails—mirages seen only by inveterate romance hunters.

But I'd *love* to go and see 'em just the same.

The Legion is now 100 years old. It was founded for the Swiss and German guards of King Louis Philippe to give them military occupation outside of France, where they were considered a dangerous element. Only during the World War has the Legion marched on French soil.

At present, as always before, the Legion regiments serve in the far-flung lands of the French colonial empire, in Africa, Syria, and Indo-China. Among its past ventures was that of attempting to put crazy King Maximilian on the throne of Mexico.

FLOWERS are becoming more and more popular in this country, so the Garden Club people tell me. Judging by the enormous crowds which attended the International Flower Show, this appears to be the case.

Gardens and garden lore bring great joy to those who appreciate the art of cultivating natural beauty, and several of the garden arrangements exhibited at the Flower Show were lovely enough to convert even the most urbanized soul whose beauty sense inclines toward city towers and sky lines.

One garden transported me into particular raptures. It was a garden through which you approached an adorable white house of the old southern type. Blue-shuttered windows, a quaint porch of wrought iron, and graceful iron balustrades flanking the steps which led from the garden to the broad blue door.

The garden was small, grass-grown, with a pool in the middle, and stepping-stones set in the grass. Shrubs, tulip beds, and a dogwood tree completed the picture. And oh, if anywhere there are still fairy godmothers who grant wishes to us poor mortals, please may I some day live in a house like that and have a little garden like that!

A GRAMMAR fan has asked me to get after our common misuse of the word *aggravate*. I don't know why this verb happens to go wrong so much in our everyday English, but it certainly does. Nearly all of us now employ it carelessly in such sentences as *That woman aggravates me* or *Isn't she aggravating?* or *He was aggravated by her behavior.* When we use *aggravate* in that sense we are always wrong, because *aggravate* is not the word we really mean.

To aggravate means to *increase* an unpleasantness, to make a trouble *worse*, and can be used correctly only in that sense. We are right when we say *The noise aggravated my headache* or *Her behavior aggravates his ill temper.*

Ordinarily, we mean *irritate, annoy,* or *exasperate* almost every time we say *aggravate. That woman annoys me* is the correct usage. And *He was irritated by her behavior.*

WANT to try some novel sandwiches at your next bridge party or after-the-theater bite? Let me suggest these:

1. Spread thin slices of rye bread with unsalted parsley butter (not too much butter), and in between put a slice of Swedish smoked reindeer meat.
2. Buttered white bread with a filling of very finely cropped watercress leaves and black olives. Season with salt, black pepper, and a squeeze of lemon juice.
3. Here's a sweet "open" sandwich. Spread some guava jelly on slices of one-day-old graham raisin bread. On the jelly put a half-inch slice of the Oriental groundnut paste known as haliva or halva. You can buy this paste at any Oriental food store and at many of the nutmeat stores.

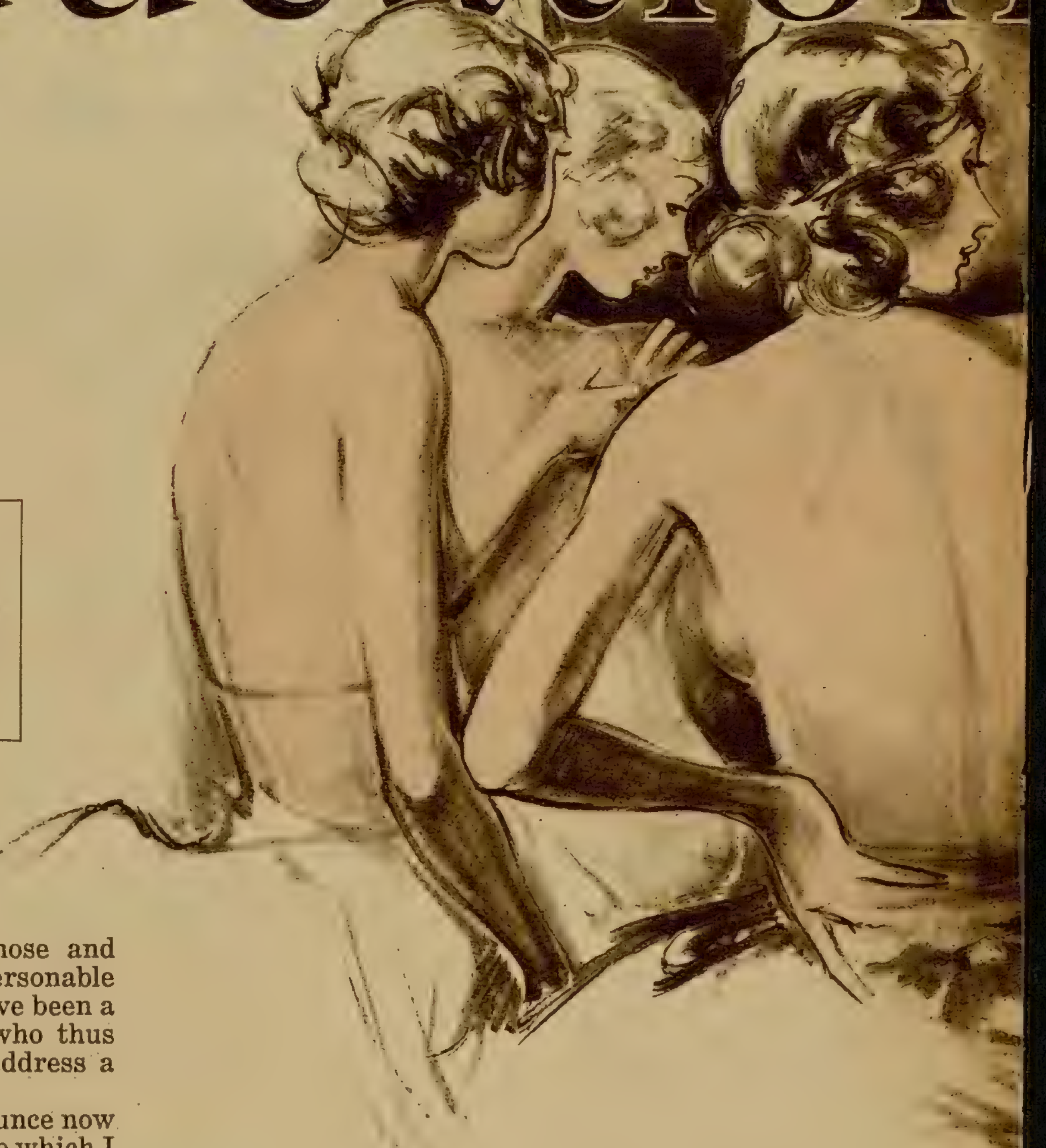
GLOVES are again being worn at all times. Gone are the happy days when we could look well dressed and "formal" without them. No doubt this is good for the glove business, but I think the return of the glove tyranny is a little hard on the rest of us.

However, some of the new suède evening gloves with lace or embroidery-incrusted gauntlets are really beautiful, and become an attractive part of the costume. Luckily, the very bright-colored gloves launched by certain Paris houses have failed to win favor. But gloves in pastel shades are quite accepted. A very charming ensemble features gloves of a delicate rose tint worn with a black lace dress, a large rose of the same hue on the dress, and pink satin pumps.

Many of the new gloves for street wear are now lined at the top, so that the maker's name is no longer revealed when the glove turns back.

When, oh, when will the cleaners learn not to put their ink hieroglyphics just where they show when the top of the glove rolls down: as it always does?

The Education



The Story of a Pig's Feat

By

GEORGE WESTON

a native of New York City who lives now on a farm near Plainfield, Connecticut, and finds himself, at fifty, with a long list of novels and short stories to his credit. Also, quaintly enough, he is vice-president of the Weston Engineering Co.!

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

(Reading time: 7 min. 46 sec.)

CONTINUING his act, the Great Pasquini advanced to the front of the stage, the footlights making long, upward shadows of his nose and mustache. He was at once a dramatic and personable figure. But for the whims of fate, this might have been a Salvini, a Mascagni, even another Mussolini, who thus stepped forward in the silence of suspense to address a waiting world.

"La-deez and gentlemen! I am 'appy to announce now I arrive at the crrrrowning item of a performance which I trust has please' you greatly. With your kind permiss', I take pleasure in introduce to you Mam'selle Roselle, my Famous Heducated Pig!"

Whereupon Roselle waddled out from the wings for the roasted peanut which she knew was concealed behind the Great Pasquini's florid gesture.

Her master was always sure of the scattered applause which greeted her appearance, but even while bowing in acknowledgment—left little finger pressed against his breastbone and feet arranged in the form of a perfect T—he watched Roselle with a side glance in which there was more fear than joy.

"*Che vada al diavolo!* They have been feeding her again," he passionately told himself. "If only once more I catch them, I will wring their neck for this!"

For three months, zigzagging but always moving steadily away from New York, he had been on the same billing as Benny Becker's Bits of Broadway with Eight Dancing Girls Who Were Too Good for the Follies. These eight superior ones, torn rudely away from old familiar faces and façades, had sought such consolation as they might find in making a pet of Roselle—had evidently made it a game to see how fat she would grow. They talked to her, sang to her, took her into their confidences, gossiped freely in her presence, but above all else they fed her—a game requiring infinite slyness both on the part of Roselle and the girls, for three times now they had been warned.

"*Ma che? Ma che?* You will ruin my pig?"

Because this indiscriminate feeding, you understand, was not only spoiling Roselle's figure, it was unmistakably dulling the sharp edge of her wit, so that lately she had even occasionally given wrong responses to her cues, than which there can be few greater contretemps in the range of the Thespic art.

"*Per amor del ciélo!*"

But Roselle and the audience were waiting. The Great Pasquini corked the bottle of his anger and the performance went on.

"What is your name?"

THE pig turned and gravely regarded a long line of flat tin boxes which were balanced on their edges across the back of the stage. Slowly advancing to one of these boxes, she deftly threw the cover back with her snout, revealing a printed card "Roselle."

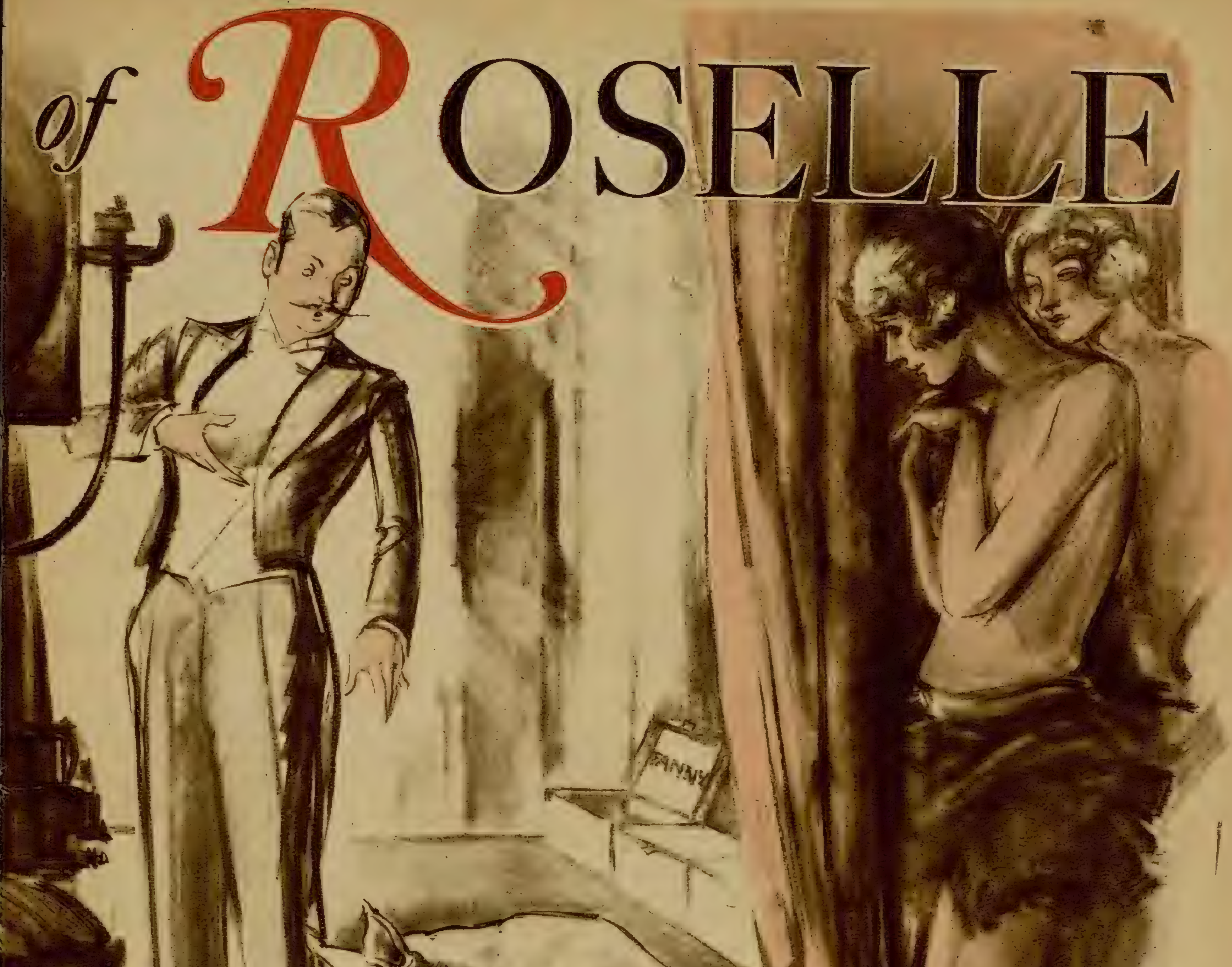
"Right! Roselle!" exclaimed the other, breathing with relief and again acknowledging the applause—little finger against his breastbone and feet arranged in the form of a perfect T. "And now please tell the la-deez and gentlemen how old you are."

His silent partner slowly waddled to the line of answers and this time threw back a cover which revealed the printed figure "3."

"Three years old! Correct!"

As though exhausted by her double effort, Roselle sat

# of ROSELLE



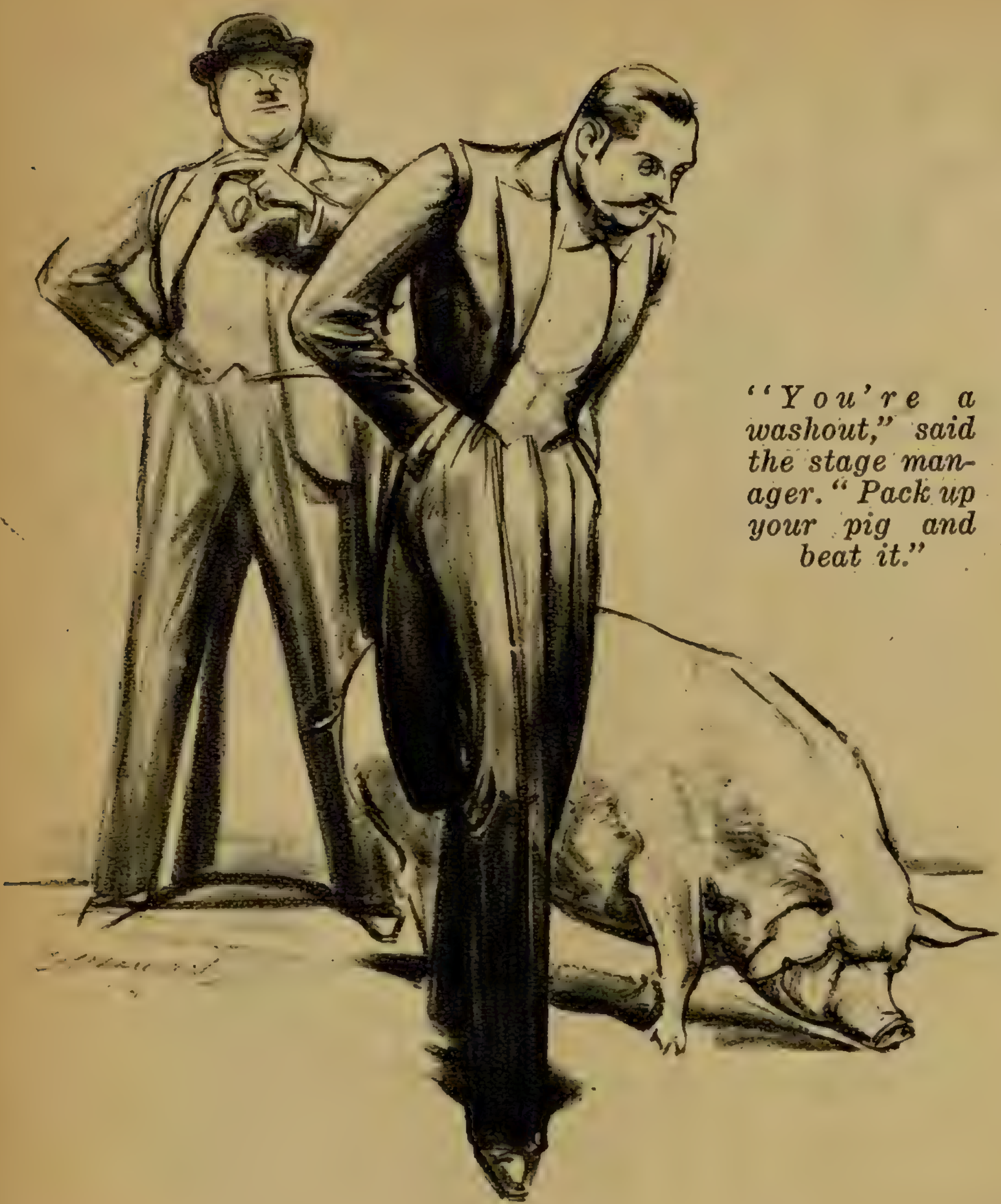
Roselle uncovered the card "Fanny." This was not so good. The answer should have been "Bill," but a lot Roselle cared.

down, and the Great Pasquini began to sweat beneath his make-up.

"Up! Up, Roselle! Up and tell the la-deez and gentlemen who was the *last* President of these Unite' States!"

But Roselle continued to sit, resting on her haunches as though she had dined not wisely but too well, and would like nothing better than to find a rocking-chair

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



''You're a washout,'' said the stage manager. '' Pack up your pig and beat it.''

THE EDUCATION OF ROSELLE
Continued from page sixty-seven

and chat a bit. In the wings Benny Becker's Superior Eight were assembling for their opening chorus, and Roselle watched them with eyes that seemed friendly and yet full of a troubled understanding.

For hadn't they shared their food together? And some of their fun? So what now if she occasionally forgot the answers to these damned questions about presidents and politics? Surely a lady could hardly be blamed for a little thing like that. . . .

"Up! Up, Roselle! Up and tell the la-deez and gentlemen who you would like to be the *next* President of these Unite' States!"

But Roselle, still seated, continued to watch the girls in the wings.

Patsy Ann, limbering into action, was waving a slim ankle a good six inches above her head, and Lotta L'Amour was trying a cautious handspring, her baby only four months old.

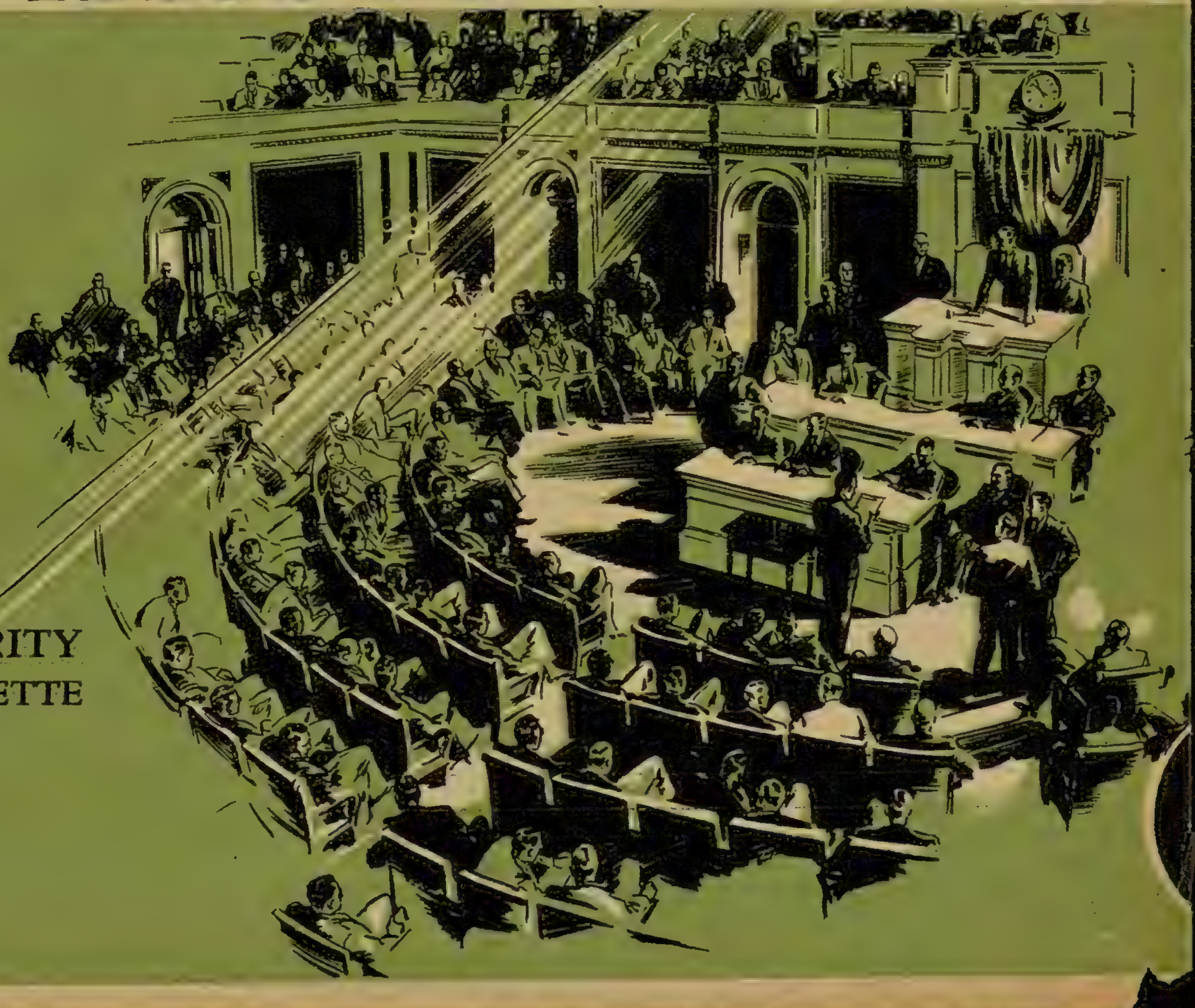
"ROSELLE! Attend to me!" Pasquini's voice was growing hoarse, impatient. "There is a ver-ee charming la-dee smiling at you from the front row. What would be a good name for this charming la-dee?"

At least, it might be thought, this was better than politics. Roselle looked over the footlights and then, rising heavily, she advanced to the line of tin boxes and uncovered the word "Belle."

Once more the maestro breathed with relief. The answer was right and perhaps the worst was over.

"And now the gentleman who sits beside this so-charming la-dee. What would be a good name for *him?*"

Roselle peered wisely over the footlights



ALL PARTIES AGRE

THE VAST MAJORITY
DEMANDS GILLETTE

again; then turning to the row of tin boxes, she uncovered the card "Fanny."

This was not so good, as the ribald laughter from the audience testified. The answer should have been "Bill," but a lot Roselle cared.

She almost seemed to beam at her friends in the wings, as though she would say, "That's what I think of *him!* Eh, girls?"

Pasquini raised his hand and smiled, shrewdly pretending that the touch of comedy had been intentional, for which neither a Salvini, nor a Mascagni, nor even a Mussolini could greatly have blamed him.

"La-deez and gentlemen! Will someone now please call aloud two numbers, each below five, and Roselle—the most famous heducate' pig of all time—will add them together for you."

Someone in the audience presently called out, "Two and four."

"Two and four. What is the answer, Roselle?"

With the air of one who has grown weary of trifles, Roselle uncovered the figure "9" and heavily sat down again.

This time the audience laughed in a different key—that jeering pitch which is equally hated and feared on the shorter side of the footlights.

"Roselle! Roselle!" The questions came thick and fast, stinging like whips, as though to arouse her from her fateful lethargy.

"What would you like for a dinner? Who is your favorite motion-picture actress? If you weren't yourself, who would you rather be than anyone else in the world?"

To these and other questions, however, Roselle preserved the silence of indifference, and suddenly the Great Pasquini perceived that the curtain was falling, meaning not only the ending of his act, but also the cancellation of his booking—thanks to those Eight Unspeakable Ones who had played such a scurvy and fattening trick upon a poor, unsuspecting pig.

"You're a washout," said the stage manager, hardly bothering to look at him. "Pack up your pig and beat it. You're all through here."

Half an hour later, however, the Great Pasquini proved that he wasn't quite through.

HE reappeared in search of the manager, evidently much excited.

"Oh, Meester McCann!" he exclaimed when he found him. "I weesh you to come this way, if you please. I have something import' to show you. I take Roselle to my dressing room, and set up the box, to give her one more last lesson. And now you shall see whose fault it is that she did not answer me right."

On his excited way to the dressing room, he continued:

"I will show you now it is my mistake that she make mistakes. It is not the mistake of Roselle.

"Three months ago, the day before we left New York, I met Angelo Gammimo—he who has Pedro and calls him, too, a heducate' pig! We bet upon our hanimals! Three times we bet, and every time my Roselle won. But while we went outside to drink the bottle of Chianti which was one of the things which she had won for me, Roselle—halways ambitious to learn, you understand—Roselle continued her heducation—and now—!"

He opened his dressing-room door. Roselle was stretched out in her traveling box from which faint squeals arose.

Manager McCann looked, and in a hushed, interested voice he asked, "How many has she?"

Before the Great Pasquini could answer, Roselle arose, and moving unsteadily over to the line of boxes, clicked the figure "8" into sight. Then, walking weakly along the line of boxes, one by one she uncovered the words "Belle," "Bill," "Flossy," "Greta Garbo," "Pork Chops," "Al Smith," "Cal Coolidge," and "Good Night"!

THE END

E

on GILLETTE

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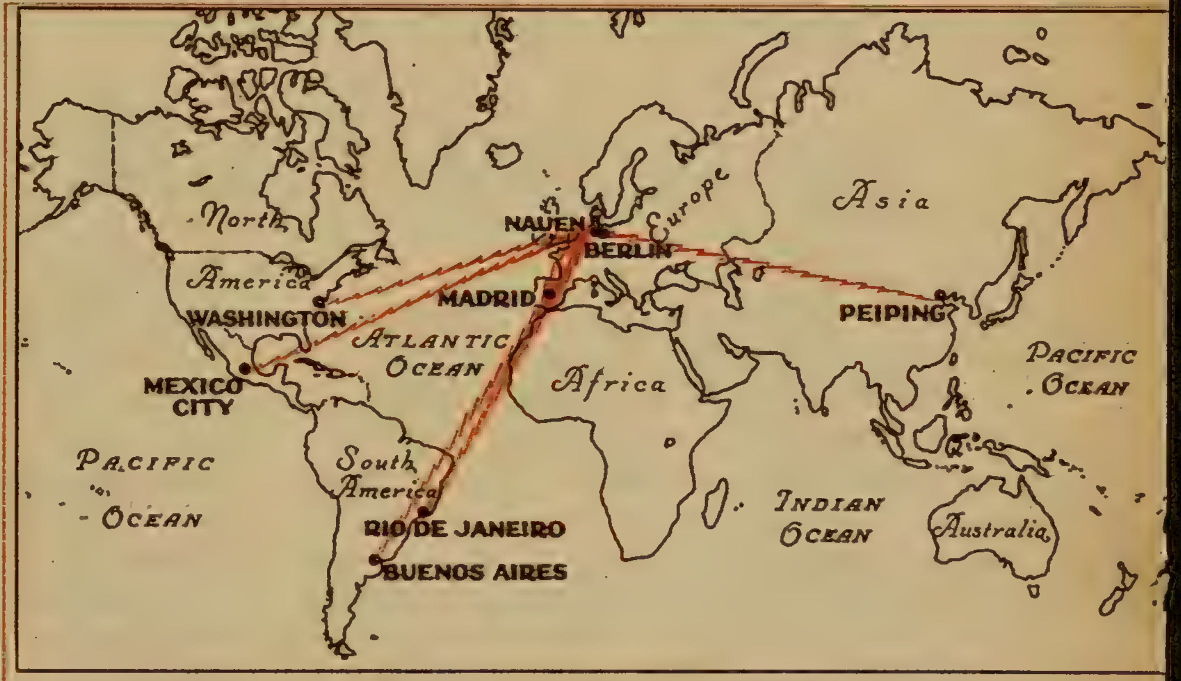
William Jennings Bryan, who as Secretary of State had the wool pulled over his eyes.

German Spies in America

Discoveries Abroad—Not So Secret Cables—Thrusts in South America—Cheating on the Wireless

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND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Africa
PACIFIC OCEAN
South America
RIO DE JANEIRO
BUENOS AIRES
INDIAN OCEAN
Australia

The German communications system was world-wide, with Berlin the nerve center and Nauen the wireless headquarters.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 18 seconds.)

HAVING told in last week's Liberty of German machinations with bombs and bacilli in the secret war on neutral America, Mr. Sutherland swings the spotlight in this installment on Berlin's methods of world-wide espionage.

PART TEN—ESPIONAGE OVER THE OCEAN

THE proof of Imperial Germany's continued and unrestrained violations of the rights and laws of neutral countries throughout the world was found in many places. And the proofs of her duplicity in her dealings with neutral governments, and her mendacity in denying that guilt until incontrovertible proof of it forced her to full confessions, likewise were discovered in numerous ways.

I hope it has been clear to the reader of these articles that every allegation herein made of Germany's guilt and falsehoods has been substantiated by convictions in American courts, by confessions of the actual perpetrators of the crimes, and by admissions on the part of the very officials in Berlin who ordered the violations of neutrality, paid for them, and whenever possible defended the criminals when they were captured. And it might be said here that Germany, denying every charge at first, never made one single admission of her guilt until the Black Tom-Kingsland lawyers buried her under a landslide of proof.

In only one instance throughout this rather de exposure of Germany's war on neutral Americ attempted to interpret the facts: save for that one instance I have invariably simply recited those facts and let them speak for themselves.

The instance I allude to is this: Germany admits the crimes, but blames the criminals for disobedience to her instructions. They were to *observe* only, and go into action if and when America joined the Allies. Whereas I have emphasized that orders were issued by Berlin to her agents and higher officials in America to commit criminal violations of our laws and rights; that they did commit such crimes; that Germany paid generously for the crimes; that she furnished legal and diplomatic assistance to the implicated criminals; that she abetted her diplomatic representatives in their deceptions and lies; that she violated the neutrality of every other country where it helped her and harmed her enemies—and that when America did join the Allies the agents fled from this country, instead of staying here and going into action as Germany says she instructed them to do.

I will now show that Germany, by her own admissions, violated the neutrality of many other countries.

TAKE Roumania as a fine example of Germany's attitude toward any neutral which was potentially an enemy. When Roumania joined the Allies America was still a noncombatant, and American diplomatic and consular officials took over Germany's affairs in that country. The American minister took possession of the German legation in Bucharest, and in the archives—of course, every significant document possible had been removed by the departing German staff—found cryptic references to Germany's activities while Roumania still was neutral.

As a result of an investigation that followed the voluntary confession of the Germans' Roumanian gardener, there were found buried in the legation garden boxes containing dozens of tubes of anthrax and glanders cultures with printed instructions how to keep them alive, how to propagate them, and how to inoculate horses and cattle.

Also buried in the garden were more than fifty metal boxes containing fuses, detonating caps, explosives, and chemicals and other materials for making explosive and incendiary bombs, with printed instructions for the manufacture and use of the bombs.

All this while Roumania was neutral!

Following an examination of the disease germs by Roumanian government bacteriologists the Bucharest prefect of police, the minister of foreign affairs, and the American legation attachés signed affidavits for the use of Peaslee & Brigham, lawyers representing the American claimants against the German government for $40,000,000 damages to Black Tom and Kingsland.

On March 22, 1918, Ivan Alexeyev, Soviet commissary, reported to the military headquarters in Petrograd that he had found three copies of German Circular No. 93 of November 28, 1914, in the portfolio of the staff of the Sveaborg Fortress in Helsingfors, Finland.

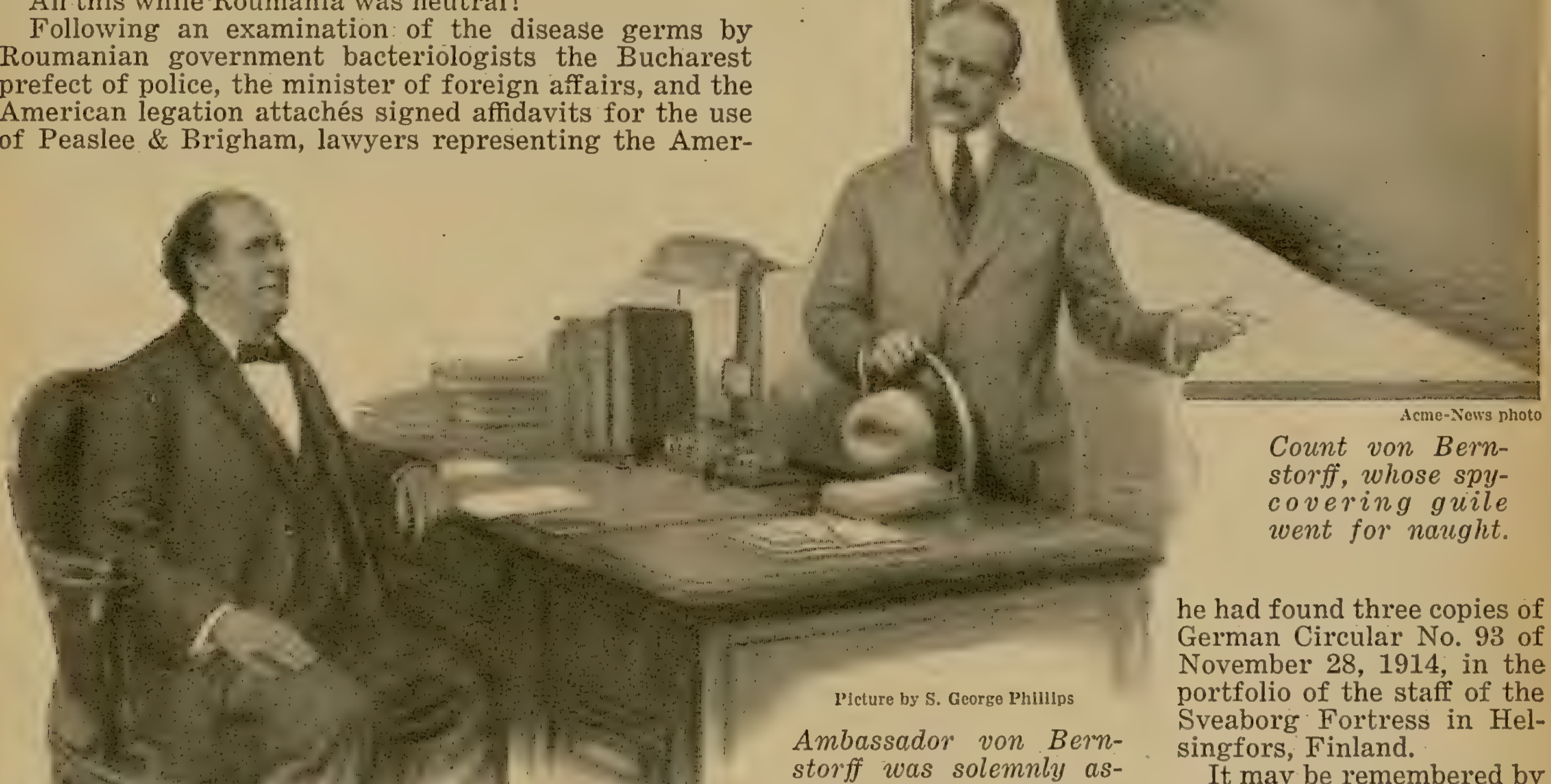
It may be remembered by those who have read thus far in this series that in the first installment I quoted verbatim the contents of this secret but official declaration of war by Imperial Germany against all neutral countries—and specifically extending it to America!

Germany, having helped Lenin and Trotsky draw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

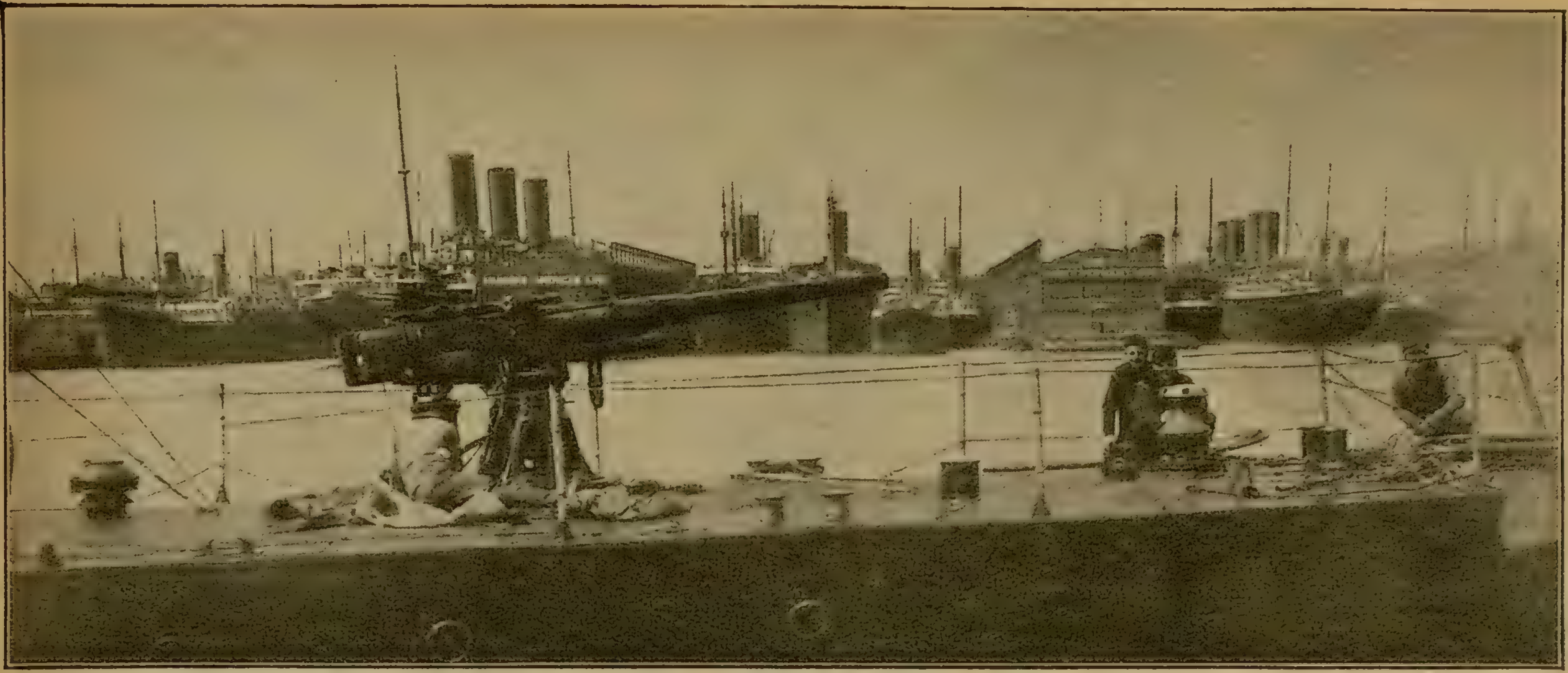
Acme-News photo

Count von Bernstorff, whose spy-covering guile went for naught.



Picture by S. George Phillips

Ambassador von Bernstorff was solemnly assuring Bryan that he knew nothing of any German invasion of any neutral rights anywhere.



A United States destroyer guarding the line-up of interned German vessels at the Hudson River piers.

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page seventy-one

Russia from the side of the Allies, still had her spies in Soviet Russia, for this report of Alexeyev to Petrograd became known in Berlin.

Fearing the effect on the Allied and neutral world of this proof of Germany's violation, back in 1914, of neutrality everywhere, Berlin took action at once, and both Alexeyev and the headquarters in Petrograd received a bitter protest from the German General Staff Intelligence Center against the removal from the Finnish fortress of this portfolio and any other archives.

The protest frankly said that there "was danger in making known to the public at large" the contents of those archives, which had formed part of the office property of corrupt Finnish officials who had lent themselves to the dissemination of Berlin's orders to attachés and secret agents in neutral countries.

The discovery of Circular No. 93 and the protest quoted above was made by Edgar Sisson, able publicist sent to Russia from the United States by the Committee on Public Information, headed by George Creel.

Mr. Sisson also discovered in his painstaking examination of Russian records the following communication:

> Document No. 60.
>
> Circular of February 23, 1915. From the Press Division of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to all ambassadors, ministers, and consular officials in neutral countries:
>
> You are hereby advised that in the countries to which you are accredited special offices are established for the organization of propaganda in the countries at war with the German coalition. The propaganda will be connected with the stirring up of social unrest and strikes resulting from it; of revolutionary outbreaks; of separation among the component parts of the states; of civil war; and will also comprise agitation in favor of disarmament and the discontinuance of the war butchery. You are requested to coöperate and to favor in every way the managers of said offices. These persons will present to you proper credentials. BARTHELM.

FROM the great number of messages which Sir Reginald Hall permitted Mr. Peaslee to copy I have quoted in preceding installments those decoded messages which had especially to do with whatever German agent I was discussing at the moment.

I will now quote, verbatim, other cable and wireless messages to and from Berlin which prove neutrality breaches in many other countries. Little comment is required from me as I write them down, because they speak flagrantly and eloquently for themselves, but where a word or two of clarification is desirable I shall make it.

Here is what Germany thought of neutral China's rights, and what Ambassador von Bernstorff thought of them, at the time he was solemnly assuring Secretary of State Bryan that he knew nothing of any German invasion of any neutral rights anywhere—the very abuse of his own diplomatic privileges in transmitting such messages carrying its own commentary on his solemn pledges:

> Sept. 6, 1914. Zimmermann to von Bernstorff for Military Attaché Maltzan in Peking:
>
> The destruction of a suitable section of the Siberian railway to interfere with Russian and Japanese communications is extremely desirable. The destruction of the line could most easily be carried out from China.

MALTZAN presently notified Berlin—through von Bernstorff—that bridges and sections of the road had been destroyed on Chinese territory.

> Dec. 5, 1914. Von Bernstorff to Berlin:
>
> San Francisco telegraphs: I learn that Gurkha battalions are also open to bribery, so that transportation of arms from here unnecessary. Recommend initial steps for bribery of Gurkha regiment be taken at Berlin.

> Dec. 11, 1914. Von Bernstorff to Berlin:
>
> Almost fifty million dollars of war material bought by Russia on way to Vladivostok. I have notified Peking in order that the destruction of the railway may be attempted immediately.

During the next few months there were scores of messages, most of them sent to and from von Bernstorff, having to do with forgery of passports in America and other countries; with the payment of German agents everywhere; and with continued violations of neutrality.

Argentina, like America, was a powerful cog in the Allied military machine, even though both professed—and undoubtedly practiced—a neutrality based on the letter of international law, if not on its spirit. Argentina, a Golconda of resources needed by Germany's enemies, figures frequently and importantly in the messages Admiral Hall decoded. As follows:

> April 24, 1915. Zimmermann to Buenos Aires:
>
> It would be desirable to render useless certain cargoes of corn, without danger to human beings, by means of doses of kokodyl or merkaptan contained in gelodorat capsules. Experiments here show the capsules can be made to resemble grains of corn. They should be mixed with the corn where it is being shipped from the silos. Two or three capsules will render 100 kilogrammes of corn offensive to the smell. There is no result until the corn is ground in the mill. Report whether you can get above supplies and carry out the project.

Brazil, also neutral, figures in the next cable.

> Feb. 29, 1916. Pauli in Rio de Janeiro to Berlin:
>
> English freighter Tennyson, to New York, not far from Maryland was damaged by explosion, three of crew being

killed. Anti-German press here and in Buenos Aires at once stigmatized the occurrence as the beginning of German bomb outrages in South America. A German employee in Bahia told Vice Consul P. immediately after the departure of the steamer that a South African Boer had given him the bomb and that he had seen to its shipment. P. kept the information to himself and gave the Boer money to escape. I shall relieve P. of his duties if he is compromised by criminal proceedings or the press. Please cable instructions.

Nothing about punishing P. for a grave infraction of neutral rights and for murder, but only his recall if he becomes compromised!

Then, in chronological sequence, are many cables between von Bernstorff and Berlin, some of them having to do with Wolf von Igel's arrest, the seizure of his documents, and the ambassador's plans to claim diplomatic immunity for him.

Consul General Bopp also wired to Berlin for help, he and his staff having been accused (they were presently convicted) of criminal espionage. Bopp suggested that Berlin take reprisals against American consuls in Germany, America still having them there because she was neutral!

Other cables recounted quarrels between the German officials in America, in the Argentine, and elsewhere; banking balances; payments for sabotage; the possibility of " rendering unfit the engines on interned German ships if America gets into the war "; and the further possibility of scuttling them or exploding time bombs on them.

Chile's neutrality also went down the plank of Germany's desperation. A German agent named Simmerli in Santiago evidently had displeased von Bernstorff in some way, because Berlin cabled the ambassador to disavow Simmerli and pay him only " minimum funds." " You need not fear him," is Berlin's reassurance, " because his orders have been canceled." Showing that von Bernstorff in Washington was even handling the payments to German saboteurs in other neutral countries thousands of leagues away.

A MAN named Arnold, whose name and enterprises are often mentioned in the cables, seems to have been Germany's ace among her agents in the Argentine, and he evidently had a quarrel with the naval attaché in Buenos Aires, for on December 22, 1916, Berlin sends this cable for von Bernstorff:

Instruct Arnold that with a view to avoid being compromised he is not to lay claim to an official post and further pay. Arnold is to work independently until arrival of colleague announced by letter.

Among Germany's schemes was the shipment from America of bombs and other dangerous devices for use in other neutral countries where her agents might have difficulty in purchasing the materials needed in the construction. An elaborate code was agreed on, so Berlin and whomever she was communicating with would understand: for instance, these bombs, etc., were to be referred to as Swiss toys, bricks, clocks, collars, mushrooms, stockings, household altars, and so on.

Spain's neutrality suffered frequently, and quite often in connection with the foregoing cipher-disguised explosives. German agents in Spain were instructed to avail themselves of the above harmless noncontraband, and then " place them in the holds of all neutral ships touching Spanish harbors en route to Allied countries."

AMERICA joined the Allies in April, 1917, and of course any damage Germany could do to us thereafter was altogether permissible. But there were other countries still neutral, and the following cables show what Germany did about them, the German embassy in neutral Spain now taking von Bernstorff's place in forwarding Berlin's orders to her agents abroad and their reports to Berlin.

Dec. 14, 1917. Madrid to Berlin:

Arnold desires express instructions as to whether he should stop using dynamite against outgoing ships. He reports the departure of a new mule transport on Nov. 30 for Mesopotamia.

Having learned (partly if not wholly) a lesson from America's resentment against the activities of Germany's agents, one of our reasons for joining the Allies, Germany resolved to temper her desperate needs with a concession, even if only a slight one, to neutral rights. For instance, four days after the foregoing cable was sent, this one was dispatched:

Dec. 18, 1917. General Staff, Berlin, to Madrid:

Please send following to Arnold: Irritation in the political world must be avoided. Use of dynamite in coastwise vessels forbidden, but is permitted in the case of long voyages if its effect is delayed for a considerable period, so that it may be impossible to recognize its origin.

There was another:

Jan. 19, 1918. Madrid military attaché to Berlin:

Most Secret: Arnold reports a constant transport of mules to Mesopotamia some of which have been treated by him. He has dispatched a confidenttial agent . . . who will . . . Military attaché.

This message was either garbled or in some new code which partly escaped Sir Reginald Hall.

All marked " Most Secret," there then followed a series of messages which are exceedingly cryptic to anybody outside the German circle. They are between the military attaché in Madrid and Arn Buenos Aires and

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4,000 Cases Excess Fat

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Many people are still doubtful about this new way of treating obesity. That is, by combating results of a gland weakness, which permits too much food to turn to fat.

Physicians the world over now recognize and employ this scientific method. One specialist has card records on over 4,000 cases.

Consider also how excess fat has been disappearing lately. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, not by harmful drugs. A major factor is this medical discovery.

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FREE valuable, illustrated book on the treatment and feeding of dogs;—Write

GLOVER'S
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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page seventy-three

asked to supply him with ample funds and " bacteriological cultures B and E." On January 22, 1918, Berlin sends permission to " give Gehrmann B and E."

Venezuela's neutrality was not immune to Germany's attention, to wit:

Jan. 27, 1918. From military attaché in Madrid to Berlin:

Legation in Caracas has sent cipher message that the agent at Curaçao [belonging to neutral Holland] resigned April, 1917, because of sharp watch kept on his activities which made his services valueless. As it was impossible to replace him by a suitable person, the secret material, including that which lately arrived, will be kept in Caracas.

Feb. 2, 1918. Military attaché in Madrid to Berlin:

Most Secret: For the Supreme Command: As to decision for Arnold as to cattle and corn. Since this decision was not made and a female agent who brought the cultures to Buenos Aires having fallen under suspicion, I instructed the person in question to abandon his work. He now requests permission to continue his work, hitherto very successful, as he regards it now as relatively free from risk. Arnold wants a decision and requests Iron Cross for his most valuable collaborator, Dr. Hermann Fischer.

Underwood & Underwood

Dr. Zimmermann, German foreign affairs secretary.

News, N. Y., photo

Walter Hines Page, American ambassador in London.

Colombia's neutrality was violated, too. On February 2, 1918, the General Staff's " Most Secret " wire to Madrid fully discussed Dr. Gehrmann's orders when he reached Mexico City, and ended: " The Foreign Office assumes propaganda in Colombia as a matter of course. Funds have been provided." There also were these messages:

Feb. 11, 1918. General Staff to Madrid:

Most Secret: Please instruct Arnold to continue his successful activity against cattle. His work directed against grain is to be suppressed as it promises little success.

Feb. 14, 1918. Madrid to Berlin:

Arnold reports that owing to his work the export of horses to France and Italy has completely ceased. Since September four ships with 5,400 mules for Mesopotamia were all thoroughly treated.

THERE is then a series of messages about Julio Rico, a confidential agent Arnold sent through the United States en route to Madrid and Ireland. Rico was arrested in the United States, the cables say, for poisoning mules, was released, and escaped to Madrid.

Kurt Jahnke, it will be remembered, made a secret trip from Mexico City to New York City, and he wired that " the Irish Secret Lodge in New York offers the services of its branch lodges in Brazil and Argentine. It is also sending several Sinn Feiners to Holland, Switzerland and Sweden." This called forth the following:

Aug. 21, 1918. Berlin to Mexico City:

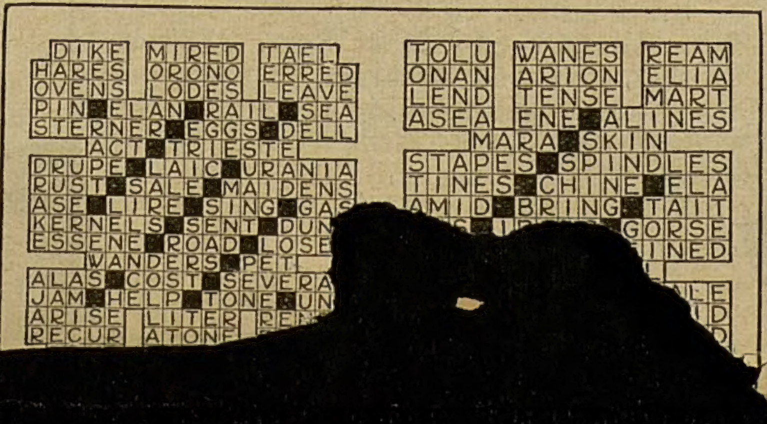
Coöperation of the Irish Secret Lodge in Brazil is desirable. Object: warships and merchant ships with important raw materials, such as manganese ore and cattle. In Argentine and Chile nothing must be undertaken.

Aug. 22, 1918. Madrid to Berlin:

Most Secret: Donhoff quotes remarks by Dr. Kraus, director of the Buenos Aires Bacteriological Institute, concerning the prevention of serum diseases by the substitution or admixture of horse serum with bovine serum.

1. If bovine serum is heated twice to 56° (half an hour) it causes hardly any serum disease even if administered in very large quantities (300 cases of anthrax, 40 of typhus).

2. The diphtheria and tetanus serum obtained from cattle causes hardly any serum disease in cases
phtheria and tetanus in man.
liminary injec



a subcutaneous injection without running any risk of producing serum disease. If the procedure is reversed serum disease occurs.

4. The mixture of two-thirds of cattle serum and one-third of horse serum, in which the proportion of cattle serum must always be observed, also hardly ever produces serum disease.

5. Cattle give diphtheria serum and also tetanus serum as well as horses.

Uruguay and Peru had neutral rights, too, but they meant nothing to Germany.

Sept. 2, 1918. Madrid to Berlin:

Most secret: Arnold reports a new confidential agent left August first for New York on Irish and propaganda business. Arnold wants to know whether he can provide enemy warships in the harbors of Uruguay with dynamometers and what rewards he can grant for this work. Can he extend the above to enemy warships in the harbors of Peru?

DELMAR, who it will be recalled was Dr. Anton Dilger, and who got mixed up in the Mexican row between Jahnke and Hinsch, never was to learn how the war he tried to win with anthrax germs came out, as this cable shows:

Oct. 18, 1918. Madrid to Berlin:

Most secret: Delmar died yesterday in Mexico City. Hospital and burial expenses are being borne by the Political Section.

On November 2 Nauen wirelessed Mexico City:

For Jahnke: Every activity is to be suspended as soon as truce has been conceded.

On December 10, 1918, comes the last of the messages I have chosen for incorporation in this story. It is the knell of the fifty-two months of Germany's tireless violations of neutral rights throughout the world, and it cleans up the slate so far as Germany's contempt for neutral Mexico is concerned:

Dec. 10, 1918. Berlin to Mexico City:

Most Secret: As the war is over as regards Germany, all secret service organization in Mexico is at an end.

Admiral Hall is responsible for another significant paragraph in this series. Early in the war America gave Germany permission to use the wireless station at Sayville, Long Island, for communication with Nauen, so that questions between the two countries could be handled more expeditiously. Only one provision was insisted upon by Washington, namely, that all messages must be in a German code to which the United States had access. This was promptly agreed to by Berlin.

This arrangement was a godsend to von Bernstorff, ever on the alert to deceive the American government, for he immediately proceeded to send, say, one message which the Americans could understand and approve, to which he would add other messages of a more confidential nature.

Admiral Hall, of course, at once decoded both the permitted message and the dishonest ones, and immediately informed Walter Hines Page, United States ambassador to London, what von Bernstorff was doing.

It was then decided not to let the German ambassador know that his treachery had been discovered, but to allow him to continue breaking his word, and in this way the Allies and neutral America gained valuable information.

A typical von Bernstorff wireless which Admiral Hall intercepted ended the legitimate message thus: " The following telegrams are attached without the knowledge of the government here. Please acknowledge only one telegram in your reply."

In next week's Liberty Mr. Sutherland will turn to the story of the most sinister German agent who operated in neutral merica.

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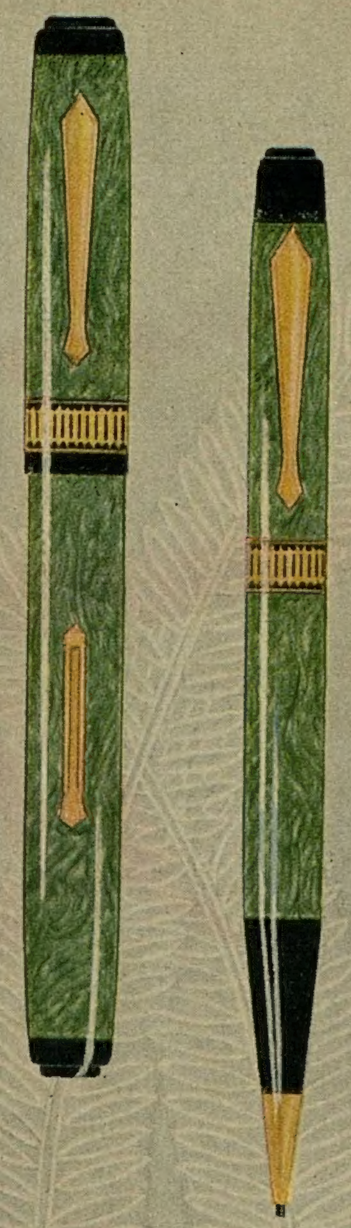

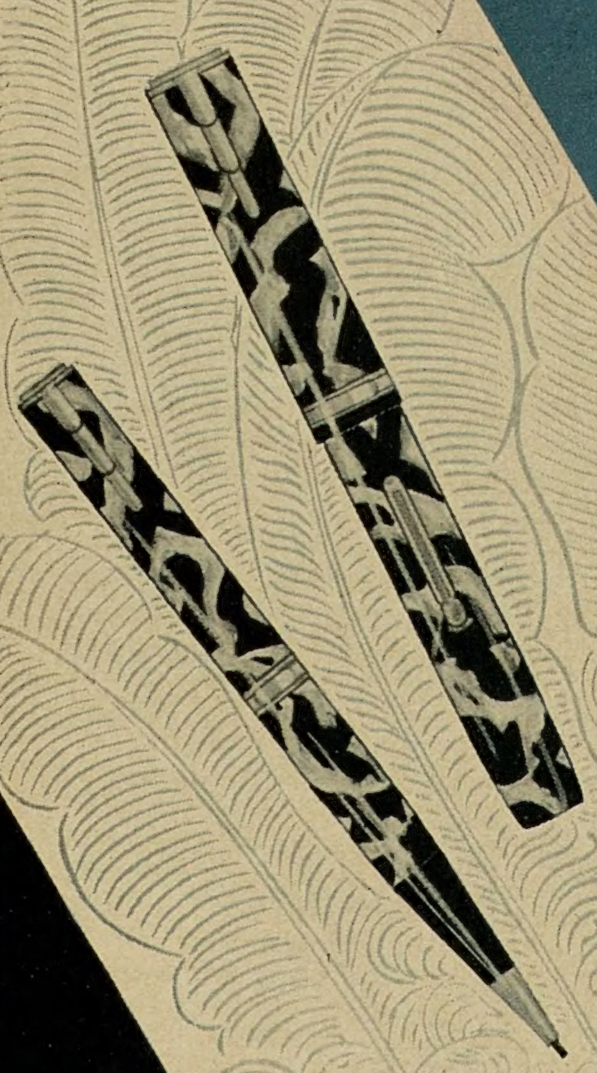

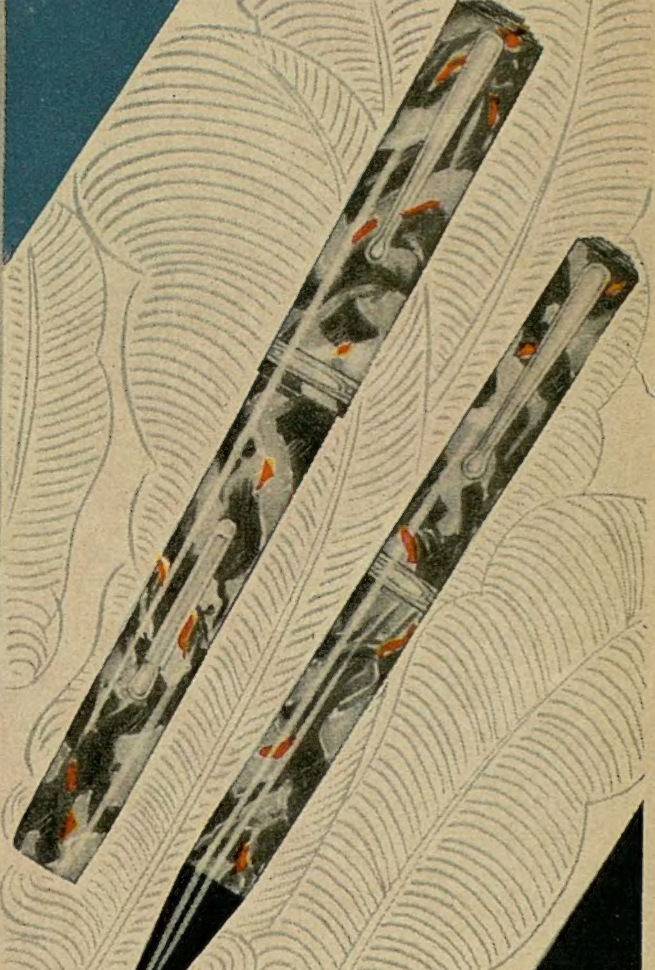

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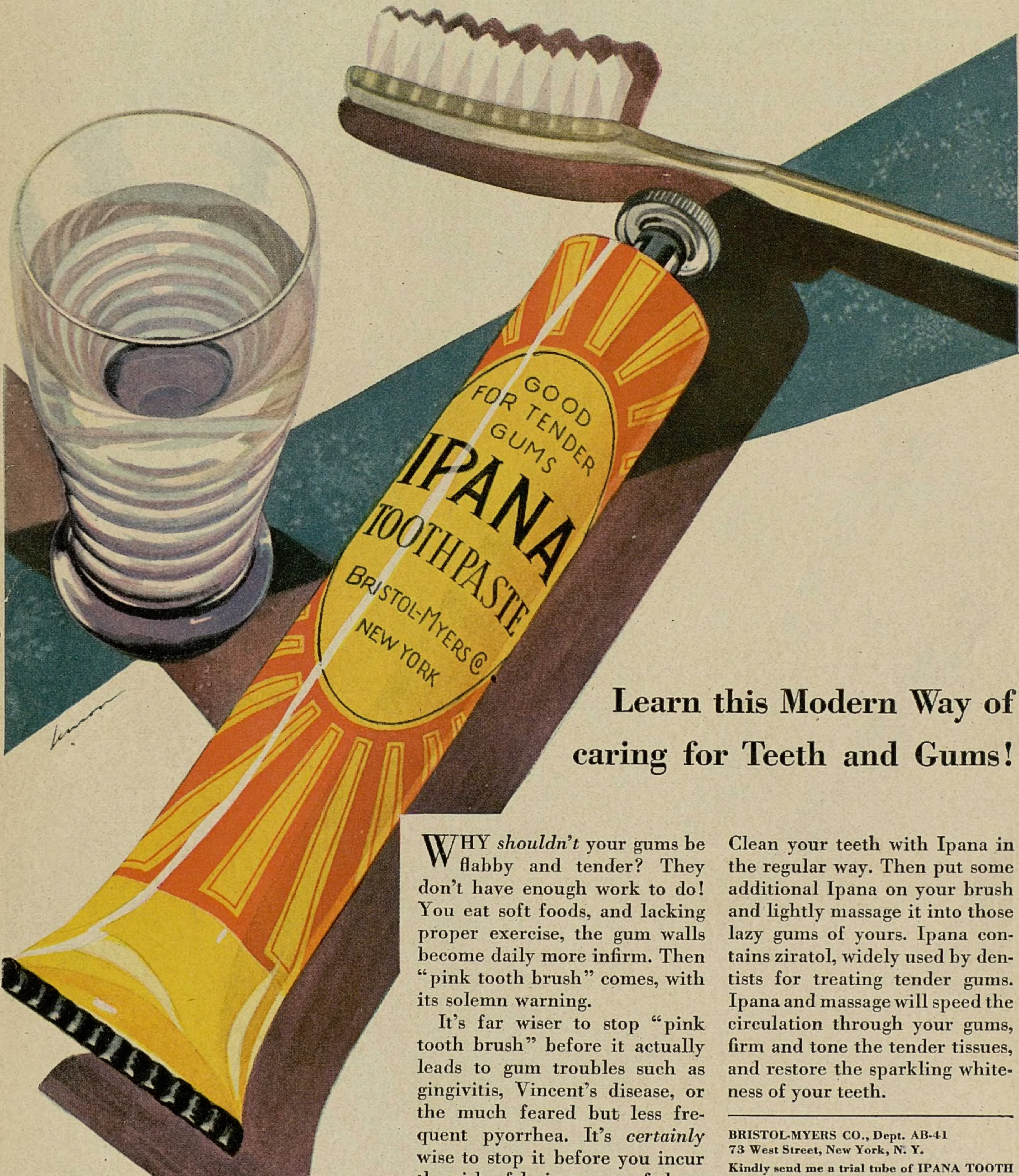

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